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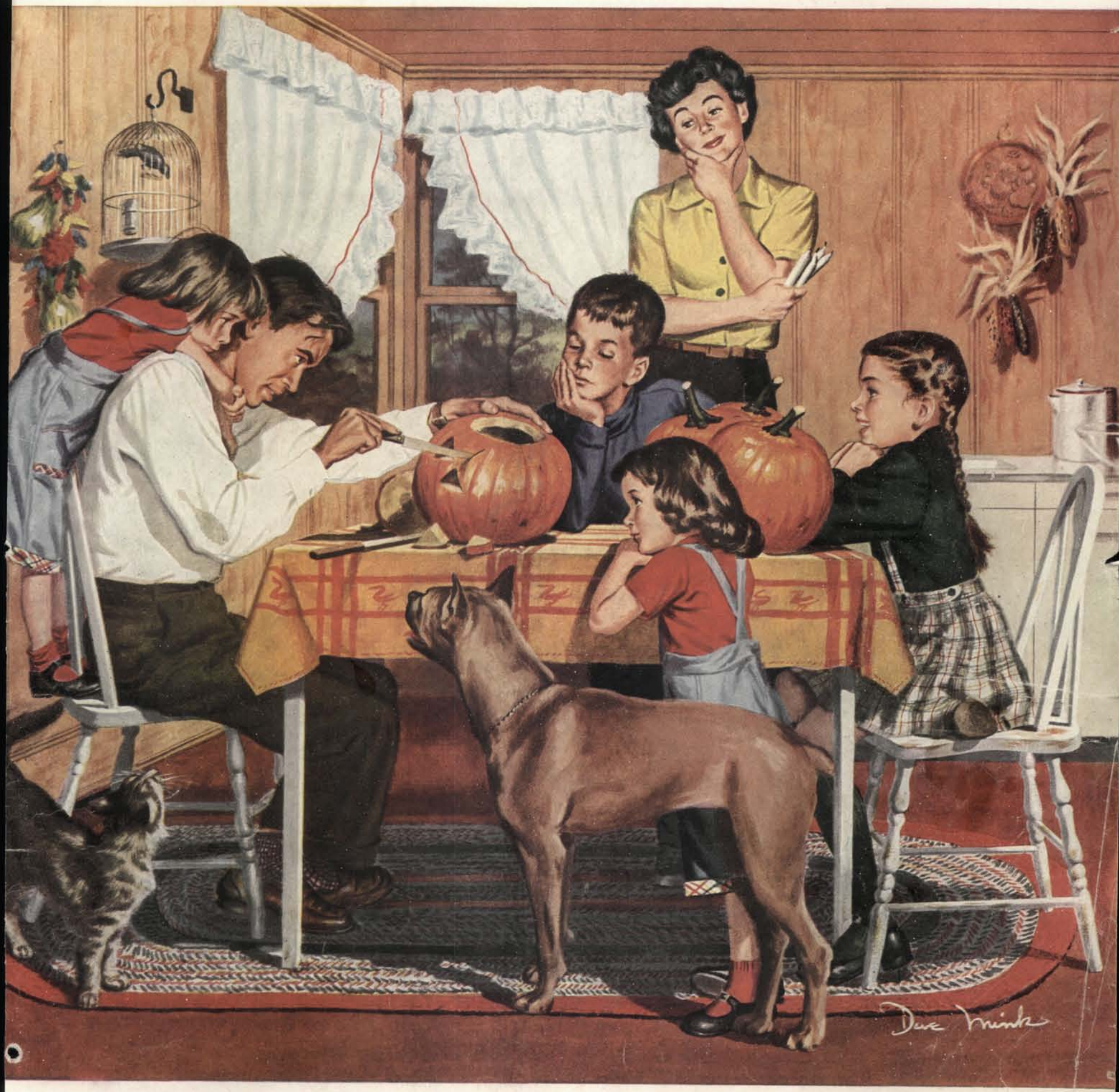

My 4-Year War with the

By BRIG. GEN. FRANK HOWLEY with Collie

NOV. 5, 1949

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

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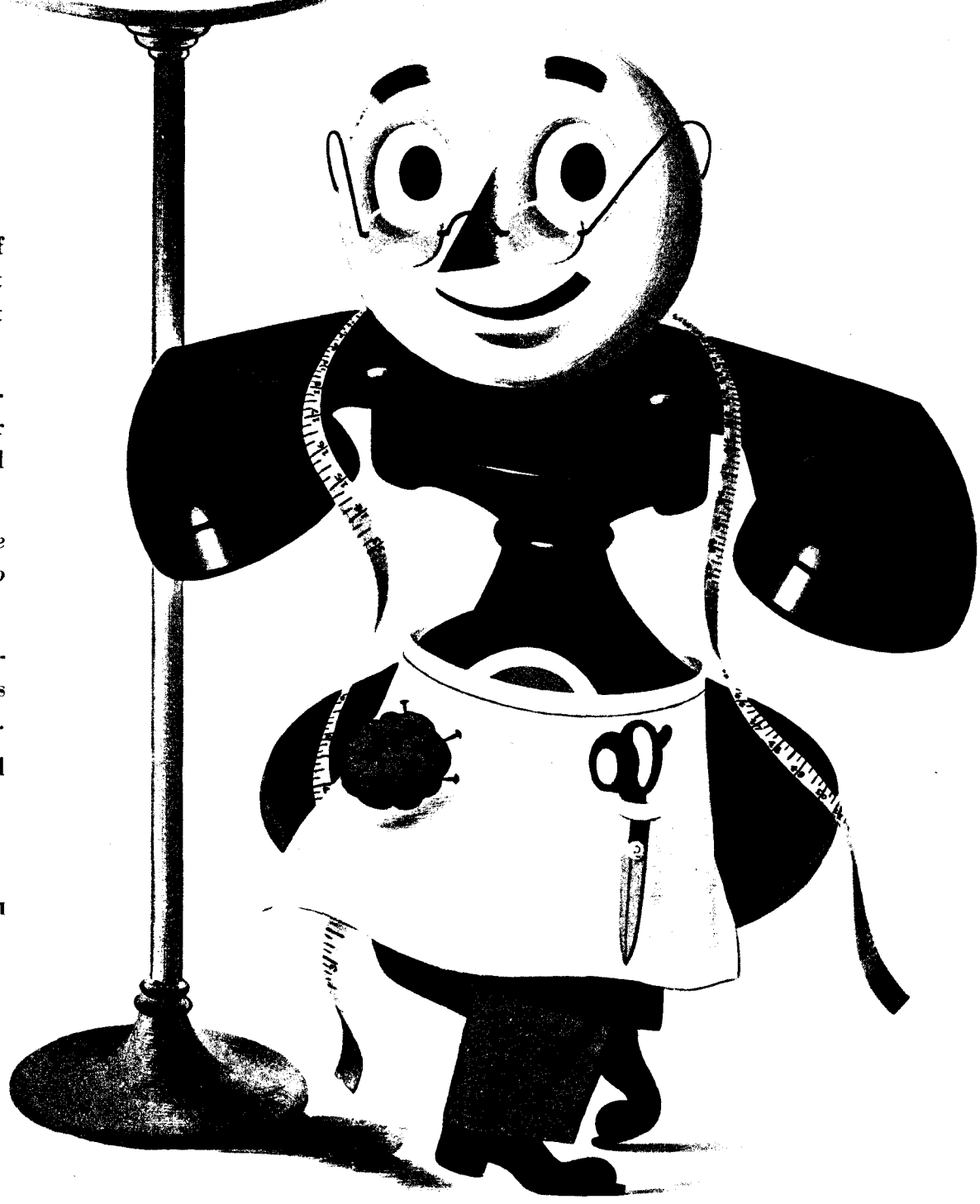
Made to Your Measure in Less Than Two Minutes



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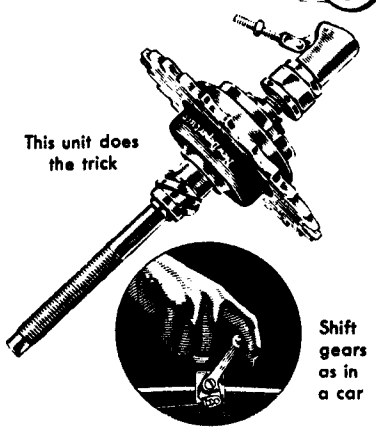

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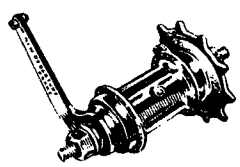

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Bristol, Connecticut

1869

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November 5, 1949

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COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 124, No. 19.
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The Cover

Artist David Mink's pre-Halloween scene on the cover shows a combination of the Beale family, who are neighbors and friends, and two members of his own household—nine-year-old Dave, Jr., and Figaro, the Mink cat. It's the Beale kitchen in Evanston, Illinois. That's Charlie hacking away at the pumpkin as his wife Judy, Barbara (8), four-year-old twins Pat and Pam, and Dutchess, the Beale boxer, look on. Even Flower, the sparrow, apparently is interested. This is the first cover in a series involving the Beale household, by an artist familiar to those who read Collier's.

Week's Mail

Food, Not Politics

EDITOR: W. B. Courtney's Four Friends Abroad (Sept. 24th) gives convincing proof that the Marshall Plan is getting good results. He was told that "Americans talk too much about liberty and freedom. My family can't eat liberty, and freedom won't keep them warm. Steady work is the answer, and the Plan is getting ahead of the Communists."

That statement might be printed in bold type and sent to every member of Congress. The world wants more food and less politics, and better knowledge of the needs of these people should make us work harder to help them.

D. P. MORTON, New Rochelle, N. Y.

. . . In your very good article Four Friends Abroad, I noticed a very big mistake, based probably upon misinformation. I refer to the following: ". . . France has nothing like our state or federal farm programs, to spread the latest information . . . *nor has France agricultural colleges like ours to train country kids as future farmers.*"

Not having been in France since I was there as a G.I., I do not wish to discuss the first part of your quotation, but having been an agricultural student in France 15 years ago, I wish to give you the following information:

France has a wonderful system of agricultural education. First of all, almost all of the French rural provinces *(départements)* have at least one École Régionale d'Agriculture which corresponds to the level of our American high schools.

At our college level, France has several Écoles Nationales d'Agriculture. After their completion of a three-year course, students graduate from these schools as *ingénieurs agricoles*. At still one higher level is the Institut Agronomique at Paris.

RUDOLPH HIRSCH, Flushing, N. Y.

Family Appeal

EDITOR: I think Joseph Petracca's story Four Eyes (Sept. 24th) is one of the best stories Collier's has ever published. Both of my teen-age youngsters, my husband and I enjoyed it immensely. I thought you might like to know that the story had such a strong appeal for such different ages.

MRS. L. G. MILLIMAN, Oakland, Cal.

Fish Stories

EDITOR: In the article, Make Mine Fish (Sept. 24th), the sea-food epicure Von Glahn deprecates the custom of dousing fish with catsup and like concoctions, declaring that all it requires is butter and a little lemon. I'm with him all the way, but he doesn't go far enough because he omits mention of the proper employment of the lemon to achieve the true epicurean result.

I assume that Mr. Von Glahn has never heard of the method of the Société des Gourmets de Paris. They approved lemon with fish, but not *on* it. On the theory that

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State Farm Mutual policyholders are saving $10,000,000 this year . . . 4 out of 5 benefit!

Isn't it wonderful . . . you open your mail and find a big reduction in the cost of your automobile insurance? 14% . . . 24% . . . as much as 37% savings *without* reducing insurance protection?

That's what is happening to 4 out of 5 State Farm Mutual policyholders! And it is happening not in just a few communities . . . but all over the country! The world's largest automobile insurance company is reducing rates more than $10,000,000 in 1949.

Rate reductions vary in different parts of the country because they are based on the driving records of policyholders in each locality. But because State Farm drivers are so carefully selected, all but a few communities are benefiting.

New State Farm policyholders benefit immediately in all districts where the new rates apply.

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1. State Farm policies are written for a six-month period rather than the usual twelve-month period. It is therefore possible to adjust rates at more frequent intervals.
2. It is State Farm's aim to insure only careful drivers. This keeps down the number of accidents among State Farm policyholders—keeps our cost of operation down to the minimum.
3. State Farm is a *mutual* company. Savings are always immediately passed on to the policyholders.

For your extra protection, State Farm provides twice as much public liability protection and five times as much property damage protection, as is required by any state financial responsibility law.

Your licensed State Farm agent will give you full details. He will be glad to advise you on *all* your insurance problems. Look under "State Farm Insurance Companies" in your telephone book.

Thanks go to this man

This is H. J. Rosensteel, Bloomington, Illinois, one of State Farm's 6,200 friendly representatives from coast to coast. Part of Mr. Rosensteel's responsibility is to make sure his company insures only careful drivers. Because State Farm drivers had fewer accidents last year, State Farm is able to announce drastically reduced costs for auto insurance in most communities. It will pay you to meet the State Farm agent who lives near you and learn about these new rates.

Get details today.
Look up "State Farm" in your telephone book.

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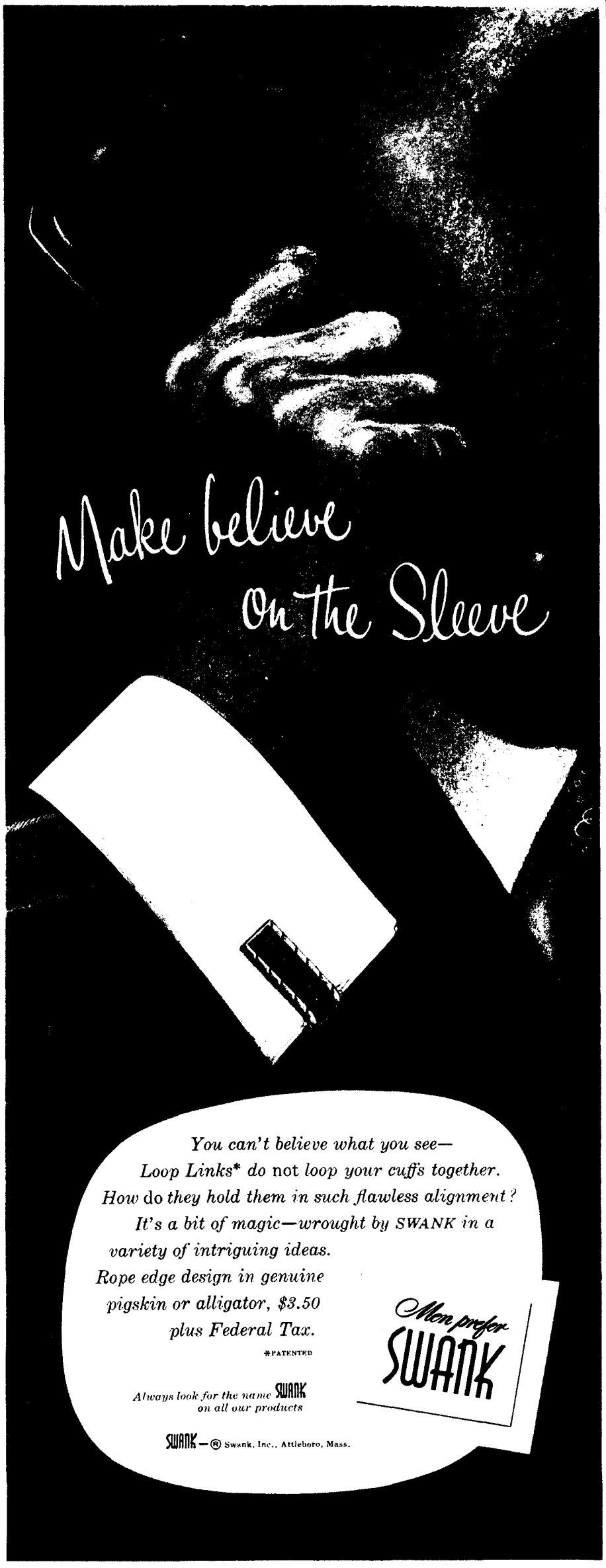
Make believe
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Loop Links* do not loop your cuffs together.
How do they hold them in such flawless alignment?
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lemon juice dropped on fish produced a concentration of acid in the spots where it fell, these master gourmets practiced an ingenious method of uniform distribution.

Just before eating the fish, the member squeezed five—exactly—drops of lemon juice on his outstretched tongue, then worked the tongue around inside the mouth, thus stimulating the taste buds and coating the interior of the oral passage with the flavor to be applied to it.

I suggest that Mr. Von Glahn try this method and note its advantages.

HUBERT E. LELAND, Dunedin, Fla.

. . . There is something "fishy" about your fish story by Richard B. Gehman.

The article starts with "One day about a month ago," etc. On the table before John Von Glahn is a dish of oysters. How come —oysters in August?

SYDELLE L. RIEGLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

What with refrigeration and all, you can get 'em here and there—even in the un-R months.

Hollywood in Work Clothes

EDITOR: May I express the appreciation of the Motion Picture Industry Council for two of the finest stories about Hollywood in its working clothes that have come to our attention. I refer, of course, to Cap Palmer's articles entitled How A Movie Gets Made (Sept. 17th-24th).

Those who are interested in knowing Hollywood as it really is can regard these articles as authoritative, accurate and superior in every department of reporting. They detail superbly the teamwork, skilled effort and creative contributions that go into the making of a motion picture.

Ronald Reagan

Our organization, representing the nine major guild, union and producer groups of Hollywood, warmly commends Collier's for this constructive contribution to the public's knowledge of Hollywood. RONALD REAGAN, Chairman Motion Picture Industry Council, Beverly Hills, Cal.

N.U., Not NW

EDITOR: Could it be possible that I am the first of thousands of loyal alumni of Northwestern University to state our just resentment, especially to your sports department, for the use of the initials NW in reference to our school (Francis Wallace's 10th Football Preview, Sept. 24th)?

Northwestern is one word and one only. My own enjoyment of the fine preview of the coming football season was definitely marred by Francis Wallace's choice of Murakowski—NW on his favored All-America team, Zuravleff—NW on the All-America squad.

He saves the situation somewhat by placing Northwestern among the top 20 teams.

LLOYD R. ROBERTS, Mason City, Iowa

Warm Words from Alaska

EDITOR: In response to your article Cool Reading for August by George Kent (Aug. 6th), we would like to register a protest. The residents of Alaska feel that a grave injustice is done to the Territory by this type of material. This injustice takes the form of increasing the existing ignorance of the general public in matters pertaining to Alaska. It is quite evident that Mr. Kent has never been closer to Alaska than a seventh-grade geography book, and that several years old.

We of the Territory are quite anxious that this land be developed to its proper economic strata and are working in every way possible toward that goal. One of our biggest obstacles is population. Our biggest obstacle in the path of increasing the population is the mass of misinformation which is foisted on the unsuspecting American public every year. WILLIAM H. OLSEN, President, Anchorage Junior Chamber of Commerce, Alaska

Not the First P.M. Winner

EDITOR: George Frazier's first article on The Christian Science Monitor: Gentleman of the Press (Sept. 24th) is in error in its statement that the Monitor is the only afternoon daily to win the Ayer Trophy. At least one other, the Rochester, Minnesota, Post-Bulletin, captured that coveted award in the annual exhibition in 1946.

THOMAS F. BARNHART, Minneapolis, Minn.

A bow to the Post-Bulletin and also the Newark Evening News (1938 winner). The F. Wayland Ayer Cup is awarded to the best newspaper among the winners in four groups—first: papers of more than 50,000 circulation; second: 10,000 to 50,000 circulation; third: less than 10,000 circulation; fourth: tabloids regardless of circulation. The Rochester Post-Bulletin is a second-group paper, the Monitor and the Evening News first.

1 Cheer, 2 Suggestions

EDITOR: Bravo to Collier's for the tolerant —and humorous—editorial on nudism (A Bold Stand for Britches, Sept. 24th). My husband and I, neophytes in the movement, have found it an interesting experience. Since we consider ourselves normal human beings, we find it hard to understand why most people consider nudism so unorthodox.

Haven't all people sensed the utter stupidity of clothes in hot weather?

Is there any moderately civilized person who hasn't admired a nude figure painting?

Is there any intelligent person who thinks that the physiognomy of any individual differs radically from the rest of his sex?

In my opinion, all intelligent people with good moral training would practice nudism if they'd simply suppress their Victorian instincts. JOAN JOHNSON, Golden, Colo.

. . . Referring to Sept. 24th issue of Collier's: A little more clothing on the front page and a lot more on the last page, with a recommendation of DDT for the insects and 2,4-D for poison ivy, might add to the popularity of your publication.

ARTHUR J. SNYDER, Springfield, Idaho

. . . Whoever had the colossal nerve to put a picture like that in a magazine, with a story like that underneath it, should have his or her head examined, at once!

This editorial does not educate people, it ruins them morally and some people it will give them foolish ideas.

EILEEN MEEKIN, Fairhaven, Mass.

Minding His Peas & Bees

EDITOR: I suppose the letter from Mr. Arthur S. Cory in the Week's Mail (Sept. 24th) reminded many others as it did me of that old verse which goes something like:

"I always eat my peas with honey—
I've done it all my life.
It makes the peas taste funny
But it holds them on the knife."

What I am wondering is whether Mr. Cory and his associates have considered the possibility that the old established producers of honey and honeybees might resent this effort to destroy their business.

My information is that the honeybeesers don't like the idea at all; that they like it as little as the dairymen like oleomargarine or the A.M.A. likes socialized medicine. Someone should warn the square-peasers that the honeybeesers have already assessed their members, hired themselves a lobbyist, and will shortly put on a big campaign calculated to make Congress put a prohibitive tax on the production of square peas.

E. B. ALLEN, Miami, Fla.

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Duralux Vacuum
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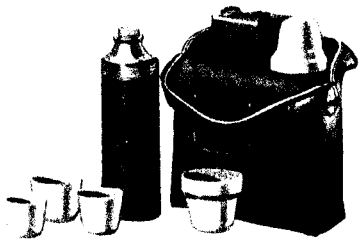
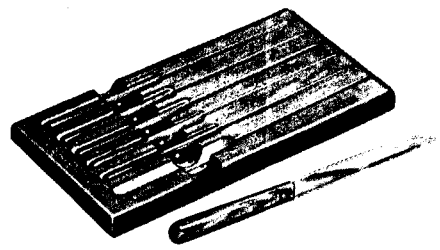
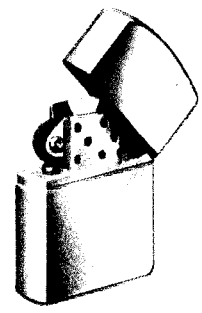
425 coupons



Picnic Set by Universal
1025 coupons



Imperial Steak Knife Set
600 coupons



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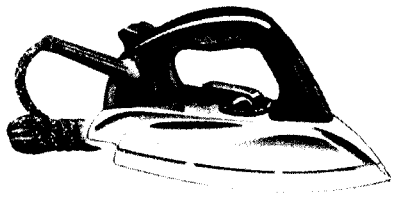
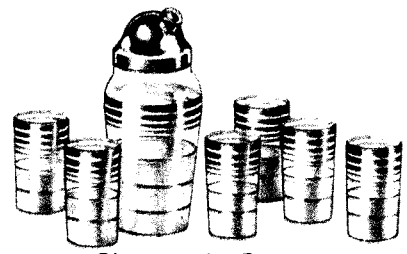


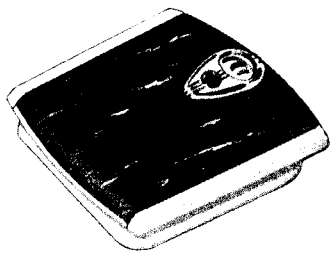
Westinghouse Adjust-O-Matic Iron
Now 700 coupons

Inlaid Bridge Table by Castlewood
Now 1000 coupons

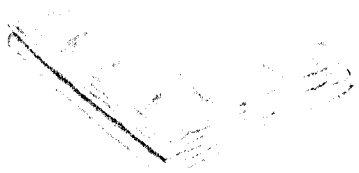
Cheney Nylon Lady's Umbrella
550 coupons



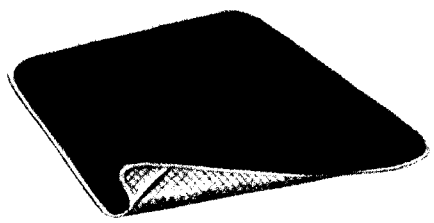
Glassware by Corning
6 Highball Glasses 175 coupons
Cocktail Shaker 225 coupons



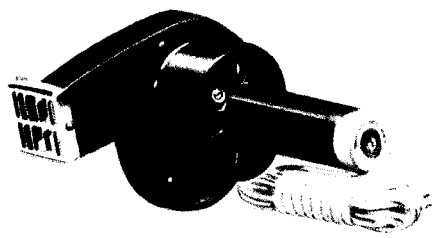
Borg Bathroom Scale
600 coupons



Infants' Blankets by Springfield
575 coupons



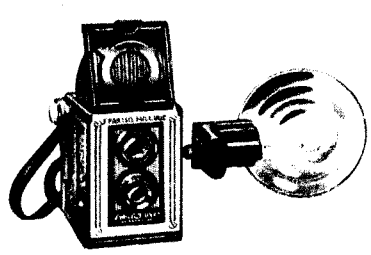
Reversible Bridge Table Cover
300 coupons



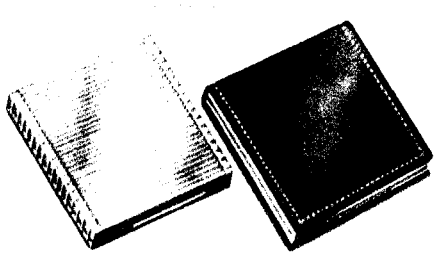
Deluxe hot or cool Hair Dryer
800 coupons

Teddy Bear
225 coupons

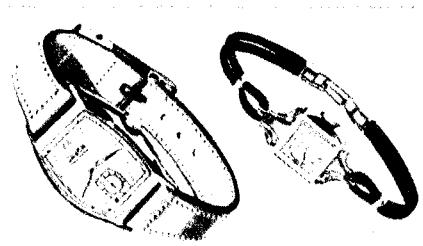
Baby Coos Doll
450 coupons



Spartus Reflex Camera 725 coupons
Flash Attachment 275 coupons



Compacts by Elgin American
350 coupons each



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"BILL'S A GREAT DATE, but he's a square about his hair. Man, he's got all the signs of Dry Scalp! Dull, stringy hair that a rake couldn't comb. Loose dandruff on his collar, too. He really needs a date with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . and I'm going to see that he gets one . . ."

NEAT SOLUTION, this 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! Try it! You'll be amazed at how quickly it checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp. Just a few drops a day do the job . . . and work wonders in the looks of your hair, too. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . and it's economical, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

162 fire alarms in six minutes for the Empire State Building

When a fire breaks out in the upper part of a tall structure in New York City and is visible for some distance, the fire department may receive five or even ten alarms from persons who think they are the first to notice it. But all records for such multiple alarms were broken by the fire caused by the Army bomber that crashed into the 78th and 79th floors of the Empire State Building on the morning of July 28, 1945. As the explosion was heard and the flames were seen for two miles, 162 alarms came in, 147 over the phone and 15 over street boxes, in about six minutes.

★★★★★★★★★

Soon after war broke out between France and England in 1337, the French crossed the Strait of Dover and sacked Winchelsea, then the nearest large town on the British coast. To prevent another surprise attack, the inhabitants employed a guard to scan the sea for enemy ships from a hilltop post each morning and afternoon. The job has never been discontinued. Its duties have been performed every day since then, more than 600 years ago, by an official "Looker-out for the French Fleet."

★★★★★★★★★

On the morning of November 18, 1912, in Los Angeles, a demented man, wearing dark goggles and a hood, walked into the office of the chief of police and ordered the official to bring in a certain prominent citizen. The man added that the box he carried was an infernal machine and that his right hand, inserted in one end, held the trigger cocked. If his demand was refused or his arrest attempted, he would release his hold, thus setting off 60 sticks of dynamite. Telling the maniac to be patient, the police transferred 300 prisoners from the building to a distant jail, evacuated all persons within several blocks and roped off the streets. Three officers then set about to capture the man by a ruse. After getting him to describe his mechanism, one of the officers pointed to the side of the box and asked about a particular screw. Without thinking the madman looked down, and instantly the second cop knocked him unconscious, while the third grabbed the box and trigger, removed the man's fist and raced out the front door with the contraption. *Then he tripped and dropped it!* But the box did not explode. The blow that had felled the maniac had caused him to clench his hands so violently that he had jammed the trigger.

★★★★★★★★★

Of the many friends of President Harding who held Washington jobs during his administration in 1921–1923, several swindled the government out of fabulous fortunes and were sent to prison. But all were pikers compared with Charles R. Forbes, the head of the Veterans Bureau, who had a double-profit system that eventually landed him in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. After purchasing a large quantity of unneeded supplies at a fantastic price from a company that would give him the overcharge, he would promptly sell the goods and pocket the proceeds. In the end, it was claimed that Forbes's flagrant wastefulness and personal graft had cost this country approximately $200,000,000.

★★★★★★★★★

Between 1868 and 1871 on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, a young ex-sailor named James Riley, because of his rare physique and virility, enjoyed a meteoric career as a "pin-up" boy. Photographs of the he-man were in such demand during these three years that Riley posed for a new one every week and personally sold autographed copies from door to door.

★★★★★★★★★

An old, sentimental wedding custom in Europe was for the bride to carry and weep into a "tear handkerchief" which she would preserve and have buried with her when she died.

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1. New 3-Speed Cobra† Tone Arm

Plays 7, 10, 12 inch records . . . 33⅓, 45, 78 R.P.M.! No needles or center posts to change, no complicated gadgets! In this gorgeous new combination, you enjoy the greatest advance in record playing since the Cobra Tone Arm itself!

A *single* Cobra plays both old and new type records automatically, with a *single* permanent sapphire stylus . . . and shuts itself off after the last record is played. You enjoy every record at its finest, reproduced on a Radionic† Wave with tonal magnificence unknown before.

In addition, you get new *super-sensitive* Zenith-Armstrong FM—free of static or interference even in worst storms. Plus famous Zenith Long-Distance† AM. All in a stunning period cabinet of choice, figured walnut-finished hard woods. Get an amazing demonstration now —at your Zenith† dealer's.

New Zenith "BRADBURY" $239.95*

World's Easiest Ways to Play the New Type Records... *yours only in Zenith!*

2. New "Twin 7" Changer with Micro Cobra Tone Arm

Plays 7 inch records, 33⅓ and 45 R.P.M., automatically! World's simplest, easiest way to enjoy *all* 7 inch records at their finest, with unequalled Cobra Tone Arm beauty and fidelity!

A *single* Cobra with one permanent stylus plays both speeds. Twin changers handle up to 12 records automatically. No counter-balances to adjust, no gadgets to fuss with.

And in this beautiful combination, you enjoy the same superlative FM and AM radio as in the "Bradbury" shown above. Cabinet is of rich, figured walnut-finished hard woods. Has unique open shelf for convenient storage of an entire 7 inch record library!

New Zenith "DARTMOUTH" $189.95*

See... Hear... Compare These Terrific New Values at Your Zenith Dealer's Now!

NEW "ZENETTE"† BY ZENITH. Tiny, exquisite as a jewel—yet a giant in power and volume! Has new, extra-sensitive speaker that's 3 times more powerful than any Zenith has ever used in a portable this size. Open lid, set's on; close lid, set's off! Plays on battery, AC or DC. Smart plastic case in maroon, jet black or white. ONLY **$39.95*** *Less Batteries*

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RICH STYLING, TOO!

Can a *comfortable shoe* be *smart-looking?* Porto-Ped's master-styling wins them top rating with well-dressed men across the nation. And when you slip into a pair, you'll marvel at the day-long comfort your feet enjoy. That's because of Porto-Ped's resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift. See your Porto-Ped dealer — or write us for his name.

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THE MACRAE
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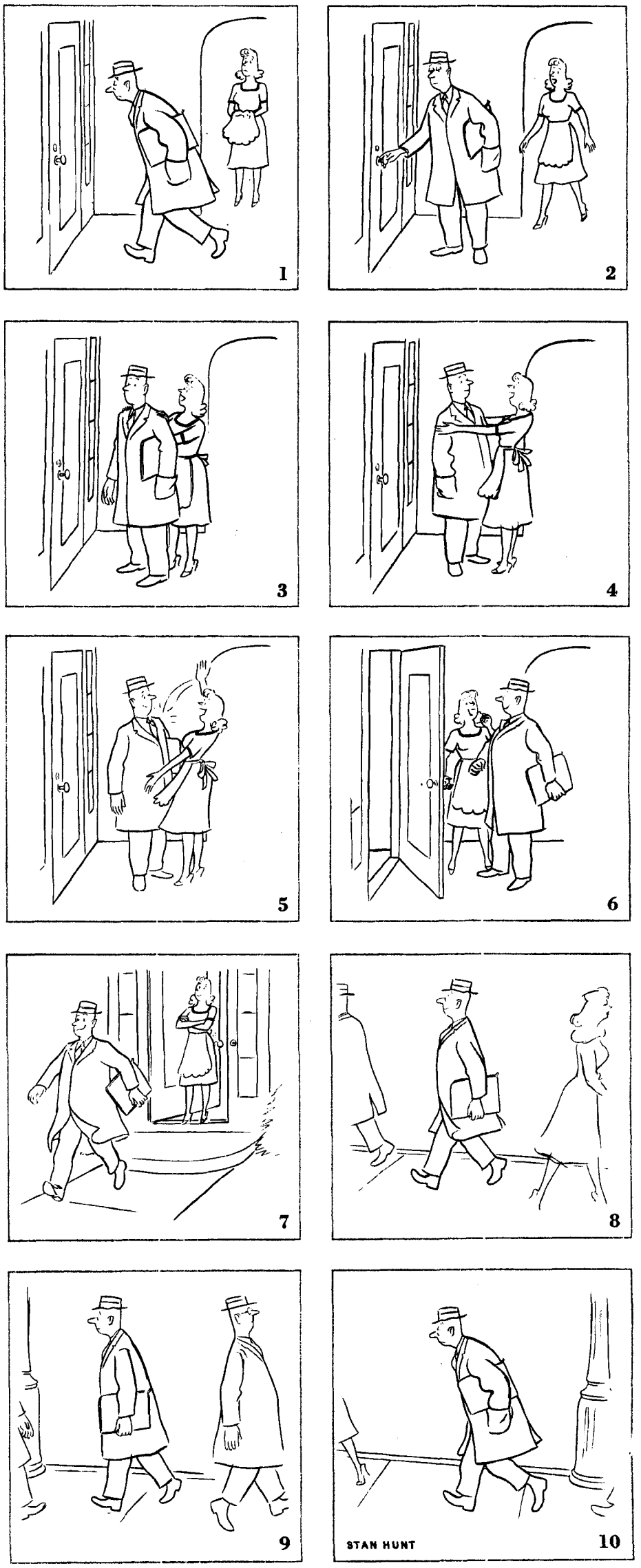

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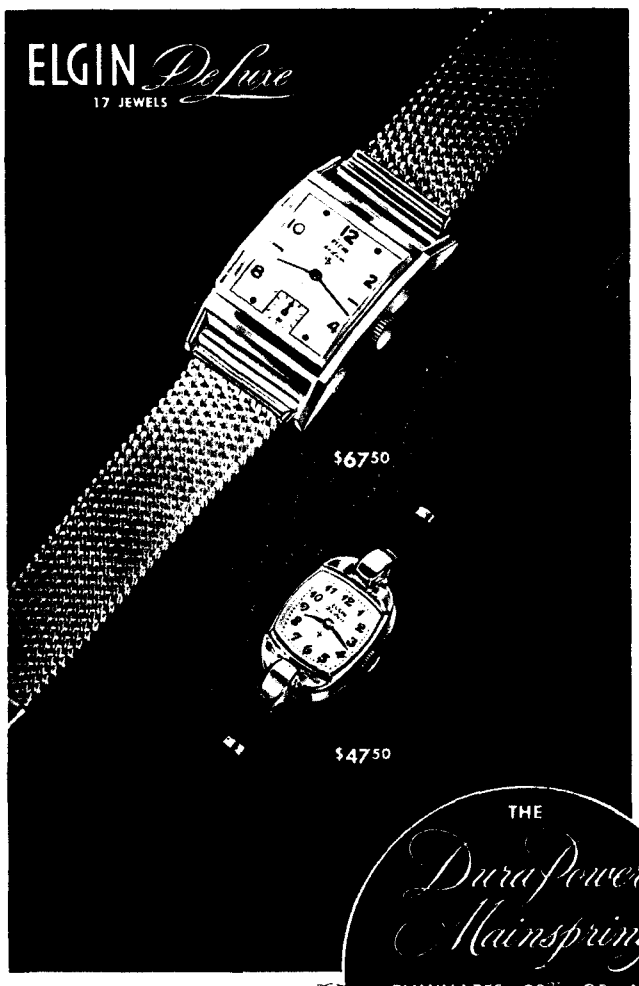
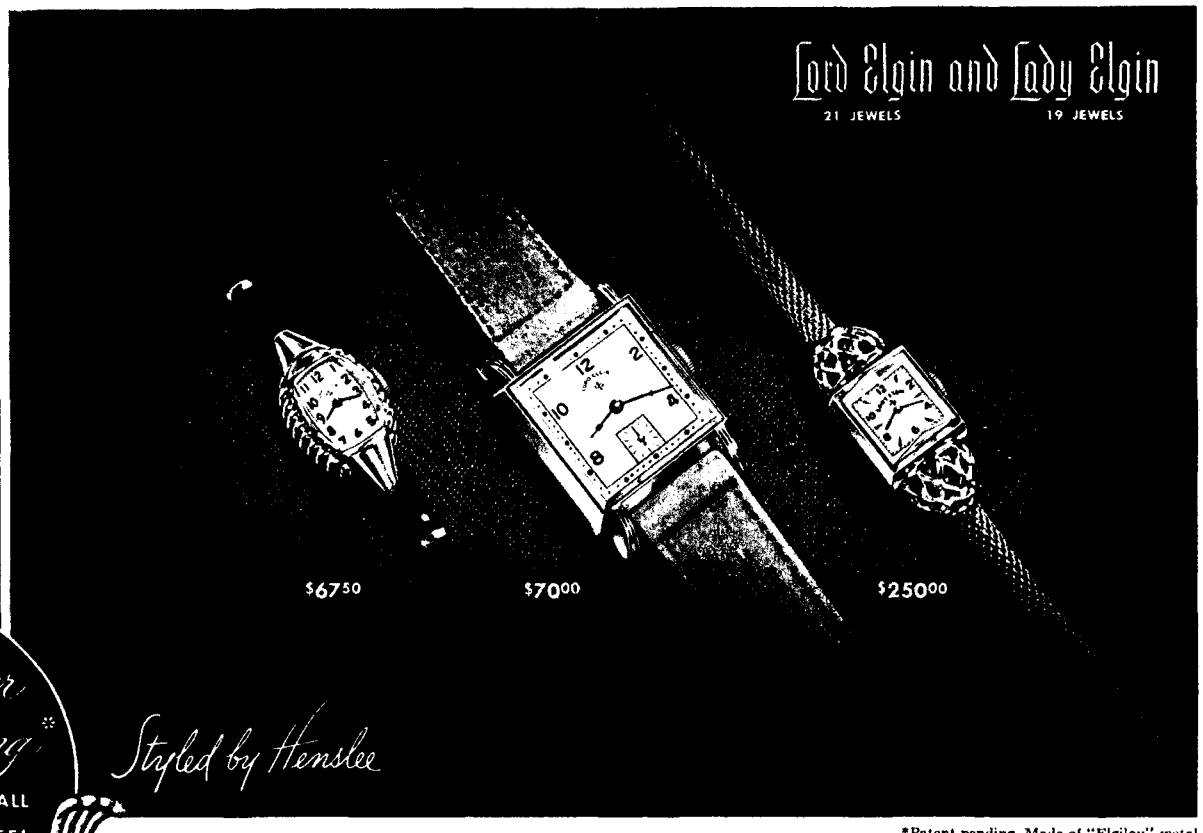
Anniversary present for *Mrs. William M. Miller* *an Elgin*

"I ADORE ITS DISTINCTIVE STYLING," *says Mrs. Miller. "My new Elgin is the most wonderful of all anniversary presents."*

"THAT DURAPOWER MAINSPRING FORETELLS A HAPPIER FUTURE," *says Mr. Miller. "Elgin's accuracy will surely be more lasting."*

It was the fourth wedding anniversary of Princeton-man and Vassar-girl Mr. and Mrs. William M. Miller of Princeton, N. J.





THE *DuraPower Mainspring** ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL MAINSPRING FAILURES!

Styled by Henslee

*Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from **$67.50** to **$5,000**. Elgin De Luxe from **$47.50** to **$67.50**. Other Elgins as low as **$29.75**, with Federal Tax*

*Patent pending. Made of "Elgiloy" metal

ELGIN

TIMED TO THE STARS

The genius of America to wear on your wrist

Elgin won the 1949 Fashion Academy Gold Medal Award!

An Elgin Watch is a most beautiful and lasting way to remember the great occasions of life. Here is a possession to stir the owner's pride for all the years ahead . . . a practical accessory endowed with exquisite charm. So outstandingly styled are the new Elgins that they won the 1949 Fashion Academy Gold Medal Award!

And no other watch in the world has such dependable power for accurate timekeeping. Only in an Elgin can you get the miracle DuraPower Mainspring. To own yourself, or as an exciting gift for someone you love, count on it . . . there's *more happiness* with an Elgin. See your jeweler now and choose from his fine array of beautiful new Elgins.

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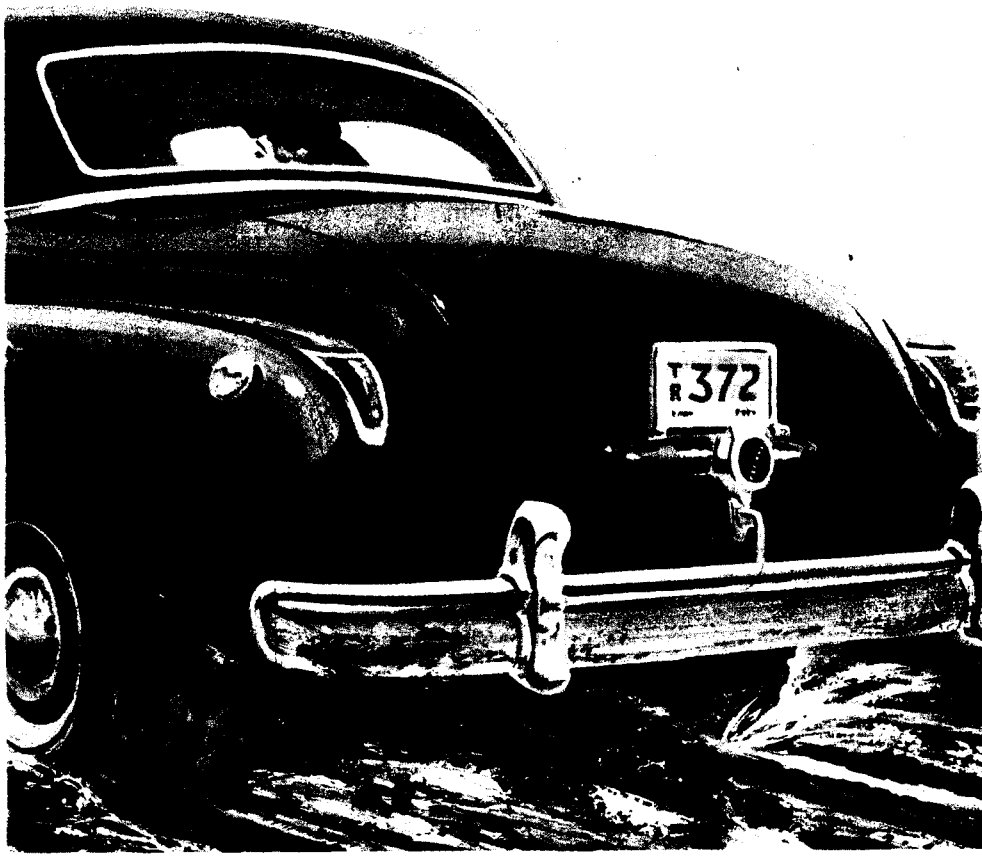
Don't get snow-stuck...

Get Sure-Grip Tires now—before the going gets tough—and then you won't have to worry about snow-covered driveways, unplowed streets and slushy gutters!

The big studs on this famous Goodyear tire provide super traction. They dig down deep—there's less skid, slip and wheel-spin in soft snow and slush!

With Sure-Grip Tires on your car you won't have to be pulled out—you'll pull *yourself* out!



Don't get mud-stuck...

Sure-Grip Tires give you super traction in deep mud, too! The studs are self-cleaning—mud, sand and gravel tend to funnel off.

Close-spaced studs in center give you a smooth ride when you hit stretches of good road!

And Sure-Grips will give you longer wear, too—the tread is *extra* thick, *extra* tough and *extra* cut-resistant.

Don't take unnecessary risks this winter—get Sure-Grip Tires from your Goodyear dealer right NOW!

Get SURE-GRIP tires by GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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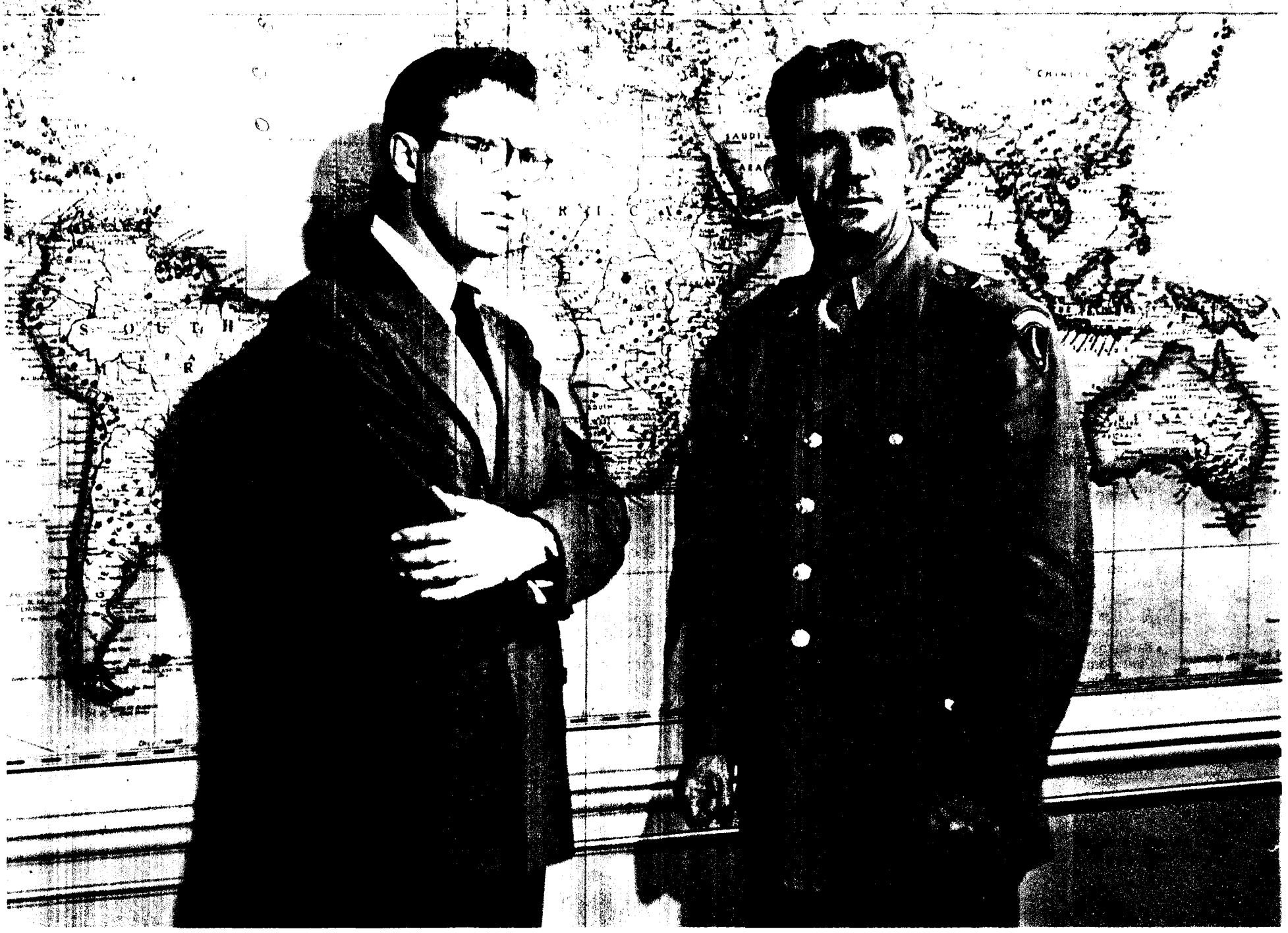
Collier's



My 4-YEAR WAR with the Reds

By BRIG. GEN. FRANK HOWLEY with COLLIE SMALL

FIRST ARTICLE OF A SERIES

IT WAS a gray April afternoon in 1945. On the rim of the Ruhr my command car, en route to Ninth Army headquarters, slowed down to cross a pontoon bridge over a small stream. As commander of the American military government detachment scheduled to govern Berlin with the Russians, I assumed that the Ninth Army would go on to capture the German capital, and I proposed, if possible, to be with it.

The shooting was far away and I suppose I was daydreaming. Then I looked up, to see a man rush at the car. Running full speed, he leaped onto the running board and vaulted almost into my lap. More in surprise than in anger, I swung at him and knocked him back into the road. His uniform was strange and I didn't wait to ask questions; I just hit him.

I couldn't have been more astonished when he jumped to his feet and wailed, "Russky! Russky!"

Russia's A-Bomb

General Howley warns: The Russians now have the atom bomb. They are international gangsters who will destroy us if they can. The danger, however, does not lie in the strength of the Russians. The danger lies in our failure to understand the aims of Soviet power. This is a critical moment in our history

Colonel R. N. D. Nunn, my British deputy who was riding with me, managed to speak first.

"My God, Howley," he said, "you've just bashed the first Russian we've met!"

And so I had.

One of the many Soviet soldiers captured by the Germans, my unexpected guest had escaped in the confusion of the final days of the war and was currently at liberty. We dusted him off, gave him the customary cigarettes, and put him aboard. He asked our ranks (it was before I was promoted to general), and we both said, "Colonel." He was not impressed. Several kilometers later he dropped off the car, and, without so much as a "good afternoon," disappeared into a small German town, perhaps forever.

That was my introduction to our Russian "allies." It was prophetic. Four years later I was still fighting with them.

Unfortunately, we came to Berlin in 1945 thinking only of the Russians as big jolly fellows who

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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drank prodigious quantities of vodka, wiped the caviar from their mouths with the backs of their hands, and liked to wrestle in the drawing room. We know now, or should know, that we were hopelessly naïve. The Russians are colossal liars and swindlers, and there is no reason to assume they are going to change. It is all very well to put our heads in the clouds and say they are misunderstood or that they live by a different code. That doesn't alter the fact that by our standards they are liars and swindlers.

As both American deputy commandant and commandant in Berlin, I lay awake nights for four years trying to think of ways to fight them off—to keep them from stealing the city out from under me. I talked and argued with them at the conference table for literally thousands of hours, probably more than any other American anywhere, and we couldn't even agree on the control of potato bugs. The Russians insisted on making potato bugs a political issue.

General Eisenhower and General Clay had their fleeting moments of what appeared to be understanding with Zhukov and Sokolovsky and the other Russians, but later they discovered their pockets were being picked. At the very outset, for example, Marshal Sokolovsky assured General Clay, the American military governor in Germany, that the Red Army would not be used as an instrument to promote Communism in Germany.

I had a funny feeling that "Wise Guy" Sokolovsky was lying and I said so. "But I know Sokolovsky," Clay said. "He wouldn't lie to me."

General Clay is a scrupulously honest soldier who finds it difficult to understand unprincipled men. Later, of course, he found that Sokolovsky *had* lied to him.

Somebody had to do it, so I shook my fist in the Russians' faces. When they sent troops to enforce their demands, I set up machine guns against them, and when they sent more troops I sent for more machine guns. Once I had to chase a Russian colonel out of a bank with a Sherman tank. Eventually the jokers came to realize I wasn't afraid of them and didn't intend to be pushed around.

It was only a few weeks ago and the leaves were turning when I closed the big house on Gelfertstrasse and said good-by to Berlin. My work was finished, and I assume that General Kotikov, my Russian opposite number, was happy to see me go, although we drank the usual hollow toasts to each other's health the last time I saw him.

Kotikov is a big, bulky man with flowing white hair, icy blue eyes, and a mouth like a petulant rosebud. Like all Russians in positions of authority away from Moscow, his mind is turned on and off automatically with switches operated at the Kremlin. He has ulcers. I suspect I gave him the ulcers. If it is any satisfaction to him, Kotikov gave me my gray hair.

I gather there were others besides old Kotikov who were not especially downcast at my leaving. During four years in Berlin I had earned a variety of sobriquets, most of them uncomplimentary. At first I was a "brute colonel." Later I was promoted to "brute general." According to the Russians, I was an "enemy of democracy" and even a thief who had stolen 1,800 horses.

Berlin—Key City of Western Europe

Even so the Russians pushed us around unmercifully in Berlin. We *let* them push us around. In so doing we were well on our way to losing the city even before our efforts to govern it got rightly started. Berlin is a divided city, but still a city of more than 3,000,000 people. It may be the most important city in the world today. For whatever happens in a divided Berlin will almost surely happen in a divided Germany. That is the danger of making concessions. If we lose Berlin to the Russians by default we may as well kiss Germany and western Europe good-by.

I do not propose here to write the definitive history of a tortured city, however. This is a personal narrative.

I didn't know it at the time, but my troubles with the Russians started on a sandy stretch of road in Georgia in 1943 when my motorcycle bucked and broke my back in a spill. Howley, the Philadelphia advertising man turned dashing cavalryman, was suddenly and violently reduced to Howley, the military government man. My dream of subduing the German army singlehanded went out the window. Although I was able later to purge myself by getting shot at a couple of times, I was destined to become the essentially peace-loving military governor of Cherbourg, when that city fell, and later, civil affairs officer for Paris.

In the fall of 1944, Brigadier General Julius Holmes, deputy G-5 at Supreme Headquarters, SHAEF, came into my Paris office.

"Frank," he asked, "how would you like to go to Berlin?"

I answered rather quickly, "Fine," I said. "My job is done in Paris and I'd like to stay on the main line. Berlin sounds good."

"Well," Holmes said, "get ready."

We went to work right away. I recommended, in addition to the enlisted men we would need, a nucleus of 25 American and 25 British officers for the Berlin detachment. The British exchanged salutes with us and took off immediately for England to complete preliminary preparations there, while we moved up the Seine to Troyes, a town about 160 kilometers southeast of Paris. Although they had been invited, the Russians expressed no interest in working with us, implying instead that they would worry about the end of the war when they came to it. No provision had yet been made for the participation of the French, who later attended our staff studies as observers.

Shortly before Christmas it became imperative to find a headquarters where the British and American staffs could work together, and my group subsequently withdrew to Barbizon, a quiet village near Fontainebleau through which I had cycled innumerable times as a student at the Sorbonne in the late twenties and early thirties. It was a serene place, off the beaten track, with excellent buildings, and it had not yet been discovered by other army units on the prowl for comfortable headquarters.

At Barbizon we girded ourselves for virtually all eventualities in Berlin except the curious behavior of our Russian "allies." On the theory that any trouble we might have would come from the Germans, we set up a physical training program which included judo lessons for those of us who were still agile enough to throw a German over our heads. We stacked boxes of hand grenades alongside that other deadly weapon, the *(Continued on page 64)*

Russian colonel at Dessau (left) held up Howley, bound for Berlin as deputy commandant, for 7 hours. Two aides helped "entertain" Americans

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LUSTRON—THE HOUSE THAT LOTS OF JACK BUILT

GENE BADGER

Interior of the Lustron factory at Columbus, Ohio, showing part of the conveyer system and paint booths in the enameling department

By ARTHUR BARTLETT

Carl Strandlund dreamed a dream of great masses of steel-enamel homes. The U.S. put up over $50,000,000, including a factory, for the effort to make the glowing dream come true

DREAMS don't begin. They happen. There you are, suddenly in the midst of one. That's how it has been with Carl Strandlund and his pastel-tinted enamel and steel house.

Mr. Strandlund wasn't even thinking of a house when he went to Washington, D.C., in the summer of 1946. He was looking for steel with which to build some filling stations. He intended to take the steel back home to Chicago and spray it with porcelain enamel and bake it bright and shiny. But the effects of the war were still being felt, steel was scarce, and the Civilian Production Administration said the new filling stations were out of the question.

Mr. Strandlund was not in a position to pull political strings. He wasn't a politician; he was an engineer. He didn't even know the name of the boss of his own ward in Chicago. So when the people in Washington said "no" to his filling stations, he was ready to give up.

But at that magical moment Mr. Strandlund began taking part in wondrous things which happen only in the very best dreams.

A man he didn't know, whose name he cannot remember, if indeed he ever heard it, said to him:

"If this enamel stuff you've got can turn steel into filling stations, couldn't you make a house with it, too?"

Whereupon the man faded back into the misty nothing from which he had come.

A house? Mr. Strandlund thought that over. Everyone was looking for a house. And then an idea came to him. There would be pastel-tinted porcelain enamel houses sprouting all over the country. He would stamp them out of steel, like so many automobiles. Hundreds of houses a day. Thousands of houses a month. It would be more than prefabrication, it would be all-out mass production, "industrialized housing." Homeless G.I.s would have beautiful, modern houses in a hurry, at a price they could afford to pay. Mr. Strandlund could see the housing shortage melting away like a pile of snow under a blazing sun.

The more he thought about it, the more Mr. Strandlund felt that such an unprecedented housing project was a natural for him. He had educated himself as an engineer through correspondence school. He was a self-made industrialist, like his fellow Scandinavian, William S. Knudsen, of General Motors. He had put the tractor on rubber wheels, developed a lightweight combine, played a part in the development of air conditioning. As vice-president and general manager of the Chicago Vitreous Enamel Product Company—at $100,000 a year—he had worked out a new process to make armor plate for tanks, cutting down processing time from 14 hours to eight seconds.

Mr. Strandlund was then in his late forties, a stocky figure, with pale-blue eyes, thinning blond hair and a neat little mustache. He wore his expensive clothes in the right degree of rumple, spoke in a rough and genial way, and conducted himself generally with the forthright, positive manner of an engineer with a reputation for being "a guy who can design for production." An enthusiastic sportsman, with a racing stable of his own, he carried an air of easy opulence. When in Washington, he lived in a fine suite at the Mayflower Hotel.

The idea of porcelain enamel houses was not entirely new. It had been discussed before the war by the Hogenson brothers, who owned the Chicago Vitreous Enamel Product Company. Chicago Vit's principal product always had been the sand-like material called frit, *(Continued on page 68)*

WIDE WORLD

Carl Strandlund of Lustron testified his company lost $1,000,000 a month

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He thought of Consuelo as a witch; she had a way of crouching above a fire and looking as if she were about to spit oil into the flames

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Fleeing from his guilt, Trenholm plunged into a world in which love had been corrupted into something ruinous and violent

The EQUATORIAL MAN

By FRANK ROONEY

RALPH TRENHOLM couldn't say exactly when he had first thought of Consuelo as a witch, or why he should now think this supernatural description so highly accurate and conclusive. It was hard to imagine Consuelo astride the handle of a flying broom and it was equally difficult to picture her as one of those muttering hags who go about the devil's business skewering toads. Nevertheless she had a way of crouching above a bonfire on the beach—as she was doing now—and looking as if she were about to spit oil into the flames.

There were the skirts she wore too, loose swirling yards of cloth, boldly and colorfully patterned, tightened around her waist by a drawstring, the tufted ends of the string hanging from her hip like little shrunken heads. And there was something alien in her face: her skin was neither swarthy nor coarse but her countenance was dark in habitude and rehearsed into a distinctive sullenness.

The night was a hot depthless deposit of air over Trenholm's head, impenetrable to the cool wind which usually came down the canyon and across the Malibu coast road. But then it was often like this, Trenholm had observed, on the beaches around Los Angeles, particularly in late August.

"Look at her," Ramon said. "Squatting there like something obscene."

Trenholm, who rarely spoke of himself as a motion picture executive, and Ramon, who always spoke of himself as an actor, were standing on one side of the fire which, despite their protestations, Consuelo had nevertheless insisted on building. Technically Consuelo made a small living as a dancer but Trenholm would have sworn she could exist entirely on fire, air and water.

"Get off your haunches," Ramon said. He kicked at Consuelo over the fire. He had the kind of face in which everything is excessive—beauty, pride, honor and their concomitant angers.

"Stand up. Do you hear me?"

"Let her alone," Trenholm said. He couldn't help measuring Ramon's lean flexible height against his own shorter, more powerfully built body which was beginning to thicken somewhat in response to the patches of gray at his temples.

"Damned Aztec," Ramon said.

He walked swiftly around the fire and leaned down to take Consuelo's elbow, jerking her roughly to her feet.

"We will have to forgive him his pride," Consuelo said, not resisting him. "The man will work for the M-G-M. They've tested him and will photograph him riding across the border on a horse."

"Shut up," Ramon said.

"He should have only the warmest feelings for the horse," Consuelo said. "Animals are very human in color."

Ramon pushed her sideways and she fell wonderfully in the sand, resting evenly on one elbow and one hip, the right knee bent and the long legs visible beneath the loose skirt. The surf which had not been audible to Trenholm for some time now surged into his ears, filling them with the pounding sound of waves falling on the beach and of water withdrawing over sand.

"She didn't do anything," he said. "What are you so damned mad about?"

"A man should never beat any woman but his wife," Consuelo chanted, her voice artificial and reedy.

Ramon leaned over her.

"Where do you hide the scars? Your skin is like a drum, so many times has it been struck."

He straightened his body above her so that his legs were like the legs of the lifeguard tower somewhere down the beach and his trunk and head the proud watchman of that tower.

"The mother of all living," Ramon said.

TRENHOLM watched him walk across the deceitful sand, seeming to lose a little height at each step, and climb the six-foot embankment to the coast road. He was there for a moment in the headlights of the north-south traffic, the cars occasional and whining as they passed; and then he was gone in an interval of darkness. Trenholm shuddered at the high tense sound of the cars. Since his accident a year ago, he no longer drove for pleasure.

"That Ramon," Consuelo said. "He is like an empty bottle of tequila; there is nothing left but the smell. I know him, that one. He has pride and he has honor and there is always a senseless anger with those two."

"Did he really get a contract with Metro?"

"With the 20th Century-Fox. You will see him on the screen bending the backs of those blond milkpails until they break and biting their little white throats. All over America thousands of women will scream and cover their mouths with their knees."

Trenholm laughed, not very pleasantly. "And what will the men do?"

"They will watch the women's legs—as you are doing now, Ralph."

This was an offer of equality, crude and wounding, but he wasn't ready now—if ever—to accept her as an equal. So he cursed her, shocked at the hard, vulgar, imageless words and deeply ashamed of his own poisonous and uncontrollable passion for her.

"And that is always good night," Consuelo said.

Consuelo didn't get up—she arose. Trenholm, watching her do the peculiar thing she did to take the place of walking, couldn't say she actually glided or soared across the sand after Ramon, but if it wasn't protoplasmic it was more than bone and gut could do. He would take one of his cheap colloquial oaths on that.

Trenholm's light sport shirt was damp and limp by the time he got back to his cottage, one of a dozen frame houses set back from the ocean and closed off from the public beach by a high wire fence. He went through the darkened lower part of the house and upstairs to his wife's bedroom, unable to pass the light which lay beneath her door like a yellow wand. She was lying on the bed reading a book, her fitted white silk nightgown, thin and transparent, warmed by the the blended colors of flesh. She did not look like a woman who had been bedridden for a year with a bad hip.

"*Buenas noches,*" he said.

She laid the book protectively across her thighs. "Well, it's been a long time since I've heard that. How many beers did you have?"

"I met Ramon at the bar. We had a drink and then went and sat on the beach."

"Ramon? What brings him out here?"

"He's living in a place up the canyon. There is now a Consuelo."

"That beautiful man. Didn't the studio want him?"

"Consuelo says he will work for the 20th Century-Fox."

Nora clapped her hands. "But that's wonderful."

"It is, isn't it? Consuelo—" He choked on the word, coughed and went to the open window. "You get any breeze up here?"

"No. What should I hear about Consuelo?"

"Luckily the Consuelos of this world lack endurance. They stick around just long enough to have their photographs taken and then—pfft!" He wondered why he couldn't see the moon from her window. "Studio call?"

"Yes. You're not to go in till Monday. They're writing another million dollars out of the script. How is it with Consuelo?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Tell me about her."

"I met her about three men ago at a party. That would be a year reckoned at normal time."

"About the time they found my hip all over the car seat."

He looked at her reluctantly. "Do you think the nurse will last out the summer?"

"I hope so. She likes the swimming. And the part about no children. She loves that. Has she told you about how the Indians are making a comeback in everybody's children?"

"Old saddle-puss. No strain on my fidelity."

"Consuelo she big strain?"

"Heaps," he said. And they both started to laugh, one of those simultaneous convulsions that wrench the body without giving it the relief of humor. He walked over and sat beside her on the bed, touching her lightly with his fingers, her splendid arms, the blue pit at the base of her throat.

"At least you've got the cast off now," he said.

"I tried walking today with that iron woman you hired for a nurse," she said. "It may be morbid of me but I think one leg is a little shorter than the other. Gimpity—gimp—gim—"

She gasped and he saw that it was his hand tightening involuntarily on her throat that had made the sound. He put the hand to *(Continued on page 34)*

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The GIRL

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who didn't GO HOLLYWOOD

By ELEANOR HARRIS

Jean Peters refuses to talk about love—and this has her *publicity men tearing their hair.* She *cooks, sews and* acts like herself. Does all right, too (see opposite page)

THREE years ago a hard-working publicity man for 20th Century-Fox steered a visiting columnist from the East into the studio lunchroom. Ecstatically he directed the gaze of his guest to a near-by table.

"Look—there's Jean Peters, the girl who's just been given the feminine lead in Captain from Castile." He glowed. "There she is—exquisite, gorgeous, beautiful . . ."

The columnist craned his neck.

"Where?" he asked eagerly.

"There! Right there in front of you!"

"I'm sorry," the columnist said, "it must be this Hollywood fog. All I can see is some farmer's daughter."

"And of course he was right," the publicity man moaned in telling it later. "There she was in a pair of men's blue jeans, a white shirt, and no make-up at all—the barnyard outfit she always wears.

"But I finally convinced the guy she was glamorous. I showed him her pictures!"

When anyone gets up the nerve to ask Jean Peters why she wears those blue jeans like a uniform, she says, "They're comfortable—and I hate make-up; it's sticky."

On screen, Jean Peters is the lonely man's dream. Green-eyed, with chestnut brown hair, a tilted nose and a 35½-inch bust, she has a truly remarkable beauty. Although not yet a full-fledged star, either in salary or importance, she is halfway up the ladder, having played the feminine leads in Captain from Castile, Deep Waters, It Happens Every Spring—and the new picture Turned Up Toes, in which she shares honors with Paul Douglas.

Off screen, however, she baffles her studio by remaining the independent farm girl who came to Hollywood from Ohio some three and a half years ago. She has quietly refused to conform to the Hollywood pattern for newcomers.

It is now two years since she has lunched in the studio commissary while making a picture—although most starlets look on the lunchroom as a natural showcase wherein they may be seen by producers and directors, with possible roles resulting. Jean, however, eats picnic-style on the deserted set with her make-up girl Maurine McDermott, her hairdresser "Peanuts" Ugrin, and her wardrobe girl Gertie Casey.

"We all think it's more convenient," says Jean, "and far more restful. We don't have to talk to a lot of people, and besides we like our own cooking. Each of us brings something like baked beans or potato salad—it's a lot of fun."

To most Hollywoodites, this is downright madness. "Some actors eat in their dressing rooms," one expert explains, "but *nobody* eats picnics on the set. Nobody but Jean Peters, that is."

Her home is a small and unpretentious rented bungalow, haphazardly furnished by the landlord.

"I like to keep busy," she tells visitors—and a tour through the house reveals that she does so.

The walls of the den are hung with modernistic water colors she has painted. One shows a giant red hand holding a sinister-looking black thread. "I was listening to Mr. District Attorney on the radio when I painted it," she says in explanation of its eerie quality.

Also in the den is the sewing machine on which she makes nearly all her dresses. Although her habitual costume at the studio consists of blue jeans, she loves beautiful clothes. "When I do dress up, I *really* dress up—and nobody recognizes me!" she admits, and thinks it's a great joke.

She enjoys making her clothes herself. After the finish of a picture, she gets the studio wardrobe department to give her the dressmaker figure marked "Jean Peters." She sets it up at home and makes 25 outfits a year on it, everything from tweed suits to elegant evening gowns. When she isn't making clothes for herself, she is making them for her friends. For the opening of the opera last season, she made a satin ball-gown with a tight bodice and a billowing skirt for Arlen Hurwitz, who had been her roommate at college.

"The catch was that she had to work on it evenings, while she was acting in a picture—and she didn't quite finish it," Arlen recalls. "All the way down to the opera house in a speeding automobile, with me in the dress, she was still doggedly sewing up the hem."

Cooking holds much the same fascination for her and she spends several hours every day in the kitchen, even when she is eating alone.

"I'm not the lettuce-leaf nibbler type," she says, "and when I'm home alone for dinner I cook the works—vegetables, meat, dessert, everything. Usually, though, I have one or two of my friends over."

Often a new kitchen utensil will start her on a cooking spree. Last winter she bought a new electric mixer, and during the next three weeks she carried 20 cakes to her movie set for the crew to eat. Every day the tin cakebox she left on the prop truck contained a new kind of cake—chocolate, angel food, cherry-and-walnut, mocha, caramel. She usually carried a pie tin as well, piled with brownies.

"Only the crew will eat my stuff, because it's so fattening," she says. "Actors and directors won't touch it. Except for Paul Douglas—he likes oatmeal cookies, so I made him several batches."

Gifts—Practical and Impractical

Her habit of bringing gifts to the set isn't limited to edibles. Last Valentine Day she appeared with frilly hand-painted valentines for the director and most of the cast. However, her gifts usually are eminently practical. She gave her hairdresser, wardrobe girl, and make-up girl steam irons; she herself had found a steam iron so helpful while making clothes that she thought the others would enjoy owning one.

She is equally practical about her living expenses, which amount to $400 a month, including her rent and her one extravagance: a box at the Gilmore Stadium, where she sits shouting nightly during baseball season. She was brought up in a family that followed every move of the Cleveland Indians; in Hollywood, she is loyal to the Hollywood team. She reaches her box, right over the Hollywood dugout, 15 minutes early every night, usually with a couple of studio acquaintances. Baseball is important to Jean, and her dream is that some day she will own a team.

When she was making Captain from Castile, she earned $150 a week; by the end of her 7-year contract it will be $5,000. Right now she takes home a $1,500 weekly pay check.

"Since my living expenses are so low, this means I'm banking a lot of money," she says. "But even if I made a million dollars I wouldn't change my way of living. I don't like servants or big houses, and I'd hate to waste my time playing bridge in the afternoons. I think women need to cook and sew. Besides, if I lived on a grand scale I'd be living above the rest of my family—which wouldn't be good."

Such frank discussion of financial matters makes her studio's publicity men wring their hands. So does her stubborn silence on the subject of her romance with multimillionaire Howard Hughes. She firmly, if sweetly, declines to talk of Mr. Hughes even to acquaintances—an attitude that agonizes Hollywood gossips, who feel that every actress should live in a goldfish bowl.

Romance Is Shrouded in Secrecy

Hughes has long been one of America's most elusive bachelors, as well as one of its most powerful men. His fortune is estimated at somewhere between $125,000,000 and $200,000,000; he holds the controlling interest in RKO Studios and TWA Airline, and he has complete ownership of the Hughes Tool Company and its subsidiary, Hughes Aircraft. Every woman to whom he pays his usual fleeting attention is avidly discussed. Like dogs worrying a bone, Hollywoodites worry the fact that Jean has broken all Hughes romantic records by going with him for a period of three years. Occasionally the rumor arises that they are secretly married—but he is as closemouthed about their relationship as she is.

"They've got one sure thing in common—they're both hopelessly independent," summed up one gossip columnist, after losing a conversational bout with Jean on the subject of love.

Hughes is noted both for his passing interest in many young women and for his eccentricities of personality. Despite his immense wealth, his usual costume is a pair of soiled tennis sneakers, no socks, mussed trousers and a wrinkled shirt, topped by an old tweed sport jacket. He is as secretive in his movements as a detective.

His secretive behavior has influenced Jean's. Although she is one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, no one can recall seeing her out on an evening date with a man in over two years. This is because her only dates are with Hughes, and they go to great lengths not to be seen at restaurants or night clubs. She often joins him at his house for small parties or watches movies with him in his private projection room at the Goldwyn Studios. Munching crackers and drinking milk, the two often watch movies until dawn. Occasionally they go to a neighborhood movie house.

While Jean sees no man but Hughes—usually going out with him about once a week—he has continued to take out other girls, lately escorting actresses Janet Leigh and Elizabeth Taylor. But Jean is the only girl who has held his interest for as long as three years. *(Continued on page 60)*

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Old Carey was cussing, and the new girl tried to put her magazine in a drawer, but it fell to the floor. "Don't hide it," old Carey bawled. "Read it out loud." He glanced up balefully

The

Funny thing, but Mr. Delsing decided Tom Carey was too old to be useful just when Tom Carey decided that Mr. Delsing was too big for his britches

IN THE privacy of his paneled office, Mr. Delsing executed a few dance steps which would have amazed his employees. Known for his stuffed-shirt dignity, Mr. Delsing did not believe in frivolity, especially during office hours.

But this morning was an exception. Mr. Delsing was about to get rid of a thorn that had been piercing him since the day he had assumed his duties as manager of the division. Tom Carey was about to be retired; he wouldn't have to look at Carey any longer, or talk to him, or even think about him.

Mr. Delsing's secretary entered the room and fortunately Mr. Delsing had stopped jigging. "Send Mr. Carey in," he instructed her. Then he sat down to review the charges against the old man.

First, he was sloppy—in his work and in his dress. Mr. Delsing shuddered each time he passed Carey's office and saw him leaning back perilously in his chair, his feet on his desk, and one hand snapping his suspenders. The offices had been modernized since Mr. Delsing's arrival on the premises. The whole place was streamlined with the exception of Carey. Delsing had sent around a memo specifying that coats must be worn but Tom Carey had ignored the order. That was one small item out

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Difficult Age

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

of many, but Delsing told himself he did not need to dwell on them any longer. The home office had put through a compulsory retirement age of sixty-five. Carey was finished.

Delsing felt almost genial when the door opened and Tom Carey poked his head inside, preceded by a foul-smelling pipe.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Delsing?" Carey said. He sauntered across the room, his trousers baggy, his coat rumpled, and flopped into the chair across the desk from the division manager. "Heard a new one this morning," Tom said. "Salesman was taking the Pullman to Boston. Got in his berth and—"

"No time now," Delsing said. He might as well make this quick, he thought. "You've heard about the new retirement setup. I'll envy you men, a good pension and no more living by an alarm clock." Delsing tried to grin engagingly. "I hear some of the boys are going to Florida."

"They should." Carey grinned around his pipe. "Fellows like Doc Harbison, and Freddy Hutchins, and Mike Ferry. Should have had sense enough to quit before now, fellows as old as they are. I told Doc this morning it was time he got out of town and let a younger man set folks up for the undertaker. I told him—"

"Aren't you going with them?"

"Me?" said Tom Carey in surprise. "Sit in the sunshine? I told Doc—I said, what do you take me for, an orange?"

"How old are you?" Delsing said, looking at the wreck of humanity across the desk, noting the thin white hair, the wrinkles around the eyes.

Carey removed the pipe from his mouth, and shook the dottle into the ash tray on the desk. He pointed the pipe at Delsing as though it were a gun.

"Why, I'm sixty-two, Mr. Delsing," he said gently.

Mr. Delsing quivered. He did not believe him, but for a moment he was stunned with dismay and shock. "I looked at your record this morning," he said finally. "You've been with the company forty-six years. How old were you when you started?"

"Just a shaver," Tom Carey said. "I was big for my age. Maybe I even lied about it back then. They didn't keep such good records in those days. Not so persnickety. A feller could get a job without filling out six pages with his pedigree and taking an aptitude test to see whether he should be a salesman or a production man."

This was another raw spot. It was Mr. Delsing who had inaugurated the aptitude tests.

"The aptitude test they gave me," Tom Carey said, "was to put me in the shop and see if I had the aptitude to work twelve hours a day. I'm not sayin' it was better then, I think it's better now but in some ways—"

"We like to keep records now," Delsing said, and he was still able to smile because he was confident Carey was lying and he could prove it. "Just for the record I'd like you to bring in your birth certificate tomorrow."

He had him now, Delsing thought, and his grin widened. Carey was poking at his pipe with a match.

"Well, I'll tell you," Carey said confidentially. "I haven't seen my birth certificate since I moved back in '27. Just disappeared in the shuffle. Hell of a thing. Can't even prove I was ever born. I'm mighty sorry—"

"Well," Delsing said grimly, "it must be on file in the city hall—"

"I'll tell you about that," Tom Carey said. "I was born in a little town upstate, and thirty years ago the courthouse burned down. All the records were destroyed. It caused a lot of fuss and confusion, you can bet on that. Why there's one couple in that town been living together for forty years and some folks are sure they been living in sin all that time. But the feller swears he got married and if the courthouse hadn't burned down he could prove it. People still arguing about it one way and the other. And that ain't all. There's another feller in that town—"

"Never mind that," Delsing said, and his grin had vanished. He looked angrily at Carey, but the old man's eyes were sympathetic.

"Kind of hard to prove a man's age," Carey said, "especially an old coot like me. If I was a horse now you could look at my teeth. I'd be glad to let you look at mine, Mr. Delsing, but I'll be frank with you on that subject. The damn' things are only six months old and I'm still not used to 'em."

Tom Carey rose to his feet. "Was there anything else you wanted, Mr. Delsing?" he said. Then he moved toward the door and closed it gently behind him.

He went down the hall to his office. As he dropped into his chair, his secretary, who had been with him for eight years, looked up at him worriedly.

"Is everything all right, Mr. Carey?"

"Why, certainly," said *(Continued on page 46)*

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Those EXPLOSIVE

Sinclair Lewis picked up the phone and heard a voice dripping with smörgåsbord say: "—you haf just won de Nobel prize!"

Albert Einstein was informed that he'd hit this jack pot for geniuses while he was aboard a ship returning from Japan

George Bernard Shaw insulted Sweden's minister in London by flatly refusing to accept the award after he'd won it

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

ON a November night in 1930 the telephone rang in the Westport, Connecticut, home of Sinclair Lewis. Lewis sleepily took up the receiver. Over the wire an excited voice dipped in *smörgåsbord* screamed, "Mr. Lewis you haf just won de Nobel prize!"

Lewis was cautious. There was a family friend who liked to play practical jokes.

"Aw, your accent is terrible," he snapped.

"Listen to me and learn the right inflection!"

Lewis mimicked his caller's words in a thicker Swedish accent, while the voice at the other end gurgled in futility. The author hung up.

In ten minutes the phone rang again. This time it was a member of Lewis' publishing firm in New York.

"Red," he cried, "that guy you just hung up on, he's the McCoy, a correspondent for a Stockholm paper—and he wasn't kidding; you've won the Nobel prize!"

Convinced at last, Lewis telephoned Dorothy Thompson, then his wife, who was in Manhattan.

"Darling!" he shouted. "I just won the Nobel prize!"

His wife humored him: "How very wonderful! We must congratulate each other. I've just been awarded the Order of the Garter!"

Shortly thereafter a wire arrived from the Swedish Minister in Washington, informing the author of Babbitt and Main Street that he was the first American ever to win the Nobel prize in literature.

Sometime within the next few weeks literary lights, pacifists and men of science and medicine the world over will similarly be put into a state of temporary shock and disbelief by the news that they have just been awarded the juiciest jack pot for geniuses in the world today—the Nobel prize. Via telephone, telegram or personal notification from a Norwegian or Swedish embassy they will learn that they are at once rich and famous, or sometimes rich and *more* famous.

Jane Addams was about to go under ether for a major operation at Johns Hopkins when the official telegram was read to her. Albert Einstein got the flash on shipboard en route back from Japan. George Bernard Shaw was personally informed by the Swedish Minister in London, and insulted him by roaring, "No, never! I don't want it!"

Eugene O'Neill was dragged out of a bed in Seattle in the middle of the night. His wife had learned from his best friend and biographer that reporters were on the way. The author of Anna Christie and Mourning Becomes Electra crawled into old pants and sweater and shyly greeted the press with, "I feel like a horse that has been given a blue ribbon."

This year, as they have every year since they were first given out in 1901, the Nobel prize announcements will whip up debate and boost blood pressures everywhere. But busting a gusset is merely par for the course. There's always someone who will disagree with the choices, but no one will deny that the prize winners who journey to Sweden this December will receive civilization's top accolade to people of distinction. Materially each of them will accept from ninety-one-year-old King Gustav a gold medal, an illuminated diploma and an envelope containing a pledge to the bearer worth thousands of dollars in cash. If the aging monarch is physically unable to fulfill the function, the Crown Prince will very likely do the honors.

A character reference par excellence, the prize has served many refugee winners in lieu of a passport. For others the world's greatest giveaway provides lifetime financial security. In the past, each winner has received a sum ranging from $31,000 to $48,000. The winners this year will slice up approximately $150,000, many times what the Pulitzer prizes, for example, have to offer. At that, the sum is roughly 30 per cent less than it would have been had not Sweden devalued her currency last month.

The prize money comes from the annual interest on $9,000,000. It was willed on a torn half-sheet of paper by a lonely Swedish bachelor named Alfred Nobel, who made his fortune by inventing dynamite. The awards themselves have, year in and year out, been as explosive as their donor's product. Almost invariably the prize announcements set off a chain reaction of protest concerning those named and those not named.

Pravda Indignant at Peace Awards

Take 1946, when the peace prize went jointly to a Methodist pacifist, John Raleigh Mott, and to a onetime Wellesley professor and Quaker, Emily Greene Balch. The Russian press raged that the award really belonged to their own Alexandra Kollontoy, the world's first female ambassador, who was 74 years old at the time. The fabulous Kollontoy—an old pal of Stalin's, author of two books called Free Love and Love of Working Bees, and quondam mistress of a Red navy hero and of several European members of royalty—helped shorten the Finnish-Russian war. Though the Finns nominated her for the peace prize, she was voted down then and has been passed up ever since, an oversight that has made Pravda editorial writers apoplectic each new November.

On the other hand, when Dr. Bernardo Houssay, of Argentina, won half of the medicine award in 1947 for his studies of the pituitary gland, Dictator Juan Perón ordered his controlled press to pile into the Swedes for awarding the prize "with political

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Nobel Prizes

By IRVING WALLACE

The inventor created another form of dynamite when he left his fortune to establish the world's biggest giveaway for men of real distinction

ends in mind," and into Dr. Houssay, "the gland detective who could have done research more useful on tuberculosis and syphilis."

Why? Because the year before, Perón had fired Houssay from the University of Buenos Aires for signing a petition favoring "democracy and American solidarity."

If this year's prize giving follows the historic pattern, it will generate months of name calling and fist shaking across the sea. For the prize winners are chosen not by an Olympian hand, but by ordinary men—Swedes and Norwegians—possessed of all the human frailties and fetishes. Behind the Nobel scenes there is proof of courage and integrity in the voting; but there is also evidence of occasional politics and prejudices among the committeemen.

Too often the awards add up to a comedy of errors in which the right people win for the wrong reasons. Although, according to Nobel's will, the prizes were for those who did the most for mankind in their field "during the year immediately preceding," George Bernard Shaw received the literature award for 1925, a year in his long and prolific life when not a single new word of his appeared in print.

"Obviously," snapped G.B.S., "a token of gratitude that I published nothing."

Albert Einstein had won world fame seven years before for his theory of relativity when, in 1922, he won the physics prize for his discovery of the "law of the photoelectric effect," the much less important quantum theory.

Although nuclear physicists have won the award from time to time, not one of the men responsible for the atom bomb got the nod in the pay-off year of Hiroshima.

Of the five prizes, the awards in physics and chemistry are both decided by the Royal Academy of Science, 175 members strong. The entire staff of 30 doctors and instructors at the Caroline Medico-Surgical Institute, Sweden's leading medical foundation, vote the medicine award. The Swedish Academy, with a membership of 18 writers selected for life, chooses the literature winner. The peace prize is given out by a committee of five Norwegians appointed for a six-year term by the Storting, Norway's governing body.

Nobel originally intended his fellow Swedes to decide the peace prize too. But at the last minute he turned its control over to Norway, partly because he felt this award might be handled more impartially outside his own homeland.

The four awards handed out by the Swedes have been a hundredfold more successful in provoking universal irritation than the one given by the Norwegians.

The main reason has been that the Swedes frequently snub this directive in Nobel's will: "I declare it to be my express desire that, in the awarding of the prizes, no consideration whatever be paid to the nationality of the candidates."

The Swedes have been anti-American in literature, pro-German in science, anti-Russian in both literature and science, and pro-Scandinavian in everything. The four small Scandinavian countries have supplied 28 winners in 49 years, 10 in literature alone. Two of these were Karl Gjellerup, a Danish atheist who took *(Continued on page 72)*

Jane Addams was in the hospital about to undergo major surgery when she got the wire announcing she'd been picked

Collier's for November 5, 1949

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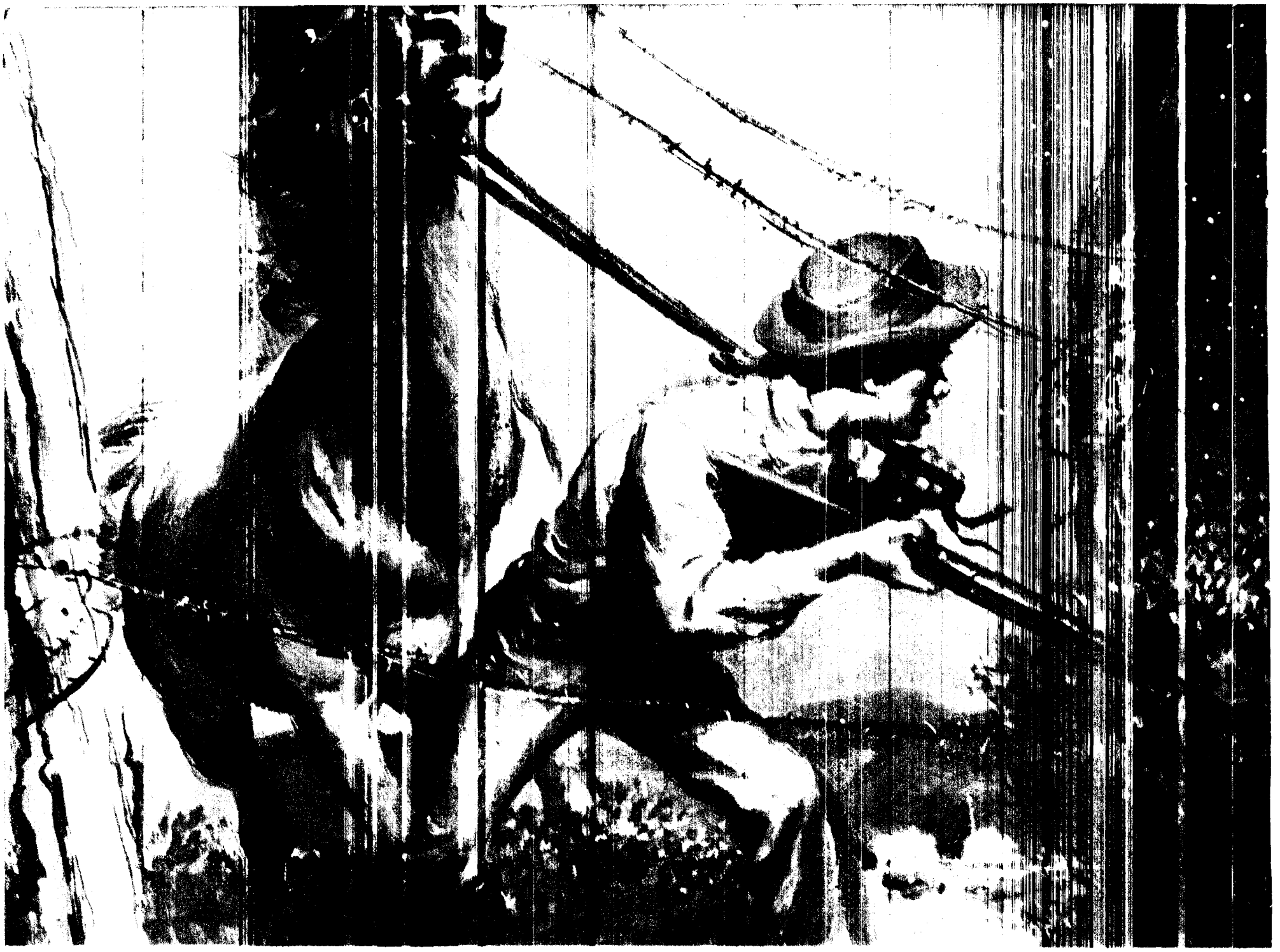

Sammy didn't aim—he pointed the gun off to the right and his finger trembled on the trigger. The gu

POST-OFFICE specifications called for tri-weekly mails between Lake City and Trampa, and to fulfill this obligation the Star Route contractor provided horses and a two-wheeled cart with Sammy Tipton as the driver. At ten o'clock on Monday morning this equipment was on the road.

Sammy had a load. In addition to the mail sacks and some packages for delivery en route, Sammy carried Tom Ashley's rifle and a notions salesman, complete with sample cases. Sammy kept his old black hat pulled down to shade his eyes and held the lines just tight enough to feel the bits.

"I'll bet," the drummer said, "that every kid in town would like to have this job. I'll bet they're all jealous of you, and I'll bet you cut it rusty with the girls. You got a girl, ain't you?"

Sammy turned upon the drummer a look of pure and concentrated hate. "Naw," he said. "I ain't."

And that was just the trouble. . . .

Attending church as well as Sunday school was one of the many concessions Sammy had been forced to make before he was allowed to take the Star Route job; and on Sunday after church Sammy and his father had waited while Martha Tipton talked with the minister's wife and the superintendent of the Sunday school. Sammy was hungry and the conversation seemed interminable, but finally it ended.

"It's all arranged," Martha Tipton announced briskly as she joined her menfolk. "I told them Sammy couldn't be here Friday so the Sunday-school party will be Saturday night." She smiled fondly at her son. "Who are you going to take, Sammy? All the boys are to bring girls."

Sammy's reaction was purely instinctive, for boys are constantly forced to defend their rights and privacies. He had nothing against girls as such; in fact, for the past two years they had interested him strangely—and at birthday parties and other social events he had, willingly enough, played spin the platter and post office. Twice he had escorted a young lady home and once he had put his arm around a girl and tried to kiss her—she had slapped him lightly and run away, giggling. But Sammy had never asked a girl to go anywhere and the idea shocked him.

"Aw," said Sammy, his face red, "I ain't goin'."

What had been a minor detail now became a major issue. Martha Tipton's jaw firmed. "You certainly *are* going," she declared, "and you'll take a girl. I'm one of the hostesses, and if you think I'll let my own son—"

Pierce Tipton intervened. "Let's wait till we get home, Martha," Pierce said, and the Tipton family, a unit in name only, went down the walk.

Nothing more happened until after dinner. There was a roast accompanied by potatoes, green beans and wilted lettuce, and there was strawberry shortcake. Sammy forgot the impending trouble until his mother spoke.

"Have you made up your mind yet?" Martha Tipton asked. "Who are you taking to the party, Sammy? You know lots of girls. There's—"

"Aw," said Sammy.

Mrs. Tipton, prepared to call the entire roll of the eighth-grade graduating class, paused to glare upon her son. "Don't say that to me!" she snapped. "And don't interrupt me! You'd better make up your mind, young man. If you don't, I'll ask someone for you."

Sammy blanched, for his mother was perfectly capable of carrying out her threat, and if that got around among the boys, Sammy would be ruined. "I'll ask somebody," he promised hastily. "Honest I will."

Pierce Tipton pushed back his chair and got up from the table. He was a big man, with big square

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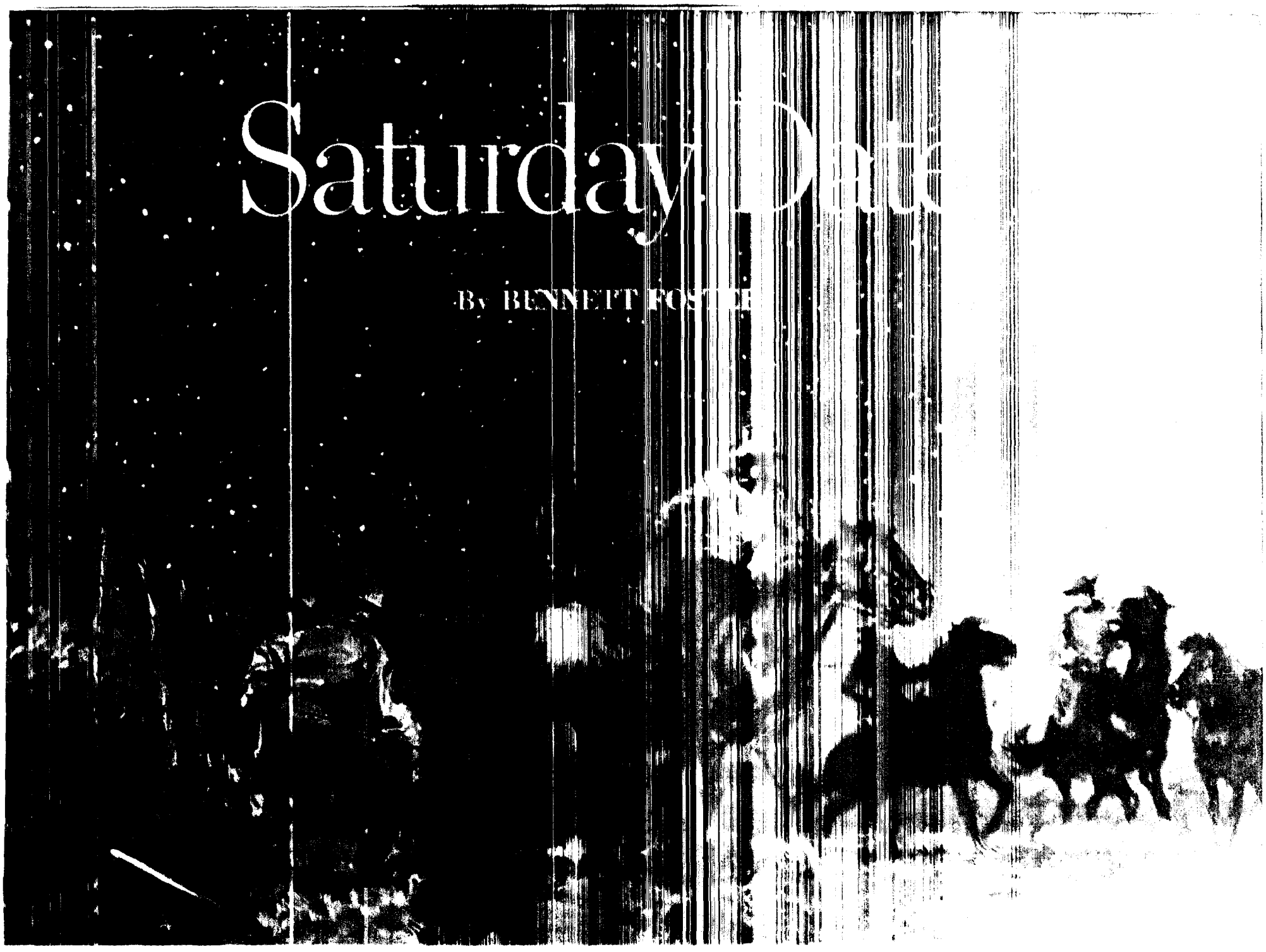
Saturday Date

By BENNETT FOSTER



ked sharply and the bullet, striking stone, whined in a ricochet. Wild yells went up from the men

hands that, no matter how he scrubbed, always carried traces of his profession. He was a blacksmith.

"He ain't had time to think about who he wants to take," Pierce said, dryly. "Hold up a little, Martha."

Words died on Martha Tipton's tongue and Sammy looked gratefully at his father.

"I've got to go to town," Pierce said. "Want to come?"

On the way downtown the Tiptons walked in silence, Sammy stretching his legs to match his father's stride. They cut across lots and came to the Bucknell house, vacant now that school was out and the Bucknells had moved back to the ranch; they'd be back soon. Sammy trailed his fingers against the pickets of the fence.

Last Halloween, Sammy, with some others, had stacked the Bucknell porch. They were almost finished when Dan Bucknell stepped out and caught them. He didn't say a word, just stood there, and Sammy and his bunch had very sheepishly removed gates and trash barrels and other objects. When they were taking the last of these off the porch, Gwen Bucknell—she was in the seventh grade and wore pigtails—laughed at them from the window.

The fence ended. Sammy and Pierce Tipton angled across the street, passed behind the courthouse and jail and came to the saloon on the corner. The livery barn and Tipton's blacksmith shop were just across the street.

The shop was dark when Pierce unlocked the door. It smelled of stale smoke and hoof parings and old sweat and horse. There was iron on the rafters overhead, stock to be used in making rods and tires; the two forges were cold, and leather aprons lay on the anvils. Pierce Tipton hung up his coat and went to the bench under the front window where parts of a dismembered rifle were spread.

"I got the new extractor in but I didn't have time to finish this," he said. Sammy came to stand beside him, just out of the way.

For perhaps five minutes Pierce worked in silence, then, with the rifle's action assembled, he looked at his son. "How do you like your job?" he asked.

"It's swell!" Sammy had gathered in the butt plate and the screws that held it.

"Ummm." Pierce seemed dubious. "Maybe your mother was right. Maybe you're too young to be haulin' the mail. You get along all right? You don't have any trouble?"

"No, sir."

Pierce fitted the stock below the action and secured it. "Your mother's pretty set on you goin' to the party," he observed.

"I'll go." Sammy passed over the butt plate and the screws. "Only—well, I never asked a girl to go anywheres."

"I see," Pierce said. "Yeah. There ain't nothing to it, Sammy. Just pick out the one you want, and ask her."

"Well—" Sammy said.

"There." The rifle was assembled and Pierce tried the action. "That'll do it. I promised Tom Ashley I'd have this ready. You can leave it at Sullivan's for him." Pierce put down the gun and turned.

"You got to grow up sometime," he said. "You're doing a man's work and you've got to act like a man. No need to let a girl scare you."

"I ain't scared." Sammy said. . . .

The notions drummer shook Sammy's shoulder. "Hey, you! Wake up!" he ordered. "I've been talkin' to you for fifteen minutes."

"I wasn't asleep," Sammy answered with dignity. "I was thinkin'."

Sammy dropped off a package at the relay point; then, with a fresh team pulling the cart, he drove on with the mail. Twice the drummer got down to open gates, and at the second gate they met Tom Ashley and his wife en route to town. Ashley pulled up beside the mail cart.

"I got your rifle, Tom," Sammy said as the rigs came abreast. "Dad finished it yesterday. I was goin' to leave it at Sullivan's for you." He reached back into the cart for the gun.

"I don't want it now," Tom Ashley said. "Do something for me, will you, Sammy?" He was a tall young man, newly married, and he owned a little outfit east of Trampa. "Go over to my place and stay tonight. Sullivan said he'd send somebody, but he might forget. Coyotes been gettin' the chickens and I want somebody there."

"Sure," Sammy agreed. He was used to such requests; he ran errands and did favors all along his route.

"I'll tell your mother you won't be home," Ashley said. "You might get a *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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BANK

By KEN JONES

Since 1945 this Virginia institution has been cleaned out 490-odd times. And never before has it made the headlines

THE sunlight of an autumn morning outside the State Bank of Rangeville, Virginia, cast a confused pattern of lights and shadows on the cement floor in front of the tellers' cages. The cashier and the bookkeeper were alone inside. Busy with chores, they paid scant attention as two nondescript men entered a few seconds apart. One was a six-footer, the other shorter. They did not appear to know each other.

The shorter man dropped into a chair at a desk, drew a pad of blank paper toward him, took out a pencil, and started writing idly. The taller of the two walked to the cashier's window.

"I'd like to ask about a loan," he said.

"Have you any identification?"

"Certainly." The customer reached into his hip pocket. "How about this?"

The cashier glanced up to find himself covered by a .45-caliber automatic. "This is a tea party, sonny," the bandit said lightly as his shorter pal joined him. "Let's have no trouble. Okay, 'Deadeye,' you take care of things out here. I'm going backstage."

The first bandit vaulted over the counter, backed the bookkeeper into a corner and scooped up two canvas bags containing nickels and dimes in wrappers, about $40,000 in bills, a .32-caliber revolver belonging to the cashier, and a bundle of Virginia public utilities securities from the safe.

"All right, you!" said the shorter bandit to the bookkeeper. "Into the vault!" The bookkeeper was slow; the robber gave him a shove; both fell heavily against the wooden molding where the vault door was set into the wall. The vault door swung shut.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

The bandits forced the cashier into their getaway car as a hostage. They exchanged shots with the Rangeville chief of police as they tore north on Main Street to U.S. Highway 1, then south to a country road. Here they released the cashier after taping his eyes and instructing him to wait fifteen minutes before removing the tape.

It was the 490th-odd time the Bank of Rangeville had been successfully robbed. Each robbery had been witnessed by some 50 special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In fact, the cashier and the bookkeeper had been special agents. For that matter, so had the bandits.

The "State Bank of Rangeville, Virginia" is a dummy created by the F.B.I. on the Marine Corps Base at Quantico, Virginia. A complete theatrical set, it has tellers' cages, deposit slips, stage money, checks, a vault and incidental furniture. It was set up in 1945 in anticipation of a postwar increase in bank robbery and has been used to train F.B.I. agents in the intricate technique of solving bank robberies and catching bank robbers.

The "bank" is equipped with telephones, and after each robbery the excited "cashier" puts through a phone call to a simulated F.B.I. field office manned by other trainees. The latter rush to the scene and undertake to "solve" the case while the remainder of the class stand by to criticize and learn. Trainees "follow" leads and clues spread out into near-by states.

Actually they do not leave Quantico, the happenings at remote distances being part of the "script." The investigators are given truthful answers if they ask the right questions, but get no information free; they have to dig for it. Three days is considered maximum time for solving the robbery; if it isn't solved by then everybody gets a black look from the instructors and the class considers itself disgraced.

The F.B.I. makes no bones about the importance of bank robbery as a top crime category. The special agents met their cleverest opposition during the war when they were combating espionage and effecting counterespionage. With the war over, however, the bank bandit emerged once again as the king of criminals. He is demonstrably the most cunning, the most desperate and often the most eccentric.

While the bureau tries to build into its Rangeville cases most of the new wrinkles in bank robbery as they appear, there really is no such thing as the typical bank robbery. With jurisdiction over all Federal reserve banks, national banks, banks chartered by Congress, and banks insured through the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation—pretty close to 15,000 banks in all—the F.B.I. is constantly dealing with the most fantastic characters and techniques in the whole queer and colorful upper fabric of crime. In recent years, for example, there were:

● "The Man Who Came to Dinner," who stuck up a bank for a heavy haul, promoted a dinner with a Los Angeles policeman and his wife, and enjoyed their hospitality while F.B.I. agents and local detectives, tipped off by the host, formed an after-dinner reception committee around the house.

● The bandit who got $110,000 on one job, hid out for a while as a student at a Western university, and then left a comic trail across country by carrying with him everywhere he went, crated in the back seat of his car, a huge white rabbit with pink spots.

● The bandit who "signed" his jobs by leaving a photograph of himself inscribed "The Crotian Kid" at the scene of each robbery.

● The bandit who wore a "suitcase vest"—a specially made garment with many pockets containing a complete set of burglar's tools, fishhooks, safety razor and blades, soap, mirror, flashlight, rings of car keys, maps, and concentrated food which would enable him to hide out almost indefinitely in the wilds of the Pacific Northwest where he operated.

● The amazing owner of "Susie"—a 12-inch-long, nine-inch-wide, three-inch-deep black leather case with a carrying strap, which contained 14 sticks of dynamite, one of which was fitted with a delayed-action electric blasting cap wired to a radio C battery and an electric switch. "I'm in no hurry," this young man would inform the teller as he robbed a bank. His case of dynamite *(Continued on page 62)*

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Courtesy of the Road

By MACK MORRISS

Collier's SHORT SHORT

CARTER BETHANE rode standing up on the truck bed, leaning forward across the top of the cab, and the ends of his long black hair whipped against his forehead in the wind. It was like little needles sticking him, and the feel of it was constant so that gradually his forehead became numbed, and he did not notice.

Neither had he noticed the eyes of the men in the truck, the compassionate eyes, when they had stopped to pick him up and give him a ride into town. He had seen their eyes, but his mind was numb.

It had been that way for days.

When the sheriff had come, Carter Bethane was picking at the sleeve of his old G.I. shirt—the discharge shirt with the yellow emblem curled now and almost white. He had been staring at the bloodstains on the pale, much-washed cloth. The outline of the sergeant's stripes, too, had almost faded away. But the blood was fresh—a deep red—and he stared at it in the beginning of the numbness.

He had spoken slowly, in bewilderment:

"I was workin' my tobacco bed, and I seen her walkin' up toward the highway. But I didn't pay no mind. She knew to keep off the road. She was a good kid about that, she never went far. I told Ann I'd go bring her back."

He looked at the sleeve of his shirt. "I done that, all right."

The sheriff had listened uneasily. The leather of his belt and holster creaked as he shifted his weight. His question was asked almost softly: "You never seen no car, did you, Carter?"

"The hill hides the whole highway from where I was down there. I never seen nothin', Sher'ff," Carter Bethane said, speaking slowly. "I just heard. They was just two vehicles went by."

If the sound of the word "vehicle" was strange, Carter was not aware. Any Army transport is a "vehicle," whatever its weight and size. Carter Bethane had been a soldier for a long time, longer than he had been an ex-soldier, longer than he had been home again in Tennessee, and married and a father.

"I heard 'em go down the road, wide open, one after the other. They idled off of a sudden both of 'em, when they was right along here. Then they opened up again. I never paid no mind, then."

The sheriff's leather creaked more loudly. "Well, I'm sorry, son. You can't identify no speedin' car by ear—not with you on the other side of a hill. Any lawyer'd tear you apart on the stand."

The young man had stood silently, pulling at his sleeve, and there was silence on the stretch of the road. "Yeah," he said. "I guess a lawyer would."

"We'll do all we can, son . . ."

"I'll be much obliged to you, Sher'ff. She's dead now. They ain't much any of us can do."

"Not unless we just happen to be lucky, son."

"I guess that's right. I ain't never been what you call real lucky. Have you, Sher'ff?"

"I'm sorry, son," the sheriff said. "We'll do all we can, anyway. It's hard, without no witnesses. It'd just have to be almost an accident, you might say, if we ever get justice in a case like this here. I doubt she even made a dent, she was such a little thing—"

He no longer heard the sheriff, for the numbness was complete. The sheriff turned away and spoke roughly to his deputies. "Let's go on up to Gillys'," he said. "They was a call about some more trouble up there again. It looks like some people was just born mean." He turned again to Carter and said, "I'm sorry, son. We'll do what we can." The young man did not feel the sheriff touch him, awkwardly.

Carter Bethane stood now, swaying easily on wide-braced legs, and watched as the narrow blacktop highway slid itself under the truck, twisting and heaving and falling away in the manner of mountain roads. From the cab below him there was a shouted phrase of conversation, sounding far away and weak beneath the sounds of the truck's vibration and of wind in his ears.

A horn sounded inquisitively behind him, and Carter Bethane moved his arm absently in a motion that indicated the road ahead was clear. It was a courtesy of the road, practiced throughout the mountains. The car moved ahead with assurance. The young man glanced at it, and his benumbed mind made record: '36 Chivalay sedan.

The young man was of a generation that had trained itself to know automobile makes and models as a matter of young pride, and the training had been useful in wartime, for it had become integrated into the life of the generation. A car had become a mechanical extension of life in the mountains, as once the rifle had been; and like the rifle it was an implement of death.

LEANING on the cab of the truck, rolling with the tilt of the wide truck bed, Carter Bethane stood numb in the cooling wind. He watched blankly as the truck lay, now left, now right, into the familiar curves of the road to town. There was no need to concentrate upon the road: Carter Bethane knew it intimately, and its curving route was like a friend to him in his helpless anger and pain.

He did not turn until he heard again the sound of a horn.

The jeep was bright orange, with GILLY BROTHERS SERVICE STATION lettered on its windshield frame. Its driver stared at the young man on the truck bed, then peered around the truck to see the curving road ahead. Carter faced the wind; without turning again he signaled the driver to wait, to remain in line. A car coming toward them zipped by.

The jeep moved impatiently left, toward the center of the road. Carter's hand waved him back. Again a car went by in the opposite lane.

The truck, with the jeep close under its tail gate, went into a long S curve: right, then left, then right again, downhill at first, then up on the middle curve. The jeep popped flatly its old familiar exhaust, an unforgettable, unmistakable sound as its engine idled in the coasting down. The driver watched Carter's hand.

The numbness of Carter Bethane's forehead was deeper now, the wind stronger as he faced it. But his mind in an instant had become sharp and clear. At the other end of the S, on the opposite hill, he saw a flash of orange. He watched it, coldly calculating, and no longer helpless. He looked back at the orange jeep behind. The driver's eyes were fixed on Carter; they lifted slightly from the warning hand. For a moment the two men stared at each other as if hypnotized by the sensation of air and speed.

Then as he felt the truck lean left into the body of the S, Carter Bethane shifted to keep his balance, faced the wind once more and braced himself. He felt the truck bed press upward against his feet, starting the uphill swing, at the bend of the middle curve. He changed his signal and waved the jeep ahead with a long graceful movement of his left arm then—a movement of certainty, of absolute assurance.

THE impatient jeep behind shot instantly to the left as its accelerator was kicked viciously. The crash of orange against orange at the curve was much louder than the rush of the wind.

The truck braked to a stop, and Carter Bethane and the three men in the cab jumped out and ran back toward the smashed-up jeeps. There was silence, complete and soothing after the wind. The men's voices sounded muffled in it. At first they shouted, but then they spoke softly, from habit, and with awe.

"Both the Gilly boys—head on."

"Lord, look at 'em! They never would let nobody else drive them jeeps. If you didn't know that, you wouldn't hardly know who it was, would you?"

They shuffled their feet, watching a wheel spin slower and slower. "I knowed somethin'd happen to 'em one of these days, the way the crazy fools drove."

When the wheel stopped, the man who had spoken last said, "Well, let's go call the sher'ff. They ain't nothin' we can do here." Then he said, "I reckon this'll be the last trouble the sher'ff is goin' to have with the Gilly boys. Lord knows he had enough, him and a lot of other people. It looked like them two was just born mean, sneakin' mean."

He turned to Carter and in the irrelevant way of men shocked he asked, "Ridin' all right back there, son? I'd forgot about you."

Carter nodded, then added in the same soft tone, "I was goin' to ride up to the station with one of 'em, instead of goin' into town. I heard one of the jeeps go down 'while ago, an' I figured he'd be comin' back about now."

"You'd have waited on him a mighty long time."

"No," Carter said, climbing over the tail gate. "I didn't figure on waitin' too long, one way or another, on either one of 'em."

The men on the ground didn't hear. Still in awe, one of them said, "It's funny, ain't it, when you think about it? Them was just about the only two jeeps you ever saw on this road."

The men climbed in, and the truck was on its way. Leaning across the top of the cab once more, Carter Bethane reflected that the trip to town was useless for him now. He might not have needed more than the two rounds of ammunition that were in the .45 automatic inside his shirt. But it would have been better to have had the magazine full. It didn't matter now.

A horn sounded behind him again, and Carter Bethane's hand moved instantly to a signal of caution. They were approaching another curve in the road. THE END

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Sla[illegible]gi[illegible]

A Tokyo Giant barrels into home and scores against the Osaka Hawks. The quality of Japanese baseball has improved tremendously in recent years

Go of the Kobe Tigers is out at the plate and the ensuing rhubarb would have done credit to Brooklyn

The Japanese are as baseball crazy as ever, and the way they now treat umpires probably is the best proof that democratization has succeeded

THIS baseball sand lot in Hiroshima was a little more than a mile from the spot where the atom bomb exploded four years ago. It was too far out to show much effect of the big blast. Only one of the dozen Japanese boys who were batting the ball around carried the telltale marks of an atomic burn—on the back of his neck. Except for that single detail, which a knowing eye alone would have caught, it might have been a diamond off Main Street instead of one 12,000 miles from home.

The mayor of Hiroshima, Shinzo Hamai, was guiding me on a tour of the city. We were riding in his official car, a plush 1931 black sedan. As we drove alongside the baseball field, I turned to the mayor and asked if we might stop a while to take a look around.

The mayor, a baseball enthusiast, couldn't have been more pleased. We got out of the car and stood behind the batting cage.

Everyone on the field recognized the mayor at once. The players were as keyed up as though a championship were at stake. The pitcher took his full windup on every toss and he gave it everything he had, which was plenty: a high hard one, a fast-

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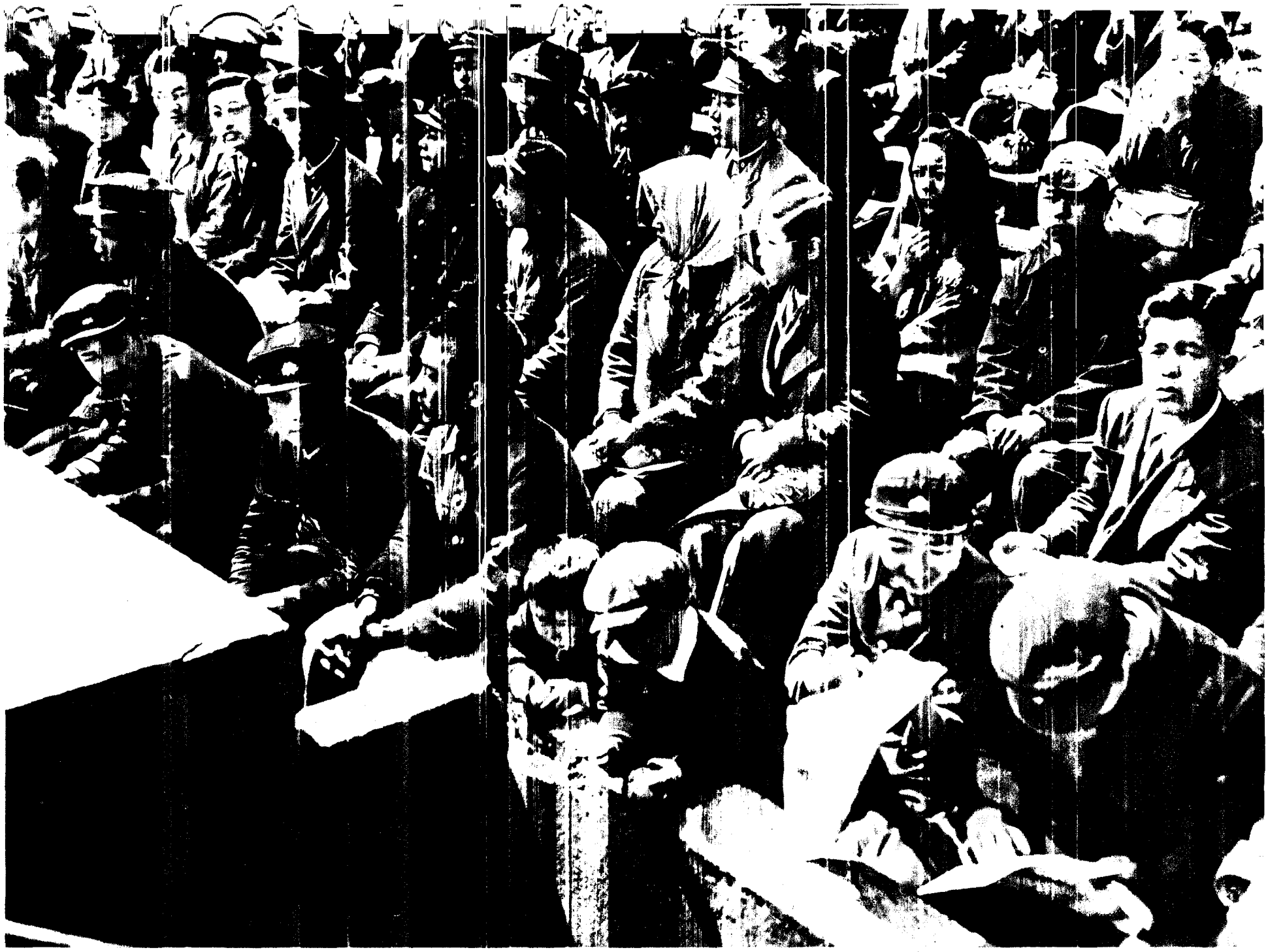

WIDE WORLD

Hiroshima's stadium seats 15,000. Young women show up to demonstrate their emancipation from a long taboo against appearance in public places

breaking curve and, to mix things up a bit, a side-arm crossfire pitch low across the plate. And when the batters cut at the ball, I could tell they were swinging for the fence.

I must have betrayed my satisfaction at seeing all this, for Mayor Hamai invited me to take a turn at the plate. He handed me a bat that felt like a war club—40 ounces if it weighed a gram. Like almost everything in Japan these days, it had been made over because nothing better was at hand. It had been split at one time and was now nailed together and buried in mounds of adhesive tape.

As I stepped into the batter's box and saw the look of anticipation on the faces of the players, I realized I might be making a big mistake. To most Japanese, the individual American represents the entire United States. Baseball being what it is in Japan, they expect any American who picks up a bat to be something of a cross between Stan Musial and Ted Williams.

Feeling the weight of 150,000,000 Americans at the end of my bat, I took a few practice swings, then dug in grimly and faced the pitcher. He obviously felt a sense of obligation to a visitor and began to groove his throws. Every time I laid solid wood on the ball, cheers rang out.

Then a cry went up for the mayor to pitch.

During his youth in Hiroshima Mr. Hamai, now about forty, had built up a fair reputation as a pitcher and had turned down several opportunities to play professionally. If he had lost any of his stuff since then, it was hard to tell as he warmed up. Lean and limber, he was tall as Japanese go, and he got plenty of kick into each pitch. He threw with a sweeping overhand motion and used his glove to conceal the throw until just before he let fly.

At first his sense of hospitality took precedence over his fast ball. As I stepped up to the plate he tossed them slow and easy. I took issue with him on this, assuring him I was anxious that he bear down hard. This took some persuading, but he finally agreed.

Whereupon he struck me out on four pitched balls.

I thought the last one was pretty high, but the umpire was the Reverend Kurata of the Nagaregawa Church of Christ so I decided to let the matter rest.

The next day Mayor Hamai took me out to a Japanese counterpart of a big-league baseball game. The Tigers from Kobe were playing the Hawks from Osaka. Unlike major-league games in the U.S., where each team plays only in its home town or the home towns of its opponents, big-league baseball in Japan is booked like a lecture tour. Almost everyone in or near a large city in Japan—whether Kyoto or Hiroshima or Nagasaki—gets a chance to see top-notch ball.

The baseball stadium in Hiroshima is a concrete affair in the form of a horseshoe. The outfield fence—or, to be more precise, the four-foot stone barrier on the perimeter of the rising grass slope that is the outfield—forms a semicircle connecting with the stands at either end. Since the arc of the barrier runs an even 370 feet in all directions from home plate, there is no such thing as a fluke homer hit close to the foul lines, or what is sometimes known in New York as "a Polo Grounds special." A four-bagger in Hiroshima is always authentic.

Babe Ruth found this something of a problem during his celebrated tour of Japan in 1934. No player has ever hit a ball harder or farther than the Babe, but that short right-field fence at Yankee Stadium, his home park, runs only 296 feet at the right-field foul line and was custom-built to suit his left-handed pull hitting. Consequently, when the Babe came to Japan and had to bat against fences averaging 80 to 100 feet farther out, he really had to tee off to drive one out of the park.

Many of the big-league Japanese ball parks today have shortened their outfield fences, especially along the foul lines. Such moves came in response to complaints from Japanese baseball lovers who felt that there must be something traditional and sacred about shorter outfields if that's the way the game is played in America. But the Hiroshima oval still retains the uniform outfield distances because it is in use for other purposes the year round.

Capacity of the Hiroshima stadium is about 15,000. By the time the mayor's party arrived at 1:50 P.M., ten minutes before game time, the place was a sellout. The size of the crowd seemed all the more remarkable to me because every seat was literally a bleacher seat; there is no protective cover from the sun. In this vast frying pan, with the concrete itself sizzling after a solid week of 100-degree temperature, the citizens of Hiroshima were gathered to watch their favorite sport. And the players wore regulation flannel baseball *(Continued on page 54)*

Erudite Norman Cousins, editor of the cultural publication, the Saturday Review of Literature, is a rooting baseball fan who knows a balk from a well-executed pick-off

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TREASURE

Continuing the Story of a Joy Ride into Danger

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS and NELL O'DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

The Story: Young DR. HANNIBAL JACKSON'S placid pace in the Maine fishing village of Abel's Harbor switched to a gallop when he met lovely ROSALIE WILKINS, and, using his own concoction, "Pikerole," doctored the ailing larynx of her uncle, the famous baritone NORMAN RICHARD JOHNS, whose irascibility was matched locally only by that of the politician-hating hermit, TIPPECANOE. Then, soon after this, Hannibal was summoned to the old mansion on Cutler's Point, which had been taken over by a strange group of self-styled "sportsmen," to attend to a supposedly accidental gunshot wound. Actually the men were gangsters working for MIKE DILLON, seeking the long-buried loot of the late DOC CARTWRIGHT, a noted rumrunner of the twenties who was believed to have hidden his fortune in the vicinity. FRANKIE, the wounded man, was shot while rubbing out a former henchman of Cartwright's in order to get Doc's treasure map.

Hannibal arrived as the gunmen were puzzling over the cryptic chart—a square sheet of paper with four crosses in a roughly vertical line labeled Wernicke's Center, McBurney's Point, Islands of Langerhans and Hunter's Canal. Dillon was enraged because none of these places appeared on any coastal maps of the region. Then, while dressing Frankie's wound, Hannibal happened to mention McBurney's point. At once Dillon dropped his "sportsman" pretense and ordered Hannibal to interpret the coded map—or else. Then Rosie, Hannibal's self-appointed helper, stumbled in, putting Hannibal in an even more desperate plight. He tried to bargain with Dillon: freedom for Rosie and himself in exchange for deciphering Cartwright's chart. But when the names on the map all turned out to be anatomical terms (since Cartwright had been an M.D.) and meaningless to Dillon, Dillon reneged and told ERNIE, one of his gunmen, to "take care" of Hannibal and Rosie.

Ernie slipped his hand inside his coat. "It's better outside," he said.

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Like some improbable safari, the little party set out in pursuit of its ghoulish enterprise

PART THREE OF FOUR PARTS

IN THE silent moment which followed, Rosie, from some deep and astonishing well of courage, managed to laugh—a rich, sour, magnificently scornful laugh. "Now, at last, I understand," she said, "why men like Cartwright are the few big shots and all the rest are little shots like you, Dillon! It's because men like you are so screaming, howling dumb. No wonder you've spent sixteen years stumbling around after Doc Cartwright's treasure. He was so much smarter than you that you don't even see it when he practically puts it in your hand."

Dillon glared at Rosie with uninhibited animosity. "That's about enough talk out of you," he snapped, but a cloud of uneasiness had dropped over his face. He delayed Ernie with a barely perceptible gesture of his head. "Who do you think you're kidding?" Dillon said. "What do you mean, I practically got it in my hand? I got nothing in my hand but Cartwright's idea of some stupid kind of joke."

Rosie watched him levelly. "Do you believe Cartwright was stupid?" she said. And when Dillon didn't answer at once, she said, "Do you really believe that Cartwright would murder and steal and risk his life a thousand times to get hold of a fortune, and then make a joke out of where he had hidden it? You know perfectly well that whatever else he was, Cartwright wasn't a fool."

Dillon drew his brows together in a stormy scowl. "All right, maybe not," he said, "but that doesn't help me any. This map makes no sense to me, and don't try and kid me it makes any sense to you because I won't go for it."

"No, not to me," Rosie hurried on, "or to you or to most of us, but it's already made some sense to Hannibal, to Dr. Jackson, for the simple reason that he *is* a doctor and we're not. Doc Cartwright was a doctor, too, remember. Doesn't that suggest anything to your clever-type mind?"

Dillon continued to scowl sourly, but the sureness had left his face, and an expression of sober calculation had replaced it. Somewhat the same expression had come gradually to shroud Harry's cadaverous face as Rosie talked, and now he said, "You know, boss, if I understand the little lady's meaning, which I flatter myself, I think maybe she's not talking one hundred per cent just to hear her face rattle. Maybe only a doctor *can* figure out that map, and since we are so fortunate as to have had the doc here stumble into our midst, we don't want to be too hasty about giving him the —ah—the heave-ho. After all, we can do that any time."

Frankie nodded agreement. "Like Harry says—"

Ernie interrupted, pushing forward. "The bunch of you already forgot these two here are hot. In an hour or two the dame's uncle is going to start snooping around and calling cops—"

Rosie's jaw dropped. "What—what do you know about my uncle?" she said.

"All we need to know, lady," Ernie said, a discernible pride pushing through his anger. He turned back to Dillon. "And what about the doc? The boys want to keep him walking around here, but what if somebody gets sick tonight and calls him and can't find him? What if—"

"Will you shut up!" Dillon shouted petulantly. "Can't you see I'm thinking? The doc and the little lady are going to stay with us for a while, and I already figured out how we're going to play it safe. Get this. This idea I got"—Dillon paused long enough to direct a scornful glance at Rosie—"will maybe convince certain dames that Doc Cartwright wasn't the only operator ever lived with more than grass growing between his ears. Benny, you have to report at your Chicago parole board day after tomorrow, right?"

"That's right, boss."

"Well, you're going early," Dillon said. "One of the boys is going to drive you to an airport as soon as I tell you what you're going to do. Now listen. You're not going right to Chicago, you're going to Buffalo."

"Oh, but, boss, I got to go to Chi. Those fellows—"

"Will you shut up and listen to me," Dillon continued. "You're going to Chicago after. First you're going to make a little side trip out of Buffalo and send a telegram—a telegram to the little lady's uncle back here in Abel's Harbor. You know what it's going to say?"

Dillon turned to his other henchman. "Maybe you boys noticed something funny about the way the doc gets when he looks at the dame, like he was sick to his stomach? Well, he's in love, that's what he looks like that for. When Benny gets to where he's going, and sends this telegram to the uncle, it's going to be signed by the dame and it's going to say not to worry about her because she and the doc just got married—they just eloped together, right? They're going to spend a couple weeks having a honeymoon. And do you know where Benny's going to send that telegram from? Get this." Dillon paused for greater effect, then said, triumphantly, "Niagara Falls."

Harry and Frankie, as the full meaning of Dillon's proposal gradually came home to them, turned upon their mentor smiles of altogether unqualified admiration. Even Ernie, firm until now in his recalcitrance, was not left unimpressed.

Indeed, of all those in the room, only Rosie seemed to have taken a wholly dim view of the proceedings, for when she turned to Hannibal, she saw that there was a dreamy, *(Continued on page 38)*

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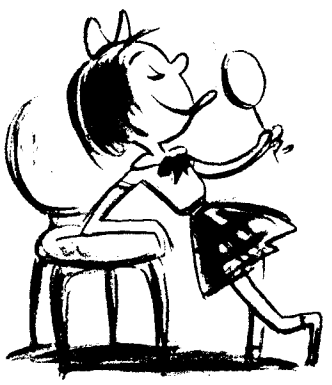
Letter found on a lady's desk

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN



DEAR Cousin Seenie: Richard and I both want to tell you how very pleased we were by your visit, particularly when you decided to stay four days instead of the two we'd originally counted on. It was grand to see you and Cousin Harry and little Harry and Kenny and Nancy and Mary Jane and the baby again—and Richard was *so* relieved that your coming prevented him from going on that hunting trip he'd been planning with our neighbor. He'd been saying for weeks, "I certainly wish it were time for that hunting trip"—just because he was anxious to get it over with—so I'm sure he'll never forget you for it.

Another thing he won't forget is the way Cousin Harry sheared off that little tree with your car's rear bumper as you folks were backing out of the driveway. That darned tree had been bothering us for *such* a long time—all those leaves had made it look disgustingly healthy—and Richard just never got around to cutting it down. I saw him out in the yard a little while ago, staring at the stump, and later he came in and said, "You know, Cousin Harry couldn't have done a better job if he'd used a damned ax." (He's always called it a "damned" ax, ever since he cut himself sharpening it.)

Richard and I still can't get over how strong and vigorous your children are. I never would have thought for a minute that little Harry could have broken the arm off that chair in our front room just by *kicking* it. I must say, Seenie, that I thought you were just a mite severe with the boy. After all, it was such a *terribly* old chair—it belonged to Richard's great-grandfather, and Richard hardly ever sat in it, except in the evenings after he came home from work, and I *know* he was tired of it. He never said he was, but I know him.

And Kenny and Nancy—how lucky you are, Seenie, to have such fine children with such well-developed senses of humor! When Richard found those five kittens in the linen closet, I thought he would *die!* He thought the baby was funny, too—particularly the trick the little thing has of dumping his strained carrots on the floor when he doesn't want any more. I heard Richard talking about it once when he was wiping them up, and I must say, I've never heard him speak so *warmly* about any child.

Before I forget it—could you, by any chance, have packed five or six of Richard's shirts by mistake? It was foolish of me not to have cleaned out the bureau drawers when we moved down to the studio couch in the front room—so, if you *did* get some of Richard's things mixed up with Cousin Harry's it's all my fault. We thought it very funny—when Richard went looking for his shirts this morning, I thought he would burst. It's quite a coincidence that he and Cousin Harry wear the same size.

And one other thing—do you suppose little Mary Jane wants her all-day sucker? I know she mislaid it, for I remember her going all over the house looking for it—I remember exactly when it was, it was right after she and Kenny and Nancy had been playing coal miner down in the basement. Anyhow, I found the lollipop, hardly eaten at all, in the silver

drawer in the sideboard. Mary Jane had put it there in a little nest she'd made out of some doilies my mother crocheted for us. If she wants it back, I'll be glad to send it—I know how children are about such things.

Seenie, I do hope Cousin Harry wasn't hurt when Richard refused to allow him to replace any of that whisky you folks helped us drink while you were here. I know for a fact that Richard was delighted; why, the last night you were here he said, "If they hadn't come, I just would have drunk it all myself." So you actually helped him out. Thanks again!

That's about all—except that I do hope that the same amount of time doesn't elapse between this visit and your next as did between this one and your last. We loved having you, really we did—I can't tell you just *how* we did. We hope you arrived home safely, and that nothing serious happened to any of the children on the way. Now, *please let us know* when you're coming again. Next time, we'll be ready for you!

With love and remembrance,
Susan.

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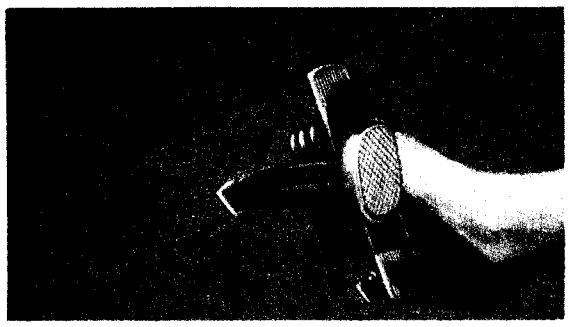

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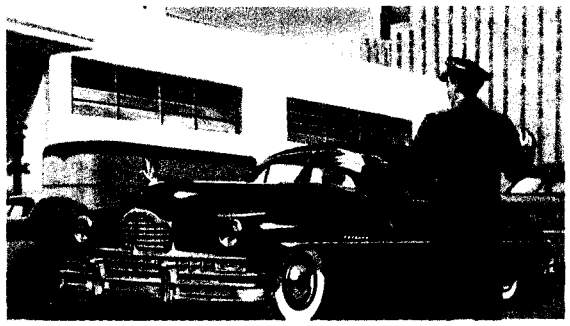

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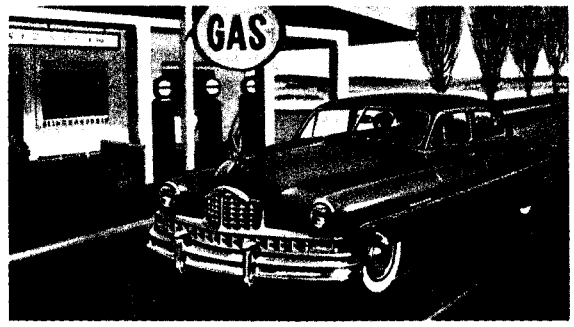

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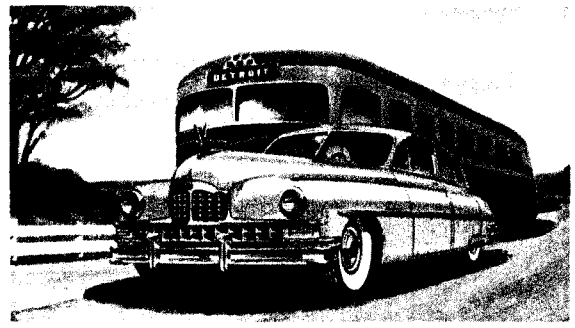

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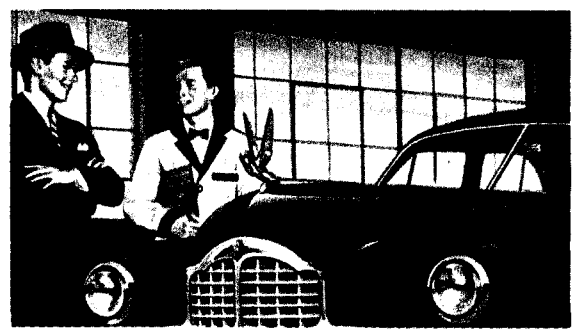

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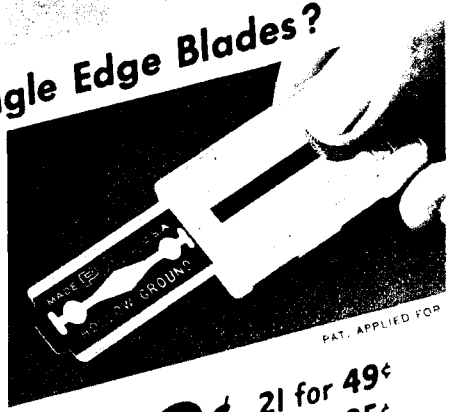

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The Equatorial Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

her forehead and rubbed at the roots of her fine soft hair, the color of sauterne wine held to a lamp.

"Blondie," he said. "Somebody's Swede. Big beautiful Swede."

She took his hand and held it very tightly between her own. "Do you have to see so much of Consuelo?"

"I've only seen her a half-dozen times. Long enough to be exposed to her." He could feel the tremor and coldness in her hands and he realized how bitterly he had spoken.

"You and Ramon. What's so compelling about the woman? Anyway she's Ramon's girl, isn't she?"

"Sure. Only I've been thinking too much about this past year and why it had to be this way." Now it was coming back and he couldn't stop it. "There we were. You and me in the car. Me driving. That was the night they gave me my first A picture. I was too excited—driving too fast. Raining like hell—couldn't see anything—mucky road—then the washout—no road at all and upsy-daisy at the bottom of the canyon." Why didn't she say something? Put her hand over his mouth—or even slap him? He went on desperately. "You've never let me talk about it before. What's so propitious about tonight?"

"Gimpity-gimp," she said.

He felt her arms around him and she seemed to be holding his head high up against her throat.

"We made too much of what we had." She kissed his forehead. "We just got too high up the mountain and we thought we wouldn't have to come back to earth again—ever. One of love's little errors. The moral is if you have brittle bones, don't do any climbing."

"Do you believe that?"

"What? About climbing? Well, we took a tumble, didn't we? The only question now is which of us fell farther—and harder."

He laughed—not very convincingly—and stood up, knowing that for the time being this was all that could be said.

AT THE door, standing with his hands in the pockets of his slacks, he stared at the nightgown she had bought for their honeymoon three years ago and which she hadn't worn since.

"Why the getup?" he asked. "Is this celebrating your coming out of that plaster cocoon?"

"What's your Consuelo like?"

"Ramon's Consuelo. She's—well, she looks a little like the fourth jockey in the Apocalypse. The one with the hard seat."

"Will you love me and my shiny aluminum crutch?"

"In the name of God, Nora!"

"I'm sorry. I haven't heard any good stories lately. I should get out more—mill around with people." She picked up her book and bent her head over it so that he couldn't see her eyes. "Have you thought much about what we'd do when we ran out of jokes, Ralph?"

"We'll get a writer. We'll—"

"Tomorrow. Perhaps I'll ask you tomorrow. And after that there won't be any more need for jokes. If you meant it—if you really meant it—that passage about 'sickness and health'—I don't have anything to worry about, do I? And if you didn't—"

He went out the door, closing it firmly behind him, and across the hall into his bedroom. Leaving the room unlit he stripped off his clothes and began to pace the floor, his feet striking the coarse fiber rug like padded flails . . .

Her voice came to him, cool and intimate, saying, "We just got a little too high up the mountain, that's all." And he thought: Yes, I understand that now. I couldn't before but I do now. I know why you had to say something like that and something of what it's like to feel that way. But there had been too many girls before you—able, tender, sympathetic. With me love was not a passion but a technique. I'd forgotten—or had never known—that it could be an involvement, a drowning, a step into space, a protest against death. That was much too extravagant and archaic for me.

Yes—he could talk to her, off by himself like this, to that part of her that was always with him, that he hadn't driven off the road into the bottom of a canyon and toward which he was never angry and bitter . . .

After a while he took two three-quarter grain nembutal tablets and lay down on the bed, his naked body exposed to whatever cooling wind should come off the ocean.

RAMON said, "The bourbon is for us. The Consuelo will wait until after dark and then get very drunk on tequila."

"I see. You haven't developed any small talk yet."

"The bond between us is not a social one."

Trenholm watched the bright brown liquor being poured into the glass, and the water cutting the liquor until it was the color of rain in the ruts of a dirt road. He was, he thought, quite irritated with Ramon, especially with Ramon's words, those slickly sinuous phrases winding all around the subject and never quite touching it. They were sitting in the back yard of Ramon's house, a weathered four-room structure about a quarter mile up the canyon from the beach. Facing them was the west wall of the canyon prickled with scrub undergrowth and rising almost vertically several hundred feet above their heads. In the still, cool evening air Trenholm could hear Consuelo inside the house humming guturally to herself and making the kind of sham, half-angry movements of a woman who has nothing to do.

"Nora would like you to come see her," Trenholm said. "You should have let us know you were moving down here."

"Stop talking like that."

"You mean with the intonations?"

"Yes."

"That reminds you of Consuelo. But then I am also Consuelo and Consuelo is myself."

Trenholm, morose and impatient, gulped his whisky and poured himself another. Ramon took up the guitar which was lying on the table between them, holding it almost straight up in his lap so that the stringed throat with its wooden pegs was next his ear.

"I am the equatorial man," Ramon said. His fingers picked out a five-note repetitive bass on the guitar. "I do not belong north of thirty degrees of latitude. That is approximately the Rio Grande which my father waded one night at low tide carrying my little mother on his back into California." He listened to his guitar a moment, as if he

Glow, Worm

She said I could never
Rekindle the flame,
But she burned when she saw me
With that other dame.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

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were hearing the melody he did not sing. "Perhaps it is an advantage that I am bilingual. To some people that is the same thing as a forked tongue." He rolled the last three words affectionately in his mouth as if he were articulating over a pebble. "It follows that if the tongue is divided, so is the heart."

"I wonder if that act tires you as much as it tires other people," Trenholm said.

Ramon smiled. "How is Nora? Or have I asked you before?"

"About the same. The cast—that's the second one—is off now and she's getting a lot of sun."

"Does she walk?"

"She says she tried to yesterday—holding on to the nurse of course. I wanted her to try it again this morning but she wouldn't. I think it's because she doesn't like me watching her. Poor audience reaction."

Trenholm was not conscious of his own ironic smile nor of Ramon's tactful address to his glass. He was thinking of how he had acted this morning, the brave muscular foray into Nora's bedroom, the exuberant domestic kiss, the way he had rushed around sweeping the night air out of the room, the smile that had made his jaw ache. He poured more whisky into his glass and Ramon drank with him.

"Why don't you drop by tonight?" Trenholm asked. "It'll give Nora an excuse to get dressed." And he thought: Damn him, why doesn't he do some of the talking?

"And how will you use me?" Ramon said. "Like a medicine ball? Like a community towel?"

"Let's not be sensitive. At the risk of being brought in by the gossip columnists like a new oil well I solemnly invite you to pay your attentions to my invalid wife. You will be photographed kissing her hand and signing your name to her old plaster cast. Consuelo will be asked to hold the photographer's bulbs."

And what about Nora, he thought? How lightly did he imagine she would take Consuelo? After all it wasn't Nora's fault that she had been flat on her back for a year. And for how much longer?

"I own a splendid affection for your wife," Ramon said.

"I have less admirable feelings for your familiar."

SETTING the guitar on the table, Ramon filled their glasses. The intonations were not in his voice when he spoke. "Did Consuelo tell you about the contract?"

"With the 20th Century-Fox?"

"And the Culver City lion?"

"Two?"

"Three. One from Mexico. I haven't signed any of them yet. I'd be very happy making pictures in Mexico. Even South America."

"You don't want to go back there."

"I have a reputation and a following. In Mexico City only the bullfights outdraw me."

"Someone should light a match to Consuelo."

Ramon reverted to his intonations.

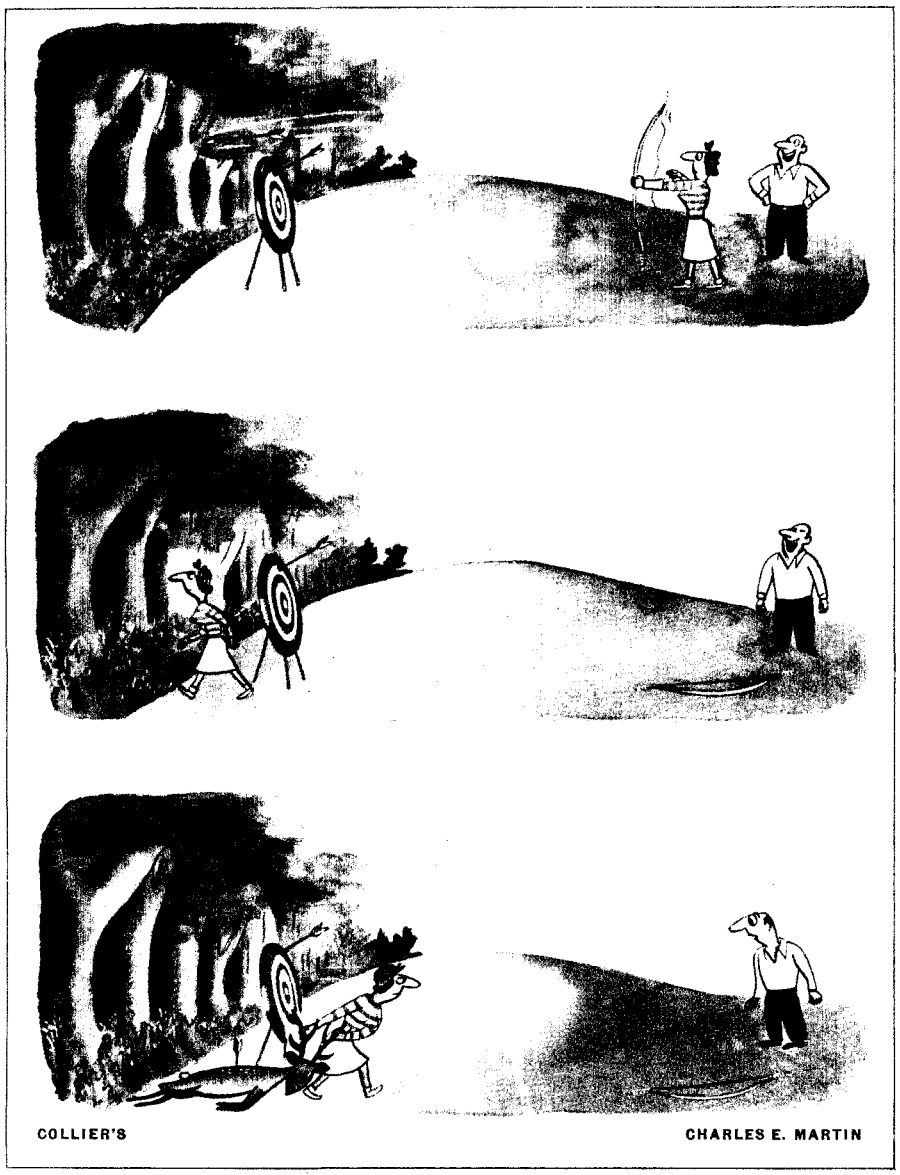
"You say that to me, Señor Trenholm? You with your lust for her that is like the smell of a bad operation?"

"With me that's exactly what is—a bad smell."

"And with me?"

"A scar on the face—which you think won't photograph south of the border. Is that plain enough? Or should I say that down there people like Consuelo would be expected of you. Up here they aren't."

In the abrupt silence, introspective and bitter, Trenholm could hear Consuelo in the house or rather hear the sound of her movements—Consuelo thrusting the neck of a bottle into a glass and slamming the bottle butt down on a wooden table. And watching Ramon's face, he thought: Yes, now it's out in the



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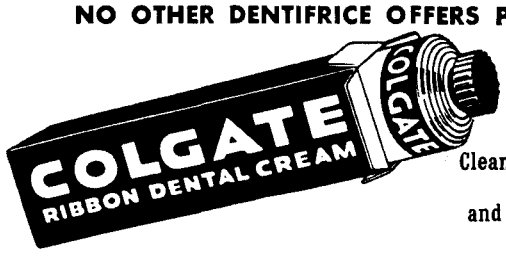

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open, this hate and this passion which are not characteristic of any of us but which is a situation we are all responsible for, a situation with Consuelo at its axis but which must be resolved somehow without hurting any of us too much, both those who deserve to be hurt and those who are only the victims of the others and of the situation.

And the thought of Nora, whom he had carried downstairs this morning and set under the beach umbrella, lying patiently on the sand in the brief white bathing suit, avid for the sun and the sight of movement. There had been a child running from the ocean to its mother and he had watched Nora's heel dig into the sand as if it were she and not the mother who would receive the shock of the child against her body. And seeing her leg—the muscles from the hip to the ankle, seemingly without contour and sagging away from the true line of the bone—he had jumped to his feet and stumbled into the house, knowing that his abrupt departure would hurt Nora but unable to face her as long as there was a Consuelo or anyone like her.

"I have a magnificent idea," Trenholm said. He leaned toward Ramon and slapped his hand on the table. "Let's take Consuelo down to the ocean and drown her."

"Excellent," Ramon said, "but untraditional and revolutionary."

He got to his feet and stood looking down at Trenholm. He seized the two glasses and handed one to Trenholm.

"I have a more historical idea," he said. "I ask only for your passive collaboration."

"Granted." They drank and set their glasses on the table.

"Consuelo!"

CONSUELO came abruptly out of the house toward them, slamming the screen door behind her. Trenholm thought she looked both angry and watchful and at the same time bitterly contemptuous.

"I have heard you playing games at the very tops of your lungs," she said.

"Only people who have nothing important to say whisper," Ramon said.

"Is that important—to speak of drowning me in the ocean?"

It was Ramon she looked at and spoke to, Trenholm observed and he glanced instinctively at the bottle and then at Ramon's face—dark, ecstatic, at once humane and inexplicably brutal, its simple anger corrupted by the bitter humorous contour of the mouth.

"It is not the Consuelo who is to be decided on," Ramon said to Trenholm, "but ourselves."

He turned and went into the house, his body awkward and betrayed by the whisky but decently purposeful. Consuelo ran over to Trenholm and tried to lift him from the chair.

"Go home," she whispered. "He will do something he will regret."

Trenholm grabbed her wrists.

"Good," he said. "It's nice to see someone else doing and regretting."

"It is the whisky. He cannot drink the whisky."

"That's a fallacy. Everybody can drink the whisky." He wondered if that strumming sound in his blood—like wires snapping in the wind—meant that he was drunk. "Great alibi, whisky. It's when you do something without whisky—say driving a car—that you're stuck with a thing you can't get out from under. With the whisky you can always say very glibly, 'Obviously I wasn't myself. I was too drunk to be myself.'"

"Please go."

"I beg your pardon but I don't understand. The last time I saw you, you looked like a witch."

"Go—go!"

Consuelo freed her hands and pushed them against his chest and he was surprised to find himself released suddenly from his body—in a sort of cosmic suspension. And then he was looking up at the sky while his body came back to him with a rush, bringing with it sounds of a chair rattling on the ground and of flesh striking the earth. Hearing Ramon's voice now without being able to see or place the man, Trenholm could wonder at its peculiar intonations, the soft flexible tongue moving musically over the flat crude English.

"We will see how much has been lost above the thirty degrees of latitude," Ramon said. "Not courage but its demeanor—not honor but the posture of honor."

Trenholm raised himself on his elbows and looked at Ramon standing with his back to the screen door of the house. It was odd how long he looked at him, carefully and itemizingly, before he saw the revolver in Ramon's hand. Perhaps it was because the gun was held so negligently against the man's right leg that it seemed the least important thing about him.

"What the hell are you doing?" Trenholm asked. Staring at the revolver, he knew he must be drunk. Otherwise he would have been terribly afraid.

The first shot struck the table top and bounced into the canyon wall some twenty feet behind Consuelo who had detached herself from Trenholm and now stood insolently in the middle of the rough clearing watching Ramon. Trenholm couldn't trace the second bullet—nor the third. There was nothing to them but their initial explosions. But the fourth bullet, evidently having hit a rock somewhere behind Consuelo, he could hear ricocheting through the air with that appalling death-scream which gave no clue to its trajectory. And it was this savage, chilling sound, something set in motion by Ramon but almost instantly out of his control, that destroyed Trenholm's neutrality of feeling. He was very much afraid suddenly, nauseated and incredibly weak.

He saw Ramon lurching toward Consuelo who had not moved but stood, luminous in pride, awaiting him. He saw Ramon stop at the table and point the gun at Consuelo. And looking at Consuelo he thought with a feeling of shame that she was magnificent, afraid certainly but with something devoted and depthlessly serene about her that was finer than any expression of fear or any attempt to hide fear. And he wanted to intercede for her, help her, defend her, but all he said, weakly and foolishly, was "How about a drink?"

WHAT happened after that was never very clear in Trenholm's mind. Ramon collapsed into a chair and started to laugh, whether at the stunningly ridiculous question or simply because there had been, as he had feared, something lost above the thirty degrees of latitude—say bravado or at least some pattern of behavior—Trenholm didn't know. He himself apparently got up, dusted his clothes, picked up the chair and sat at the table with Ramon. The gun lay on the table by the bottle of whisky like a discarded piece of game equipment, its power to frighten and to kill forgotten—or at least ignored.

Trenholm poured two drinks and, leaning gracefully back in his chair, crossed his legs. He raised his glass to Ramon. "Here's how!" he said.

Ramon stopped laughing abruptly and took his glass. "By all means."

The whisky was cool, strange and indigestible. It was darker now in the canyon, colder, intensely impersonal. Trenholm had trouble focusing his eyes so that sometimes he saw Ramon and the table double, both themselves and counterparts to themselves. Consuelo came and sat at the table across from Ramon and she too had the same haunted, companioned look—as if slightly to one side of her there were another Consuelo, transparent and ethereal.

"With your permission," she said to Ramon. She took the bottle and drank from it, there being no third glass on the table. And this, Trenholm thought, was the symbol of equality, the proof, if any were needed, that the bond between them was now a social one.

Trenholm bent toward the table and he could see very clearly the raw groove in the table top where the first bullet had struck and the dirty splinters rising stiffly around it, contrasting oddly with the exposed grain of the wood. He was—in a detached and postoperative manner—a little sick.

"Those who live humorously," Ramon said, "are always in danger of being penetrated by their own jokes."

"Sure. Well, I'll be getting along."

Trenholm stood up, leaning heavily on the table, a little uncertain of his legs. He had only an intense desire to get away from here and from these people who were—quite abruptly—exceedingly alien and remote.

"My love," Ramon said.

There was nothing Trenholm could say to that. He simply looked at Ramon who, whisky in hand, was staring at the ground and trying to hide what Trenholm could only define as shame and self-loathing behind a grotesque smile so that the face seemed to be denying what it was trying to express. He wanted to put his hand on Ramon's head in some sort of understanding gesture, however inadequate, but that was impossible with Consuelo sitting serenely across the table and watching him with that air of being attached to Ramon, an attachment which, after what happened, he could no longer dispute.

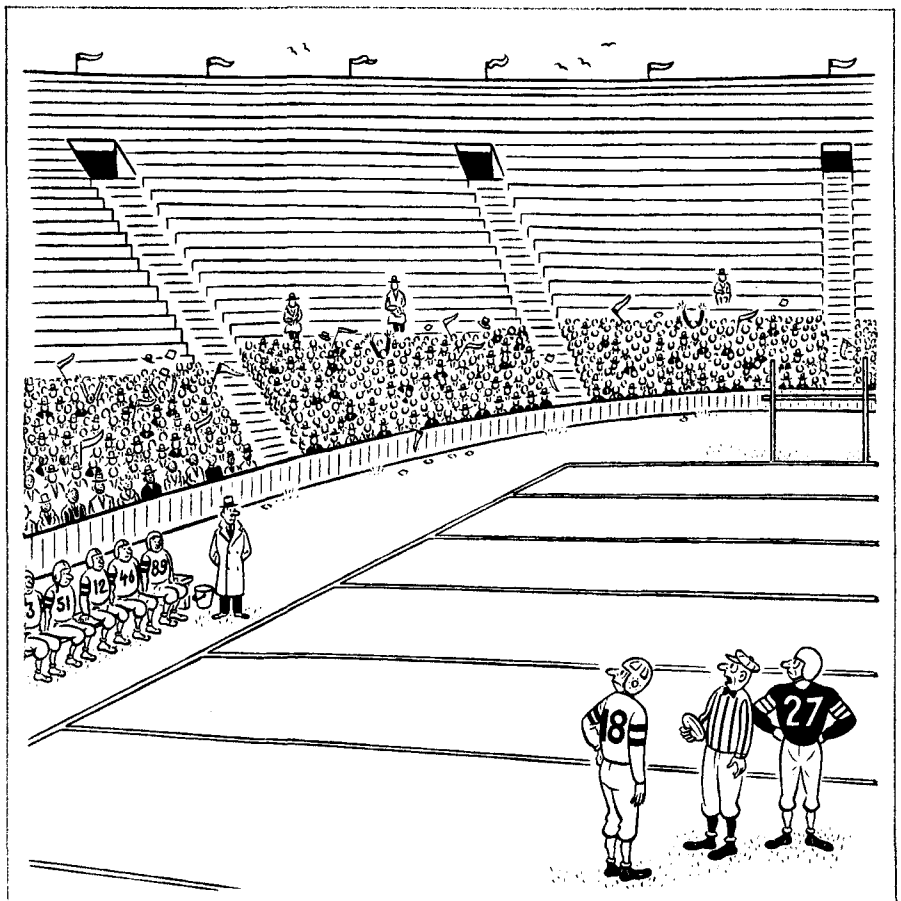
It was done now and he was as much outside them as one world is outside another. And he wondered, wryly, why he had ever wanted anything at all of their world in which nothing is seen or heard very distinctly except possibly those valid primitive things which were much too large for him to cope with.

TRENHOLM turned away from them, sitting together in truce if not in peace, and walked down to the gravel road, narrow and ghostly in the darkening canyon. In spite of his efforts at self-control he began to shudder, the muscles in his legs jerking and twisting, his whole body reacting to and doing penance for the disturbing scene behind him. But that was not important to him now. He only knew that he was moving toward Nora and in a sense back to her and that every moment away from her was a moment of loss, perhaps even of death.

He was not so much thinking of the past year as seeing it in his mind as a series of agonizing, distorted pictures—the accident in which he figured like a hit-and-run driver leaving his wife in a ditch—himself in evasion and lust, pursuing a cheap hallucination, pretending to be looking for something he had not in fact lost but had deliberately thrown away—himself, always himself, in his guilt and irresponsibility, turning something honest and fine and sure into deceptions and sour jokes—and finally Nora, lying patient and uncomplaining on her bed, her leg in a cast, waiting—waiting—because that was all she had been able to do. All along, he had given her nothing more to go on than her own love, her own strength, her own faith. Nora—

He began to run down the narrow gravel road, breathing deeply and painfully, stumbling at first but after a time moving more easily, crossing the coast road, getting over the loose sand on the beach to the hard wet sand near the ocean, going through the gate to the house and seeing finally, high above him, but no longer distant, no longer a mark to him of his own fear and foolishness, the light in Nora's room—the light he knew would be there, the light he now wished to see.

And as he leaned for a moment against the door, his hand clenched on the brass knob, warm and suddenly very happy in his relief and certainty, he would have said—if he had been able to frame his thoughts in words: "What is there to be afraid of? What has there ever been to be afraid of?" THE END



"They figure if they can't get seats in the first 20 rows they can see it better on television"

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Bootlegger's Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

faraway smile playing about his mouth.

"Hannibal!" Rosie said sharply. "Don't lose the thread!"

"Ah, no," he said. "No. Let's see." Then finally the real meaning of Dillon's dispatch to Uncle Norman—its final slamming of the door on their one corridor of hope—sobered him. "Now, look here, Mr. Dillon," he said, "suppose I agreed to help you—"

"*Suppose* you agreed," Dillon interrupted. "You want to get yourself and the lady friend out of here, right? Well, you're going to get a chance to work your way out. You're going to remember all the things they taught you in croaker school and figure out what Cartwright meant by that map. And after that you're going along with us to wherever the map says and help us look for Cartwright's bundle. If it's not where you say, you'll come back here and start again, and we'll keep doing that until you figure it out right. Then—and get this, Doc—when I've got Cartwright's stones laying right here in the palm of my hand, then you can go anyplace you want, *and not before,* right?"

Finally Hannibal nodded. "Well, I'll try," he said. "I can't guarantee anything, but I'll try."

Dillon laid his hand on Hannibal's shoulder and gave it an encouraging pat. "That's the way to talk, Doc," he said. "Now you got a nice little incentive to work for, right? Let's get to work. First, Harry, you go over in a corner and write out a good telegram, and you, Benny, get ready to go."

Dillon rubbed his hands together briskly, and continued. "Take a look for yourself at this lousy map. We'll show that Cartwright he can't make a patsy out of Mike Dillon."

Hannibal drew a chair up to the table, and Dillon spread the little map out before him. Rosie, Frankie and Ernie crowded around, peering over Hannibal's shoulder.

CARTWRIGHT'S map was not a coastal map in the conventional sense. It was not much of a map in any sense. It was simply a square piece of paper, at the top of which was scribbled: "Abel's Harbor." Below were four points marked with crosses, forming a roughly vertical line from top to bottom of the page, each with its anatomical label. Beside the cross indicating the position of the Islands of Langerhans, Cartwright had written: "Incision at phosphatic calculus." That was all. Nothing to indicate coast line, sea or islands, not even a hint of the compass points.

After a moment's study Hannibal said, "I don't pretend that this makes any sense to me, but there's one thing I can't help noticing right away. It's this. The relative positions of the four points correspond at least loosely to their proper places in the human body."

"How do you mean, Doc?" Dillon said, squinting intensely at the map.

"Well, look," Hannibal continued, "I'll hold the map upright, and you think of it as a human body standing up. Wernicke's center, in the brain, is marked by the cross at the top. Hunter's canal, in the thigh, is marked by the cross at the bottom. In between, McBurney's point and the islands of Langerhans are marked by crosses which would put them in their right places in the abdomen. See what I mean?"

"Yeah, yeah." Dillon nodded. "Yeah, I got that. And what about that other thing Cartwright wrote there? That thing about incision in your phosphate."

"Well, you know what an incision is, don't you? All right. A calculus simply means a stone, like a gallstone or a kidney stone, or if it should occur near the islands of Langerhans in the pancreas, it would be a pancreatic stone. Now, pancreatic stones are composed mainly of phosphate, so you'd call one a phosphatic calculus. See?"

Dillon continued to stare at the map. "Keep going, Doc," he said. "You're doing fine."

But Hannibal sat back in his chair. "Well . . . well, that's all," he said.

"That's all," Dillon repeated. "What do you mean that's all? What kind of sense is that? I got a map with crosses showing places on a body, and a gag about gallstones. What do I want with stones? I want—" Suddenly, Dillon bit off his words. "Wait a minute! Stones!" he said. "Hold everything. Stones, rocks, sparklers, jewels—diamonds!"

The others stared at Dillon, and his excitement began quickly to transmit itself to them, but Hannibal put an end to it. "No, I'm afraid that won't do, Mr. Dillon," he said. "You can't possibly extend 'phosphatic calculus' to mean 'diamond.' Diamonds are crystallized carbon. They haven't any phosphate—"

"Hold it, Doc, I got something," said Harry, rejoining the group, having dispatched Benny with Uncle Norman's telegram. "Doc, an incision means to cut a hole in you, am I right?"

"More or less," Hannibal said.

"Like the doc has agreed with me, an incision means to cut a hole. Well, how about *dig* a hole? 'That sounds more like it,' you say. But then you say, 'But, Harry, where are we going to dig this particular hole you got in mind?' And I say, 'We're going to find a stone—not a stone out of the interior of some party, just a regular stone made out of rock—and it's going to turn out Cartwright used a stone to mark where he stashed his pile, and when we find the stone we're going to dig under it. And when we—"

"Say!" Rosie said suddenly. "I think Harry's got something when he talks about digging under a stone, and I think I have an idea where the stone is. Where is a place you can actually dig under a stone, and where you can identify the right stone by points on a body?"

"I don't know," Dillon said. "Where?"

"On a piece of land," said Rosie slowly, "that *looks* like a body!"

"How do you mean, looks like . . ." Dillon began, then he sprang into action, leafing through his stacks of maps.

"I got maps of every crumby little island for fifty miles around here that's big enough to spit on," he said intensely. "Everybody take a map and start looking. You, too, boys. Anything that looks like a body, right, Doc?"

"Yes," Hannibal said. "We know it's got to have a head, a torso and at least one leg that reaches as far as to the knee, in order to include Hunter's canal. But don't forget you mustn't just look at the maps right side up. Turn them upside down, every which way."

SILENCE settled over the room for several minutes as the six people concentrated all their attention on the maps. Each frowned in his diligent research, turning his map this way and that, each eager to claim the victory, yet each cautious of claiming it falsely. As time stretched out and Dillon's stack of maps diminished, however, they began to exchange maps, intent on denying the possibility of failure. But, by its nature there had to be an end to this rigmarole, and it came with a cautious declaration from Frankie. "Islands," he said at last, "are mostly kind of roundy-shaped. Unless when they're long."

They sat back in their chairs, staring at the mess of geography on the table before them. Dillon took a cigar out of his pocket, bit off its end and turned to Rosie. "You got any more good ideas?" he said acidly.

"Now, wait just a minute," Hannibal interrupted, leaning across the table indignantly. "That was a good idea Rosie had. Just because it didn't happen to work out isn't any reason to be sarcastic about it. Before we came along you hadn't got any place."

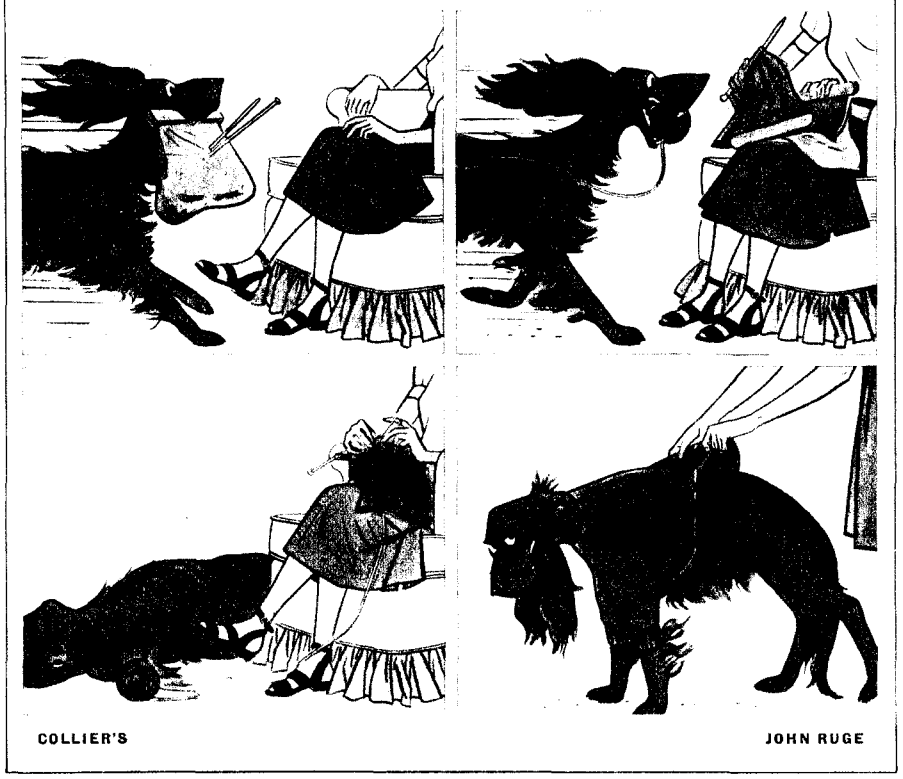
"And now that you come along we're still there," Dillon snapped.

And again it seemed as though a silent meditation would settle over the group, but Frankie dispelled it. "You know what I don't understand about?" he said.

"Drop dead!" Dillon murmured.

"What I don't understand about is why we all have to think of hard things," Frankie persisted, "like things that look

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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like bodies and gallstones that aren't gallstones and like that. Cartwright's map has a lot of places on a real body, so why don't we just do that?"

"Do what?" Dillon said.

"Look in a real body."

Dillon began to watch Frankie with a kind of fixed fascination. "Frankie," he said, "Frankie, is what you mean, you think Cartwright hid his pile in some stiffo, like it was some suitcase?"

"That's the idea, boss," Frankie said brightly.

"Frankie, you're a smart boy like I'm always saying. But what body are we looking for? The world is full of bodies."

"Why, in your line of work, Mr. Dillon," Rosie said sweetly, "I would have thought you and your little friends would know where a lot of bod—"

"That's enough of that kind of talk!" Dillon shouted, glaring blackly at Rosie. "Come on, Doc, get busy thinking. What body was Cartwright talking about?"

Hannibal answered a trifle huffily, "How should I know anything about what body Cartwright meant? Assuming Frankie's theory is right, all I know is that it would have to be a body Cartwright had an opportunity to perform his very peculiar operation on. And you ought to know a lot more about Cartwright's friends than we do. . . ."

But Hannibal's observations were here summarily lopped off by a striking phenomenon. Ernie, long silent, and apparently occupied only with his own dark misgivings, suddenly hurtled out of his chair. "Weeper!" he shouted. "Weeper! That's our boy! I should of thought of him right off. He's right over on Cain's Island right now, right where me and Doc and Zuzu Callahan put him years ago and he's probably stuffed with sparklers and I never knew it all this time! It's gotta be Weeper—"

DILLON interrupted, "Ernie, Ernie, who are you talking about? You're all excited like some radio or other—"

"I'm telling you, I'm telling you," Ernie rushed on. "Listen to what I'm telling you. This guy was a torpedo who done his work clean and nice, only after a while there was this thing about the Weeper, Cartwright decided he had to get rid of him. That's the part I got to tell you. Weeper was all the time squawking about how sick he was in his stomach, and Doc Cartwright used to give him different pills. Weeper always carried a great big bottle of pills on him. He was always hollering about his stones. Get that! Stones on his inside!"

"Stones," Dillon repeated in fascination. "You mean this Weeper—"

"Let me tell you! Will you let me tell you?" said Ernie, racing on. "Weeper was always asking Cartwright to fix up his stones for him, and I guess he kind of got on Doc's nerves, bellyaching so much. One night we were running a boatload of sauce down from Canada. When we got about forty, fifty miles north of here we heard a couple of Coast Guard boats prowling the joint, and Cartwright quick ordered our engines shut off and told us to keep quiet.

"There was a fog out that night so thick you couldn't see ten feet ahead of you, but one of these Coast Guard boats went feeling around in the dark and got up so close to us you could have hit it with a stick. The bunch of us was standing on our deck so quiet nobody had took a deep breath for five minutes. Then, just when we figured they was going to go home, this dumb Weeper dropped his bottle of pills. My God, it made a noise like a bomb.

" 'Ahoy, there!' says the Coast Guard guy. Cartwright doesn't say anything; but he quick turns the boat around and heads straight out to sea, going like a bat out of hell with them after us banging away with them cannons. They chased us halfway to Africa before we shook them, and when we did, Cartwright made us dump the whole boatful of booze in the ocean in case we got stopped coming back in—about thirty thousand dollars' worth of it.

"But Cartwright didn't even get sore at Weeper. Only when we got back to the island the next night he told the Weeper he just remembered a good kind of medicine for his stones—something that was going to dissolve them, he told him. Well, I guess it done that, all right. The next morning Cartwright told us it had turned out Weeper didn't have a very strong stomach because we were going to have to bury him. And I never thought of him again until just now. . . ."

"Ernie, boy! You've got it! Little old Ernie!" Dillon interrupted, his face ecstatic with admiration. "You got a mind fit for a genius! How about that, Doc? Ernie's right, isn't he?"

Hannibal, who had been listening to Ernie's reminiscences, at last closed his hanging jaw. "My goodness," he said, "of course, I see how Ernie's little, ah, anecdote seems to fit in with the clues in Cartwright's map, but I just remembered something else that may be important. Ernie, did Mr. Archibald, or Arch or whatever you call him know where Weeper is buried?"

"Arch Roper?" Ernie said. "He could of if Cartwright had told him, I guess, but Arch wasn't around the island much. Anyhow, it ain't that easy to *tell* where Weeper is. There's a big pine tree and a little pine tree and then there's some rocks. You'd have to show somebody."

"Well, I think he knew," Hannibal hurried on, excitement growing in him in spite of himself. "We saw him out on the island—on Cain's Island."

"Arch was out there?" Dillon said, squinting intensely at Hannibal. "Doc, that settles it! Ernie, you sure you know where this Weeper is buried at?"

"Sure—I could find it in the dark."

"Well, that's just exactly what you're going to do," Dillon rushed on. "Go down to the dock and tell Al to warm up the cruiser. Frankie, get some flashlights and the shovels out of the plane. No, never mind the plane. There are some in the garage. Tell Turkey to help you, and tell him I want him to go along for digging. You can't dig with that bullet hole in you. Get going!" As his henchmen scattered, Dillon turned back to the others, rubbing his hands together.

Hannibal looked unhappily at Rosie for an instant, then he said, "Of course, we *could* stay here, Mr. Dillon—"

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"Stay here!" Dillon said. "What do you mean, stay here? Look, Doc, you're working your way now."

The night was clean and soft, and the sky sported a moon whose bright reflection struck out across the sea. It was one thirty in the morning by Hannibal's watch when Dillon ordered them into the cruiser's cabin. Frankie, by virtue of his recent injury, was relieved of all duties more taxing than sitting at the head of the companionway and holding a very expensive-looking .30-caliber rifle fitted with a Maxim silencer.

PRESENTLY the engines were throttled up and the cruiser's blunt bow rose carefully out of the water. Rosie and Hannibal sat down side by side on a cushioned settee for their first moment of comparative privacy in some time. Although Frankie was well in sight, he was beyond the range of their hushed voices.

Rosie was frowning thoughtfully and gazing at the porthole across the cabin. "Well," she murmured absently, "at least it's a nice night for ghouls."

"Rosie, please don't use that word!"

"Well, that's what we are, aren't we?"

Hannibal didn't try to answer the specific question. "Oh, Rosie," he said, "I know it's too late for it to make any difference, but I'd give—give my right arm if I'd never got you into all this."

"You didn't get me into it. I chased after you, remember?" Rosie said. "Anyhow, I don't want you giving away your right arm. I'm getting quite attached to it. I'm not really sorry I'm here."

"You're not!"

"Well, I mean," Rosie said, "that I think someday I won't be sorry, because I think I may be learning something. I'm not sure yet, but I think I am." Rosie turned away suddenly as though she hadn't meant to say so much, and squinting up the companionway, she said, "I suppose I should have added *if* we're ever going to see another day."

"Why, of course we will, Rosie," Hannibal said, smiling in a way which would have appeared self-confident at a distance of fifteen yards. "You heard Dillon promise to let us go as soon as—"

"And I heard him double-cross you once before this evening, too," Rosie interrupted. "No, Hannibal, the second Dillon gets his hands on Cartwright's treasure, you stop being useful to him, which is the same as saying both of us stop being, period." Rosie shot another glance up the companionway and lowered her voice. "But there is a chance, Hannibal. It's a crazy chance, but it's the only one we have.

"We'll get to the island in ten minutes or so, and I've got to tell you before they come down to get us. Cain's Island isn't very big—less than a mile long and only a few hundred yards wide—and out toward the eastern end of it I once discovered something none of us kids had ever seen before. It was a cave—it's mouth was small and so well hidden by trees and underbrush that we'd passed by it hundreds of times without seeing it. There's a fresh-water spring close by. People could hide for days there without being found." Rosie stopped and looked for an instant directly up into Hannibal's eyes. Then, she said, "What do you say, Hannibal? It is a long shot."

Hannibal said nothing, but only stared in front of him with a fixed stare.

"Or," Rosie continued, watching him closely, "would you rather just stand there like a sitting duck—standing duck, and let them decide whether or not they want to turn you into company for Weeper? They'll have a nice deep hole dug with plenty of room for two more weepers. . . ."

Hannibal shook himself out of his thoughts, and took Rosie's hand. "I don't care *how* I die, Rosie," he said, "just so long as it's some way you approve of. Let's try making a run for your cave."

In a moment, Frankie rose from his post at the head of the companionway and gestured with his rifle barrel. "The boss says for you to come up," he said, "and to be quiet about it."

When Hannibal and Rosie reached the deck of the cabin cruiser they saw that already it was being tied up alongside a rather rickety-looking boat landing which jutted out from a shadowed cove on the far side of the island. Dillon was giving some instructions to a young man at the wheel whom he addressed as Al. "If you see the Coast Guard—no matter how far off—if you know they've spotted you—give me two short beeps with the horn, right? And if they get here before I do, all you know is you were hired by a party of fishermen to sail them around."

Then Dillon snapped his little band into action. "All right, Ernie, you go first," he said. "Take a flashlight. All of you take a flashlight. Frankie, you follow next after Ernie with the doc and the little lady. Just keep that rifle pointing in the direction where it'll do the most good." He turned to Hannibal and Rosie. "In case you good folks don't happen to know, I want to tell you that that thing Frankie's got there in his hand is a hush-gun. He can blow it off for an hour around here and it won't make any more noise than somebody sneezing back at the house."

HANNIBAL stared down at Frankie's rifle in bleak concentration. Rosie said, "Suit yourself, Dillon, but you could save yourself a lot of trouble. You've got us on an island, and you've got the only boat around. I don't know where you think we could run to."

"You don't know what I think about a lot of things, honey," Dillon said, smiling agreeably. "I want Frankie to stick close to the two of you so you won't get lonesome. All right, Frankie, let's go. Turkey, get the shovels. Give him a hand, Harry. Everybody follow Ernie. Let's go."

And, like some improbable safari, the little party set out in pursuit of its ghoulish enterprise.

Ernie, serving in the capacity of bird dog, padded relentlessly through the maze of close-growing pines, following a path so clotted with undergrowth that it was scarcely discernible to those who followed him. Dillon, meanwhile, would drop out of formation every now and again and race to the head of the column. On one of these expeditions he noticed the smallest flicker of hesitation in Ernie's step at a place where the path abruptly split into a fork.

"Wait a minute," he said sharply, indicating the opposite fork. "You sure you shouldn't have gone that way?"

"Look," Ernie said, secure in his position. "You want to find Weeper, don't you? All right. Do *you* know where he is? All right. So I'm taking you there as fast as I can. Just don't bother me."

When presently the path seemed to disappear altogether, Ernie, far from being discouraged, increased his speed, plunging confidently into uncharted forest, and in a moment he had led the others into a clearing. It seemed to be a natural clearing, roughly circular and perhaps fifty feet at its broadest diameter, completely surrounded by a wall of pines which shot down black shadows across the moonlighted open space.

"This is it!" Ernie said excitedly. "Right over there between the big tree and the rocks. Look, Dillon! Look, I'll show you!" And as Dillon puffed up alongside, Ernie took a stick and, crossing quickly to the spot he had indicated, carefully drew in the dirt a rectangle approximately six feet in length and two feet in width. "The Weeper," he said with deliberation, "is right there."

"All right, all right, let's go," Dillon said, trying to assume leadership once more. "Turkey, bring up the shovels. Wait a minute. First, Frankie, I want you to get the folks out of the way where I won't have to worry about them. Take them over there by that big tree and keep them quiet. Right?"

For only an imperceptible second Hannibal seemed to hesitate, but it was too long for Rosie. She grasped him by the arm and pushed him firmly toward the towering black pine at the edge of the clearing which Dillon had indicated.

Hannibal marched obediently toward the tree at Rosie's side. He turned his head half toward her and whispered quickly, "Do you know where we are?"

"You're talking," Frankie said. "Didn't you hear the boss say for you not to talk? Sit down on that rock. They's plenty of room for the both of you, where I can watch both you and the digging."

Hannibal and Rosie did as they were told, seating themselves on the edge of a boulder just under the big pine. Frankie took up a position a little to one side of them, his rifle leveled casually at Hannibal's head, and divided his attention between his target and the proceedings a dozen yards away, where Dillon had now lighted a gasoline lantern he had brought along from the boat. Its light spilled starkly white across the spot which Ernie's stick had outlined.

Already Turkey was critically testing one shovel after another for weight and balance, as a ballplayer will select a bat, but Ernie was not wholly pleased with the distribution of labor. "What's the matter, you a cripple?" he asked petulantly. "I already dug this hole once, you know."

"Get going!" Dillon snapped.

Recognizing the end to his season in the sun, Ernie at last picked up a shovel and philosophically set to work. Already Turkey was sending the dirt flying around him in all directions.

AS THE minutes advanced and the pit grew deeper and the piles of loose earth around its edge grew higher, it became increasingly difficult for the three others, separated by distance and the night, to see with any sureness what was going on. This was a circumstance which clearly distressed Frankie almost beyond endurance. He darted this way and that trying desperately to see over, under or around Dillon's broad back.

There was by now no more of Ernie and Turkey visible than their heads, even when they stood upright, and when they bent to fill their shovels they vanished entirely. Then suddenly from the bottom of the grave came Ernie's sharp, triumphant shout, cracking the stillness. Dillon and Harry leaned dangerously far out over the edge of the mounds of dirt on which they perched, staring down in glassy fascination. At last it was Harry's voice which drifted across to where the other three waited. "Think of a thing like that!" he breathed.

This was too much for Frankie. "Well, *what?*" he shouted, beside himself. "What? What? Well, what?"

Although Frankie received no direct answer to his question, he had scarcely stated it when out of the bottom of the excavation straight up into the air flew a shoe—an astonishingly dilapidated and grimy brown and white sport shoe.

"Is it him, Ernie boy?" Dillon said tensely. "Is it him?"

"Who do you think, it's somebody dropped down here out of a tree?" Ernie's voice called up impatiently. "They's radical changes in Weeper since I last seen him, but it ain't anybody else."

Dillon's voice now became so charged with excitement that he could scarcely steady it enough to speak intelligibly. "Well, don't just crouch around down there like some vulture," he shouted. "You know what the map said. Get to work, get to work!"

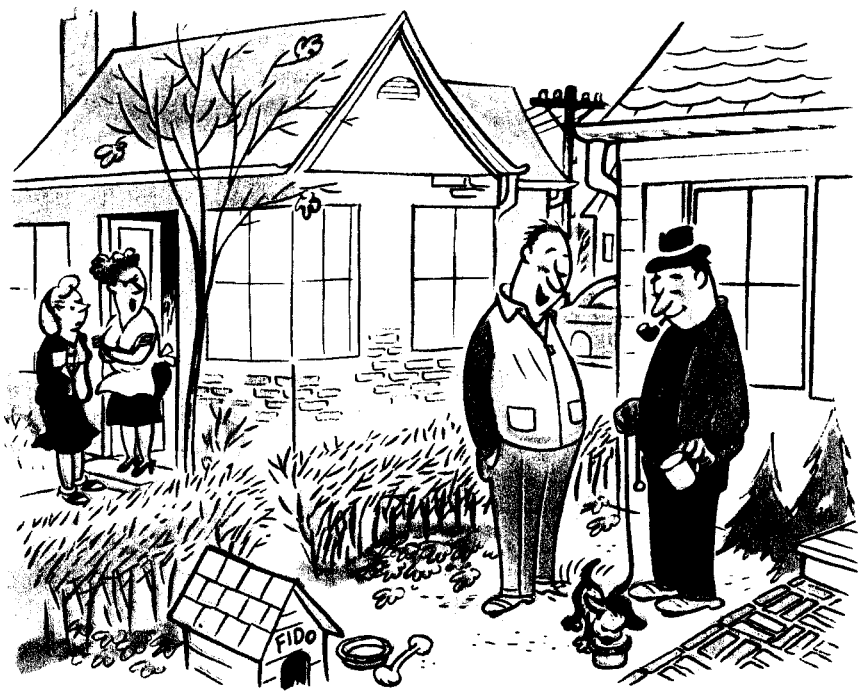
"Hand me down a lantern," Ernie said.

Frankie's complaints grew more and more bitter. And as his comrades, like men hypnotized, continued to ignore him, Frankie began to edge in, half step by half step, toward the pool of light.

It was at this precise moment that Hannibal felt Rosie's lips, subtle as a butterfly's wings, brush past his ear, and heard the one syllable, "Now!"

Their hands found each other in the blackness. They slid sideways down off the boulder until their feet touched the ground, forgetting to breathe, moving like shadows. Then, in two gliding, backward steps, they were within the thick screening wall of trees, the glow of light

VIEWPOINT



"Your father will tell him! One more night of that 'yap, yapping' and we'll call the police!"

"Cute little fellow! What breed is he?"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

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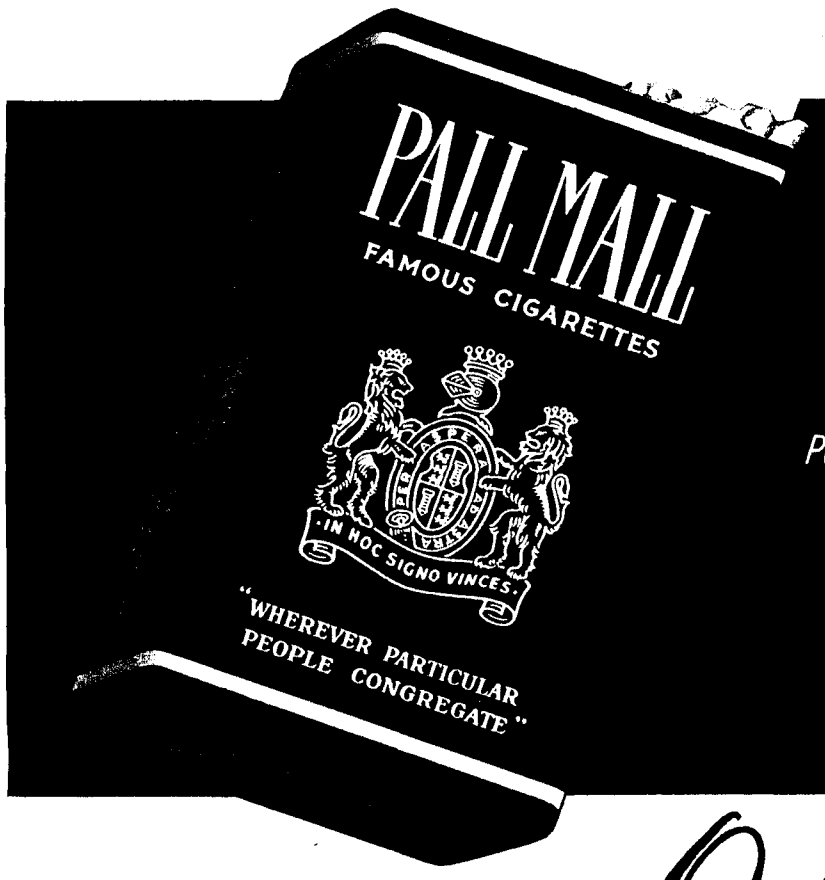

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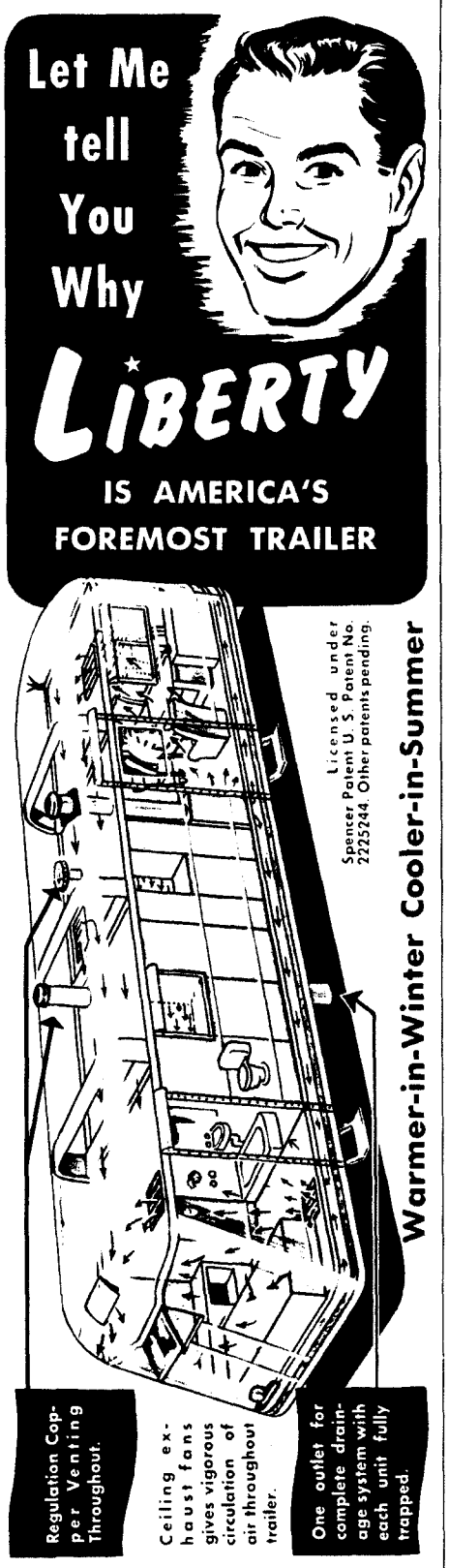
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from the lantern in the clearing already dimmed from their view.

Swiftly, wordlessly, Rosie guided them through the close-webbed growth. She clung hard to Hannibal's hand, steering him with it like some cunning helmsman around a jutting rock in their path or under the drooping limb of a tree, catching his balance for him when he lost it stumbling over a hidden root.

In this fashion they had proceeded for almost half a minute when the thing happened which both of them had half unconsciously been waiting for. Behind them, discouragingly close behind them, it seemed, rose a single startled outcry, which was followed a few seconds later by a general hubbub of shouting, brawling, angry voices.

"They've missed us, Rosie," Hannibal panted.

"It isn't much farther," she whispered. "They'll never catch up with us now if we don't make any noise. Come on!"

And once more they plunged forward into the all but impenetrable blackness ahead. But they had proceeded little more than ten paces when behind them they heard set up a sharp barking of commands and an answering rally, followed at once by a formidable stamping and crashing of undergrowth.

"Use your flashlights, boys!" Dillon's voice commanded sharply. "Spread out, but stay close enough so you can see each other. Look up in the trees, behind the rocks, look every place!"

Rosie altered their course, veering radically to the right. "We'll go around," she panted, "and come up to the cave from the other side. It's a little longer, but it may throw them off."

ALMOST at once the wisdom of Rosie's maneuver became apparent. As they ran they could hear the thrashings and the shouts of their pursuers dim perceptibly in their ears. The sounds were moving on along their original course and not following Rosie's divergent one. The inquisitive beams of the flashlights receded gradually into only fitful glimmerings.

"You've done it, Rosie!" Hannibal whispered hoarsely.

"Shhh! Only a few yards more," Rosie panted. "It's right over— Wait a minute, right over— There it *is*, Hannibal! That's it! See, it's straight ahead of us, that dark place beside the bushes!"

"Wonderful!" Hannibal gasped, although he could see no dark place ahead which was any darker than any other.

"Quick!" Rosie whispered, an eager note of triumph in her voice. "One more quick dash and we're in, Hannibal. Here we go. Be as quiet as you can."

They rushed forward across a short, open space in the trees, and after a few steps even Hannibal could see the faintest imaginable outline of the cave's mouth ahead.

When, however, Rosie and Hannibal were but three long paces from their goal, a very remarkable thing occurred. Suddenly, impossibly, as they reached out to pluck their salvation, it seemed that an invisible, malevolent hand rose up from the ground and rapped them mischievously across the knees. As one person they shot forward into the air, propelled on a brief, dizzy flight, then plunged sprawling back to earth.

Hannibal and Rosie had no time to contemplate this phenomenon for from every side of them their ears were being cudgeled by an unearthly pandemonium. Bells clanged, horns bellowed, metal rattled, glass crashed, and, as they huddled in terror at the center of this bedlam, there was suddenly a violent blast, and a mighty charge of buckshot roared over their heads. Then, gradually, the din subsided.

The next thing they were conscious of was that they were staring up into the blinding glare of a flashlight and that just in front of the flashlight glinted the double barrels of a shotgun, the left barrel of which was still smoking.

All at once a voice spoke out of the somber world behind the light—a harsh, passionate voice which shook with unbridled outrage. "You thought you could steal my treasure, too, did you?" it said deliberately. "Do you think I leave it so unprotected that two stumble-footed amateurs like you could get even close to it? I've heard you coming this way for five minutes, every clumsy step you took. Well, now you're here just like the others. Take a look around. A woman this time! It doesn't matter to me. It's the same for all of you." The voice stopped abruptly, and as it stopped, the barrels of the shotgun lowered carefully and came to rest in steady concentration on top of Hannibal's prostrate person. There followed the clean, metallic double click of a hammer being drawn slowly back to cock.

Hannibal clamped his eyes tight shut. *"Wait!* You don't understand!" he gabbled. "We were only trying to hide. We were only trying to get inside that cave behind you there when—"

"Ha!" shouted the voice triumphantly. "You admit it! Robbers, pure and simple. Brazen as B. Fenimore Doughty stealing an election!"

"What?" said Hannibal.

"Tippy!" Rosie cried suddenly. "Tippecanoe! It's you, isn't it, Tippy?"

There was a moment's silence, then the voice said harshly, "It's not John C. Calhoun. And don't pretend as if you didn't know it all along either. You can't fool me! How could you be after my treasure if you didn't know who I was? Eh! Answer me that one."

"But, Tippy, Tippy, listen," Rosie rushed on. "We're not after your treasure. We didn't even know you had one, and we promise we won't tell a soul about it, but you've got to let us hide in your cave quickly! They'll be here any minute now. You know me, Tippy. I'm Rosalie Wilkins. You remember—"

"Willkie!" Tippy shouted violently.

"No, no, *Wilkins,*" Rosie insisted. "I'm Henry Wilkins' girl from right here in Abel's Harbor. You used to know me when you lived over on Samson's Island. Oh, hurry, Tippy!" In her anxiety Rosie made a sudden move to pull herself up from her prone position, but Tippy darted his gun swiftly in her direction.

"Don't move!" he snapped. Then, very cautiously, holding his gun in one hand, Tippy struck a match on the seat of his pants and lighted the wick of a kerosene lantern which stood at his feet. Presently its yellow glow spread out into the night, and Hannibal and Rosie were able to see at last the source of the extraordinary uproar which had so effectively announced their arrival. Completely surrounding the little clearing and enclosing the mouth of the cave Tippecanoe had rigged a network of booby traps. Even the most infinitely cautious and sure-footed alley cat in broad daylight could scarcely have penetrated the intricately interwoven frontiers of suspended tin cans, milk bottles and dented cow bells.

BY THE light of his lantern Tippecanoe took substantial shape at last, his wiry little body poised alertly behind his gun, his wild blue eyes squinting down at his captives belligerently. If the sudden disturbing of his sleep accounted for the unkempt state of his abundant white beard, which flew every which way, it had not prevented him at least from putting on his Boy Scout hat which he wore set squarely on his head, giving him a somehow official appearance. Flowering at the front of the hat was his "Tippecanoe And Tyler Too!" ribbon.

Holding his lantern he stared squarely into Rosie's face for several moments, then said deliberately, "Henry Wilkins was et by a circus lion, and his daughter's no more than twelve years old. I ought to know. I had to shoo her off the island only just the other day or so. Don't try to fool me with your lies!"

"Oh, Tippy, you've forgotten," Rosie said desperately. "It wasn't just the other day, it was almost ten years ago. And my father wasn't et—" The sharp snap of a breaking twig close by interrupted her.

Tippy instantly whipped his shotgun to his shoulder. "Show yourself!" he bawled. But there was no reply to his challenge, no further sound.

"It's them, Mr. Tippecanoe, the ones after us!" Hannibal whispered frantically. "They're not only robbers, they're

COLLIER'S

"I hope you're not taking me to any expensive place. I've only got sixty cents"

DON TOBIN

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COLLIER'S

"In case you're reading the serial, I'll be here again next Friday"

NED HILTON

worse. They're gangsters, they're kidnapers and murderers. They're trying to kill us and they'd kill you too if they knew about your treasure."

"Oh no, they wouldn't," Tippy shouted, glaring down at Hannibal. "It wouldn't do any good to kill me because nobody but me knows where my treasure is hid. Nobody in the whole world . . ."

At the peak of its fury Tippy's ranting voice suddenly stopped dead, as Dillon, gun in hand, appeared at the edge of the little clearing. Tippy's eyes bulged, indignantly at first, but as they traveled quickly around the clearing to where Frankie, Harry, Ernie, and Turkey stood at neatly spaced intervals, indignation turned to alarm, and alarm to panic. "Here now, now here," he sputtered, "now you looka here—"

"There's nothing to be frightened about, Mr. Canoe," Dillon interrupted, smiling cordially. "You've done a great night's work. A real act of public service. My men will take over now." And with noteworthy presence of mind he stepped over the lines of clattering cans and bottles straight up to where Tippy stood. Then, with his free hand, he took a wallet from his hip pocket, flipped it open under Tippy's nose, and flipped it shut again. He said briskly, "F.B.I. Congratulations, sir. Washington will hear about this. The bureau's been after these two for quite some time now, but they're a slippery pair. All right, men."

At once the four henchmen converged on the center of the clearing. Harry, Frankie and Turkey concentrated on Hannibal and Rosie while Ernie approached Tippecanoe. "You're getting all wore out carrying that scatter-gun, Pop," Ernie said. "Leave me hold it a while." And Tippecanoe, in confusion, surrendered his shotgun.

"It's a lie, Tippy, a terrible lie!" Rosie shouted. "They're not from the F.B.I. any more than—"

"I'm warning you, little lady," Dillon roared above Rosie's voice, "that you better shut up! Both of you better shut up and stop annoying Mr. Canoe here or I'll have some of the boys shut you up so you don't forget it, understand? Ernie, you and Turkey take care of the two of them, and I don't want a sound out of them, not a sound. They've given us enough trouble, and I'm through fooling around with them, right? I want a little quiet conversation with this gentleman here. Go ahead."

There was a rich, stinging anger in Dillon's voice which made it clear to Hannibal and Rosie that they would do well not to trifle with him just now. There could be no doubt left as to the outcome of Weeper's recent disinterment. It showed on all their faces. It had been a fiasco, and that fact was not setting well. Ernie and Turkey stood grim-faced over the two. "Sit up," Ernie said sharply. "Turn around. Sit back-to-back and shut up." Almost meekly Rosie and Hannibal did as they were told. He felt behind him for her hand in the dust and patted it comfortingly.

If Hannibal and Rosie couldn't talk they could at least think, but thinking, they discovered, led them to no sensible explanation. Dillon, with a notable assist from Tippecanoe, had managed to recapture them and could again do whatever he liked with them, but his electing to go through the rigmarole of being a federal investigator for the greater confusion of the old hermit did not all seem to jibe with Dillon's impatient nature.

Dillon turned back to Tippy, wearing his sober, responsible manner. "It's a real pleasure," he said, "to be able to tell you, Mr. Canoe, that there's a reward being offered for the arrest of these two, and as soon as I get back to Washington I'm personally going to make sure you get it. You really earned it."

Tippy was looking around him in intense bewilderment. "A reward?" he repeated vaguely. "You mean money?"

"Well, I don't mean old razor blades," Dillon said, chuckling appreciatively. "I guess that might come in handy, eh?"

TIPPY stared up at Dillon, and finally blinked. "Not me," he said. "What would I want with it? I've got enough of—I don't need anything more than what I've got already."

There was a moment's pause during which Dillon peered shrewdly into Tippy's face, his eyes shining. "You mean," he said carefully, "it's like you managed to put away enough so you don't have to worry any more, isn't that right?"

"I don't worry except about my—" Tippy began, then cut himself off, squinting up his eyes suspiciously. "I don't worry."

"That's all right, that's perfectly all right," Dillon said quickly. "I don't want you to think I'm trying to snoop around into your private business. Only since the reward money isn't going to make any difference to you I just want

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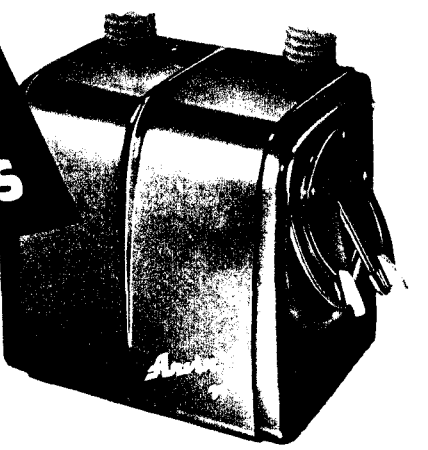

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to make sure I don't forget to mention the medal."

"Har?"

"Sure, I would say there's bound to be a medal of some type or other from the President for a thing like this."

"A medal?" Tippy said. "You mean like a gold medal with a ribbon to hang on you?"

"That's the general idea," Dillon said. "But I got to tell you that it depends whether or not the people down there in charge of giving out these medals decide your case is the right kind of case for the kind of medal you got in mind, understand? And do you know how they decide a thing like that?"

Tippy stared up at Dillon, transfixed. "No, no," he said, "no. How?"

"It depends, Mr. Canoe," said Dillon, staring hard down at the little man, "on what kind of a report I and the boys send in on you. A man like yourself will understand that there's all different kinds of reports we *could* send in, right? So I got to ask you a few routine questions just to make sure I got the information the way it ought to be."

TIPPECANOE seemed all at once in a fever of genial compliance. "Sure, I'll tell you, sure," he said eagerly, and raced into his cave, then raced out again with a rickety orange crate which he dusted off with the sleeve of his shirt. "I'll tell you anything you want to know to send in a good report. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. This medal, would—would you think it would be more of the round kind with streamers off the bottom, or do you think it would be more of the pinned at the top and dangly?"

"You tell me which kind you'd rather have," Dillon said, seating himself gravely on the orange crate, "and I'll put it in."

"Dangly, naturally," Tippy said at once. "That's the best kind. Any old fool knows that."

"Ah . . . sure, that's right," said Dillon. He took a pencil out of his pocket, crossed his legs and propped against his knee a long white envelope from the publishers of a weekly racing tip sheet. "All *right, now,*" he began, looking sternly into Tippy's anxious face. "Age?"

"Thirty-five," Tippy replied briskly.

"Height?"

"Six foot."

"Weight?"

"Hundred and ninety-seven."

"Married?"

"Har?"

"Ever belong to the Communist party?"

"Never belonged to no party."

"Estimated value of all present property including all treasures now buried or otherwise hid away?"

"Five million dollars," Tippy answered promptly.

The pencil in Dillon's hand suddenly impaled the envelope on his knee, then began to vibrate with all the energy of a living thing, but he didn't look up. He continued in his improbable singsong voice, "Approximate date of finding and digging up treasure once belonging to Doc Cartwright?"

"It's a lie!" Tippy shouted with uncommon violence. "It's a black, mischeevious lie! I *didn't* steal it from him. *He* was always trying to steal it from *me!* Well, I was on these islands long before Cartwright, and I've been on them long after, and whoever told you a thing like that is no better than Cartwright himself which is no better than a dirty dog!"

"Take it easy and just keep calm, Mr. Canoe," Dillon said, although his own voice was charged with approximately the same degree of emotion as was Tippy's. "Nobody's accusing you of anything that isn't strictly legal, right? I just happened to have picked up a little bit of wrong information down in Washington, that's all."

Tippy gaped at him. "In Washington?" he repeated.

"You know, naturally," Dillon continued, looking up into the treetops with a businesslike scowl, "that down in Washington the Treasury Department keeps a very strict tab on any and all things in the nature of treasures."

"They do?"

"And they want to be sure yours is hid in a good safe place," Dillon said, "and that you're taking good care of it."

"Oh, they shouldn't worry theirselves about that," Tippy said reassuringly. "Why, there's not a soul alive could find my treasure unless I took him right to it and showed it to him, and as for taking good care of it, why, do you know every night in my life I—why, I polish and rub and shine them until they sparkle like nothing you ever saw before in your life. Oh, what a sight! Rub, polish, rub, polish . . ."

"Yeah, yeah," Dillon said, leaning far forward on his orange crate, "yeah, that must be quite a sight for a fellow to see, all right. Of course, I realize yours is only one of the little treasures we got registered down in Washington—"

"Little!" Tippy shouted. "Are you trying to pretend to me that you know where there's any bigger treasures?"

Dillon raised his eyebrows in astonishment. "You're not serious?" he said. "You couldn't be. Did you hear that, Harry? Mr. Canoe wants to know if we know where there's any bigger treasures."

"Ah-ha," Harry laughed. "A thing like that."

"Well, come on and I'll show you!" Tippy cried. "All of you! Come on, and after I show you I'll hide it all over again in even a better place. Come on."

This proved to be too much for Hannibal's right-minded nature. "Don't do it, Tippy!" he called suddenly. "They'll steal it from—" In midsentence Hannibal was rewarded for his pains by having Ernie deal him a murderous clout in the back with the barrel of Tippy's shotgun, which all but dislocated his spine.

But Tippy had already disappeared within. Only the glow of his lantern testified to his whereabouts. "Well, why don't you hurry up?" his voice came out to them, reverberating hollowly in the cavernous gloom.

Quickly Dillon issued his commands. "All right, let's go," he said. "We're all going in. I'm not taking any chances. The doc and the little lady are going first."

"First!" Rosie repeated. "But that cave is probably—"

"You heard what I said," Dillon snapped. "First. Get them up, Ernie. On the ball, Turkey. Follow the nutty old guy before he forgets where he put it or drops dead or something. Frankie, keep that hush-gun trained on him, but don't use it unless you get the nod from me, right?"

Led by Hannibal and Rosie, each carrying a lantern, the party trooped gingerly into the cave. In spite of the fact that Tippy seemed to have extended the natural formation by some excavation of his own it was scarcely large enough to hold the people who crowded into it.

"I'll show you how picayunish!" Tippy barked, staring belligerently from face to face without discrimination. "Watch."

Suddenly he scampered up onto a ledge a few feet off the ground and threw his shoulder briskly against what appeared to be nothing less than the permanent foundations of the state of Maine. Miraculously a piece of the earth moved. Under Tippy's indifferent weight a piece of the wall gave inward and a boulder took shape, swinging with astonishing ease on some sort of natural pivot. Another shove turned it fully sidewise to the wall, revealing a considerable, and plainly man-made, cavity beyond.

From Dillon there came a sudden, sharp sound, for there stood on the shelf in the wall, in the plain sight of all of them, a smallish, steel-bound trunk.

For several seconds Dillon simply stared at the trunk, then surreptitiously he touched the sleeve of Frankie's jacket. When Frankie turned to him Dillon glanced sharply from his face down to his silenced rifle.

Muttering under his breath Tippy was hauling impatiently at the trunk's handle, and in a moment the whole thing skidded out into his arms. Tenderly he carried it down and tenderly he set it in the sand. Like people bewitched, the others crowded in to where he stood.

Tippy knelt down before the trunk and began unlocking the two enormous padlocks which were fitted to its hasps. "Room, room," he said irritably, "give the man room."

But at last he rose and stood impressively with his hand resting on the trunk's lid. "Picayunish! You've seen bigger, you say. You lie in your teeth! There isn't any bigger. No place. Look for yourselves." With a sudden jerk of his arm Tippy hurled back the lid of his treasure chest.

And when the others stared down into it they saw at once that old Tippecanoe had not lied. There was no bigger, in all likelihood, on the face of the planet. Tippy's trunk was brimming over with what was probably the out-and-out biggest collection of political campaign buttons ever assembled in any one place. They danced and shimmered in the lanternlight, polished and glittering, for all the world like so many doubloons.

There was every sort and size and shape of button, from the stamped out tin-and-plastic things of recent decades to elaborately scrolled and gilded badges with streaming scarlet ribbons. The impartiality of political sentiment was absolute. On the surface of the hoard, scattered printed legends were decipherable. "Bully for Bull Moose!" for example, could be made out alongside "Cal's Your Pal!" "Whither Progress Now?" demanded another, while its neighbor replied, "Alf Landon Will Lead Us Back!" And there were others, dozens and hundreds of others, urging the elections of great men, ordinary men, and men whose names are recalled only by almanac makers.

"See!" Tippy shouted, in a blast of triumph. "See, see! Now tell me you ever seen one bigger. I dare you!"

IT WAS some time before anyone spoke. At last Dillon reached slowly down and picked up one of the campaign buttons at random. He held it close to his face. For a long time he stared at it, and presently it began to twitch convulsively in his hand. " 'For Happy Days,' " he read, " 'Vote Rutherford B. Hayes.' "

Harry closed his eyes tight. "Oh, brother!" he murmured.

Dillon turned back to Tippy. Although he was plainly making a tremendous effort to keep himself under control, it was impossible for him to conceal the grandeur of his disgust at the display in the trunk. "All right, Pop, you win," he snapped. "You got the biggest treasure of anybody. I'll get them to change the records down in Washington, and I'll see that you're going to get your medal, but only on one condition, understand?"

Tippy was alight with pride, eager now to please. "Yes, yes?" he said. "Whatever you say."

"You got to swear to me," Dillon went on, very slowly, "in the name of the United States government, that you're not going to tell a single person you ever saw me or any of us, right? Not a single person in the world. If you rat on me the whole medal deal is off. One peep out of you and you're exactly the same as some spy. It's un-American, understand?"

Tippy nodded violently. "I understand. Not a word, not a word," he said. "Trust me, not a single word. You don't have to worry about old Tip—"

"All right," Dillon interrupted impatiently. "All right. Just remember what I told you." He handed Tippy his shotgun. "Let's go."

"Now, don't let them two get away from you!" Tippy cautioned him. "Keep a close watch on 'em. Night and day, that's the ticket."

On their way back through the dark woods which had led them from high hope to nonsense, it was Dillon who answered Tippy's last injunction, "I'll take care of them, Pop," he muttered savagely. "I'll take care of them like I was their own mother."

(To be concluded next week)

Beginning Next Week

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By DICK PEARCE

Young John Marland went to the rich Mother Lode country of California determined to live down an old mistake and resume his career as a brilliant builder of dams. He challenged the power of Warner Lyons, who didn't want a dam built and who used ruthless methods to prevent it. The struggle between the two men grew all the more violent when Marland fell in love with Lyons' girl, the beautiful and headstrong Janet Armsby. A brawling story of a part of the West still ruled by the lawlessness of the frontier

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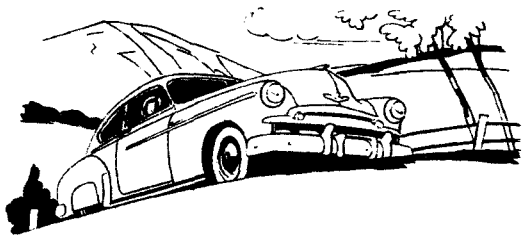

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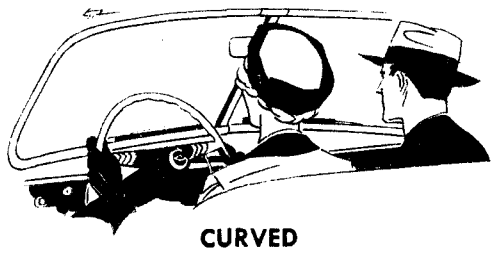

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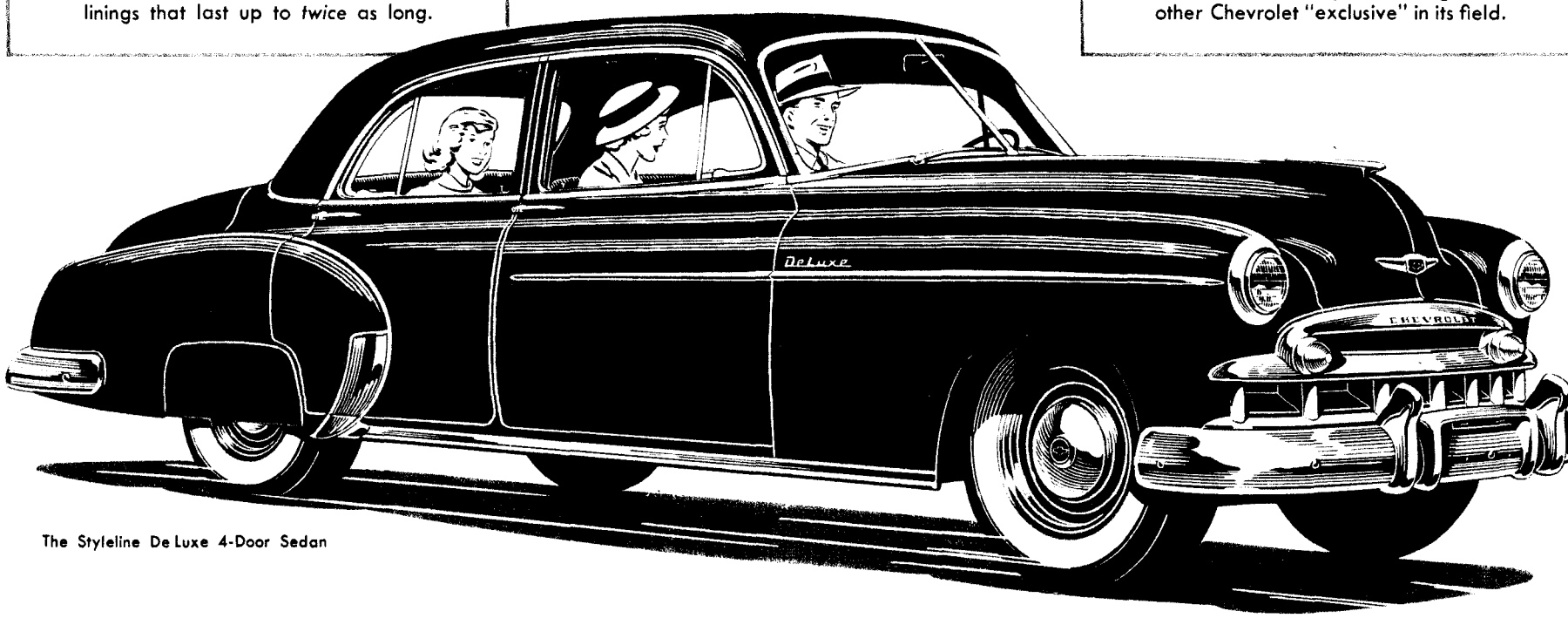

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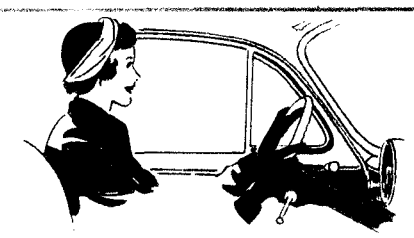

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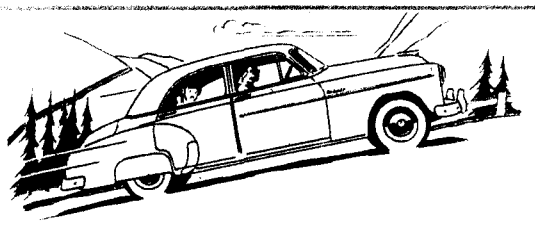

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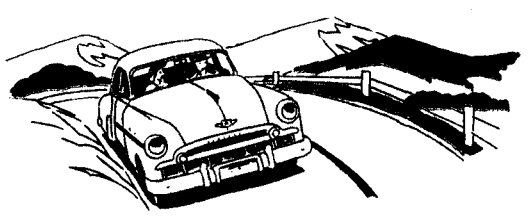

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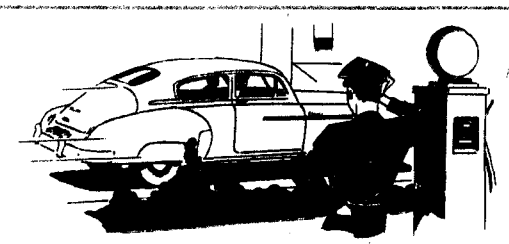

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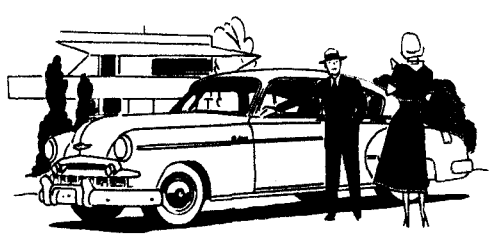

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The Difficult Age

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Tom Carey. "He just wanted to know how old I was."

His secretary had guessed that much. She did not want to see him leave, but she hesitated to frame the next question. "How old—?" she said, and then stopped and blushed.

"I believe it came out sixty-two," Tom said. "Take a letter."

Mr. Delsing, meanwhile, had been doing a slow burn. Later in the morning he walked past Tom Carey's office. Doctor Harbison, company physician as well as doctor to the townspeople, was in there along with production boss Freddy Hutchins, and Mike Ferry from purchasing.

"We been playin' a golf foursome for twenty-odd years," Harbison was saying heatedly. "Why can't we keep on? We don't want anyone else in with us. We're going South and—"

"If I was as old and decrepit as you fellows," Carey said, "I'd go, too. You fellows ought to go, you all look kind of shaky on your pins to me. You look—"

"Sometimes," Harbison said, "I wonder why I went to all the bother to pull you through pneumonia five years ago. Sixty-two! If you're sixty-two I'm still not weaned."

IN THE hall outside, Delsing's ears started flapping. He collared Doc Harbison when he came out and took him back to his office.

"So Carey is more than sixty-two," he said. "Are you sure?"

"He's pushing seventy or I'm a horse doctor," Harbison said hotly.

"That's all I wanted to know," Delsing said. "I thought he was lying. I'm going to let him go."

Doc Harbison suddenly calmed down and looked hard at Delsing. "Now wait a minute," he said. "I think Tom's sixty-five or over and I think he ought to retire. As his physician I've advised him to get out. But I know Tom. He's stubborn and cantankerous when he makes up his mind. He's got a lot of pride. Persuasion is one thing. But if you fire Tom I think he'd walk out of here and take a job as night watchman somewhere. He's sound as a dollar for his age, but if you fired him he might kill himself in a year in another job."

"He's over sixty-five," Delsing said, "and I'm going to let him go."

Doc Harbison looked at him a moment, then went to his desk and put through a long-distance phone call to the Old Man himself who had been with the division for twenty years before moving upstairs to the home office.

"Jim?" the physician said. "Doc Harbison. How are you? How's your weight? . . . Better take off five pounds. Say, you remember Tom Carey . . . Well, that retirement policy you boys just put through . . . Carey claims he's sixty-two."

The telephone made sputtering noises. "Hell," said the Old Man. "I'm sixty-two . . . that old buzzard . . ."

Harbison continued talking and the net result of the conversation was that presently Mr. Delsing had a long-distance phone call.

"You'll be losing some men," the Old Man began diplomatically. "Who are they?"

Delsing went through the list, mentioned Carey and went into details. The Old Man said, "If you can persuade him to quit, that's fine. You aren't to fire him."

"But I know he's sixty-five," Delsing protested. "He has a young assistant who could fill his job immediately."

"You're top man down there," the Old Man said. "Prove he's sixty-five."

He hung up the phone and chuckled. "The old buzzard," he said to himself.

Delsing, meanwhile, had marched down the corridor to see Miss Nichols, the acid-tongued, vinegar-faced old maid who kept employee records.

In answer to his inquiry Miss Nichols turned unexpectedly bland. "How old is Mr. Carey?" she said sweetly. "Why, I believe he's about sixty-two." Delsing remembered suddenly that a week previously at a company party Tom Carey had danced repeatedly with Miss Nichols and had her flushing like a schoolgirl.

"There must be a definite record," Delsing persisted. "How about his Social Security? There must be on file in the state capital somewhere—"

"That's wonderful perfume. I wore some of it to school, and the teacher sent me home"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Miss Nichols said she would be happy to write the capital.

"We'll have to fill out thirty-seven forms in triplicate," Delsing snorted. "We'll get tangled in red tape up to our ears and take a year and a half to prove anything. I'll find a better way."

He went down the corridor, halted outside the office to turn on an engaging smile, then walked in and sat down beside Carey.

"Tom," he said, "forty-six years is a long time. If I were in your shoes I'd like to go down to Florida. Doc Harbison will be there—"

"No more baby cases, no more calls at 3 A.M.," Tom Carey said. "Do Doc a lot of good. Florida will. I'll sure miss the old quack." He sighed wistfully.

"And Freddy Hutchins—" Delsing warmed to his sales talk. "Hutchins is a buddy of yours. He'll be gone. It'll seem lonely—"

"Yep," said Carey and he stared out the window. Delsing pressed his advantage. He had Carey on the ropes now.

"And Mike Ferry," Delsing said. "He'll be gone. What do you think about that?"

The old man sighed. His eyes looked a trifle misty and Delsing thought he had him.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Tom Carey finally. "It's fine there's new blood coming in. All these young fellows, they'll put new life in the outfit." Carey grinned at Delsing. "But I think there oughtta be one guy around the office who's old enough to use a razor."

Delsing got up and walked out. The only kind of diplomacy Carey would ever understand, he told himself, was the lead-pipe variety.

He collared Carey's assistant later in the day. "Sure," the young man said, "I want Tom's job sometime. But Tom's a swell guy. I'd make some changes. I have some ideas of my own I'd put in, but Tom taught me all I know. I was pretty green when I came in here and Tom was patient with me."

More sentiment, Delsing thought angrily and returned to his office. He tried to forget Tom Carey and the more he tried the more he seemed to have him on his mind.

He couldn't take a walk into the shop without finding Carey out there talking with a workman, or into the main office without seeing Carey chatting with some giggling stenographer. And finally Delsing made up his mind. He couldn't fire him but he could persuade him. He started giving the old man the treatment.

THE next day there were painters in Carey's office. Delsing apologized and moved him down to the conference room with his secretary. When the office was redecorated, Delsing switched another man in there and gave Carey an inside windowless cubbyhole that hadn't been used since the war. He waited for an explosion and it came.

"They'll be putting me in a phone booth next," Carey bawled. "I can't turn around without getting splinters. I'll have to change my secretary for one with a build like a bed slat—"

Delsing sat in his office and waited for Carey to resign. He piled extra work on him and finally, as a finishing stroke, he took Carey's secretary away from him and gave him a new girl who was a hopeless failure and about to be fired. He sent his assistant on a trip and Carey had both jobs to handle.

Delsing found him in his cubbyhole one morning. With no windows, the place reeked of pipe smoke and the air was blue. The old man was cussing and the new girl sat terrified at her desk when Delsing walked in. She was reading a movie magazine. She tried to put it in a drawer, fumbled, and dropped it to the floor.

"Go ahead," Tom Carey bawled. "Don't hide it. Read it out loud to me." He looked up at Delsing through the fog of smoke and leered balefully.

"She can't spell and she can't type," Carey said. "I'm having her read movie magazines to me. She wants to be a movie star. Read again about that guy you're stuck on. He makes two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, but he's a regular guy who wants nothing but the simple life of his fourteen-room house and his swimming pool and his yacht. Twenty-six years old he is. Here I am—sixty—ulp—sixty-two and I ain't got a fourteen-room house, or swimming pool or even a rowboat. All I got's an office you couldn't take a shower in. Read me about the fourteen-room house."

Delsing said, "Of course, you could always resign if you found things unpleasant. With your pension—"

"Oh, I ain't complaining," Carey said. "If times are tough and you got to put me in here, I'll string along. I went through the panic of '21 and the depression and a couple of wars. I guess I can take the latest crisis. And this girl is quitting. I got her convinced no talent scout is going to find her in a box like this. She's going to work for a company where she can sit down and cross her legs without breaking one foot. I got a new girl coming in tomorrow. She's built about right for this office. She's thirty-eight inches tall. A midget."

DELSING went on down the hall but he heard more. The general offices were in gales of laughter and once Delsing inadvertently heard Tom Carey regaling a group with the virtues of his new office.

"A feller in an office like that," Carey said, "an office without windows, he gets more work done. He don't look out the window and if it's a nice day wish he was on the golf course because he don't know if it's nice out or maybe there's a tornado. He can't tell. And he don't keep looking out to see if the sun's getting lower, it's quitting time. Why last week I got working hard and after a while I commenced feeling a little peckish, but I had the door closed and I'd left my watch home and I never realized what time it was there in that booth. I come out finally, figuring I got to have at least a cup of coffee to keep going and I discover I been in there a day and a half."

The laughter resounded through the offices and somehow the scheme had backfired, had become a personal victory for Tom Carey.

Delsing made his final bid. He informed his secretary he was going out of town on business and that night he took a train. At ten he changed to another line, and at two he was cursing a lumpy mattress beneath him in a flea-bag ironically known as the Mansion House. . . .

Red-eyed from lack of sleep in the morning, Delsing ate breakfast in the hotel and prowled down the Main Street. He found out that Tom Carey had told the truth in one matter at least: the courthouse had indeed burned down. He talked with every old man he saw, drew a blank at the newspaper office, but finally early in the afternoon he knocked at the door of a small house on the edge of town. The door was opened by a pert

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PARDON MY HORSE LAUGH!
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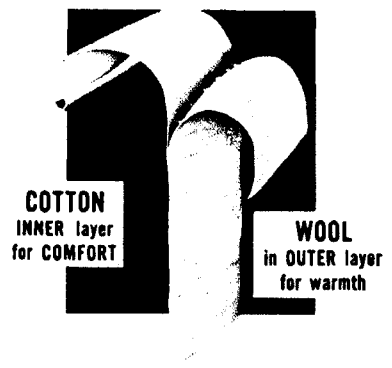

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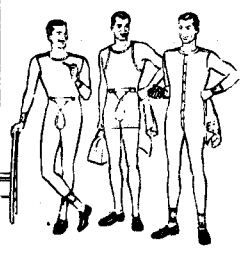

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HEALTH UNDERWEAR

bright-eyed and birdlike little old lady in black.

"Miss Amy Carey?" Delsing said politely, doffing his hat. "You don't know me but I'm an old friend of Tom Carey's. You're his sister, I believe."

He was invited inside. An old friend of Tom Carey's had to have a cup of tea. He didn't want the tea; he wanted information. But he humored the old girl. She brought out tea and cake, and Delsing balanced the cup on his knee and began to talk.

"I'll tell you why I'm here," Delsing said. "We want to have a little party for Tom on his birthday. Do you know when it is?"

"Why, it's next month," the old lady said. "How nice for Tom." She smiled across the tea things at Delsing.

"Why, Tom's just three years older than I am," the old lady said. "That makes him—" Miss Amy stopped suddenly. She bridled, smiled, and looked straight at Delsing.

"Do have another cup of tea, Mr. Delsing. And have you tried the scones? It's an old recipe."

"Delicious," said Mr. Delsing with murder in his heart. "Delicious. You didn't finish what you were saying. He's three years older than—I mean how old—"

He had bungled it in his haste, Delsing knew. The old lady folded her hands in her lap. "I'm fifty-nine," she said. "Do let me fill your cup again, Mr. Delsing."

BLAST all vain women who lie about their age, Delsing thought, but he accepted more tea and tried another tack. He talked about Tom's boyhood and presently he sat beside Miss Amy on the davenport, looking at old snapshots.

He found what he sought finally, a stiffly posed photograph of a group of children, ranging from an infant on the left to a gangling, grinning boy with ears like a loving cup on the right. The boy, Miss Amy said, was Tom. And Delsing had seen what the old lady hadn't seen, a date on the back.

"How old was Tom then?" he said. The old lady peered through her glasses and after a long story about when the picture was taken and why, and what happened to one of the children who stepped on a wasps' nest just before or was it just after the picture was taken, allowed that Tom was about eleven years old at the time.

Delsing checked the figures with the date on the back and grinned triumphantly to himself. He agreed quickly to the suggestion that he have a final cup of tea before leaving, although he was filled to the ears with it; and when the old lady was in the kitchen, Delsing swiped the faded yellowed photograph.

He looked at it several times while waiting in the station for a train, and on the ride home. He was at his office promptly at nine the next morning, and in response to his summons Tom Carey ambled in at nine ten.

"Dirty weather," said old Tom Carey. "Going to snow before long or I miss my guess. And you know what that horse doctor Harbison did? Sent me a crate of oranges. Writes me a letter saying he shot an eighty-five. Never shot an eighty-five in his life. Down there in the sunshine lying like a trooper—"

"I have here," Delsing cut in, "some papers for you to fill out. They will go to the home office and you will get a monthly check from them. A pension check, Carey."

Carey blinked at him. "A little premature, isn't it—"

"I think not," Delsing said. He held the photograph in front of Tom Carey. "I believe this is a picture of you. You were eleven when it was taken. Makes you sixty-eight now."

Tom Carey looked at the photograph.

"... But, Darling, the men with the horns on their hats are soldiers, and they have been fighting.... Only they sing their battles ..."

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

He started to say something, changed his mind, then took the papers and went back to his boxlike office. And that day Mr. Delsing didn't hear him indulging in any witticisms about it....

It was twenty-four hours later that the receptionist announced that a Miss Amy was here to see him. After protesting that he didn't know any Miss Amy, he agreed to see the visitor, and Tom's sister, Miss Amy Carey, came into his office.

Delsing greeted her warmly; she had been his salvation, he could afford to humor her.

"I haven't had a wink of sleep since you left," Miss Amy said. "I got to thinking about that picture and after you left I went back to look at it. I hunted high and low, I got down on my knees and looked under the sofa. I declare—"

"I'm afraid I have the snapshot," Delsing said, and his face glowed like a traffic blinker. He handed it to her. "Inadvertently I brought it along. I'm sorry to have caused you the trouble and I'm glad to give it back to you. If you'd written me I'd have mailed it back. You didn't need to come down here—"

"Land sakes," the old lady said, "you can have the picture, Mr. Delsing. It wasn't the picture. It just got into my mind and kept abothering me that I'd told you wrong about the picture. That's why I wanted to look at it again. Now who did I say was Tom?"

"Why, over here," Delsing said, and with a pencil point touched the image of the gangling boy with the loving-cup ears.

"Land o'Goshen," said the old lady, slapping her knee, "I knew it. I declare I must be getting tiddly. Or else it's the light in that front parlor of mine. That's Luke."

"Who?" said Delsing, baffled.

"That's Luke. That's not Tom. That's Luke. This one over here is Tom." She pointed to the baby at the other side of the photograph.

"Now wait a minute," Delsing said. "That other one—that boy, he looks like Tom. That nose and those ears—"

"Naturally," the old lady said. "All the men in the family had them. The Crowfit nose and the Carey ears. All of them. But that's Luke. Fell off a barn roof twenty years ago, God rest his soul."

Delsing looked angrily at the faded photograph and the blurred image of a sweet-faced tiny baby. "That doesn't look like Tom," he said hotly.

"Well, naturally," the old lady said tartly, "a body's going to change in sixty years."

She stood up, apologized again for making a mistake and with dignity left the office. Delsing stood there a moment, then strode down the corridor and booted a surprised young man out of a newly redecorated office. Ten minutes later Carey came back to his old haunts and with his original secretary.

"Your office, Mr. Carey," Delsing said. "All yours. For life. Will you shake hands?"

Delsing managed to grin. Tom Carey sat down at his familiar desk, cocked his heels on the top and looked outdoors. It was snowing, piling up in the street, drifting against telephone poles and the hydrant.

"Going to have a spell of weather," Tom Carey said, and sighed. "And Doc Harbison's picking kumquats or some damfool thing. Take a letter, Miss Deane."

HE WAITED a moment, looking at the drifting snowflakes. "Dear Amy," he dictated. "I hope you had a safe trip home. I enclose the usual monthly check with a little extra this time to pay for your carfare. As I told you, I am thinking of retiring—but an old buzzard who has been in harness as long as I have has to take a little time to get used to the idea; he doesn't want it sprung on him suddenly. But I think in another year I'll be ready to get away from the cold winters. Also in another twelve months we'll have paid up those annuities I took out some years back. They'll be paying us then and along with my pension we'll do fine, Amy, with you housekeeping for me down in Florida. We'll want a pretty big place because we'll have company—Doc Harbison and Freddy Hutchins and Mike Ferry, for example. Also in another year maybe those old coots will have their golf games down where they can give me some real competition."

Tom Carey filled his pipe. "Sign it Tom," he said to his secretary and swung his feet down to the floor. "Now let's get back to work. We had enough tomfoolery around this office. Take a letter to Finney & Sons— Whoa—hold it. Put a P.S. on that letter to Amy. Tell her to give my apologies to sister Kate when she writes to her. It's a terrible thing for a beautiful woman like her to be taken for a buzzard like me—even at the tender age of fourteen months." THE END

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Saturday Date

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

shot at a coyote. There's shells on the window in the kitchen. I'm much obliged, Sammy." He clucked to his horses and the team started. Mrs. Ashley called back that there was a pie in the pantry.

The notions salesman looked at Sammy. "I've got to go back with you tomorrow," he said. "Don't forget that."

"I won't," Sammy said. "I'll leave the rig in Trampa and borrow a horse to ride over to Tom's. You goin' to close the gate?"

At six o'clock the mail cart rattled down the long hill above Trampa, nearing the end of its journey. Below the hill Concho Creek caught and reflected sunlight from its bends, and off to the north Trampa Mesa loomed. East of the creek Tom Ashley's fence traversed a mesquite flat, its line marked by brush that had been cleared away, and beyond that a good two miles the roof of Ashley's house showed. Still farther east, but hidden, was Dan Bucknell's Turnbuckle ranch, reaching back toward a line of hills.

"We're gettin' in," Sammy announced, and the drummer grunted.

Trampa lay in a cove just under the hill. Sullivan's store, which also housed a saloon and the post office, was on the north side of the road, a wagon yard beside it; and south, across the road, were three houses, set well apart and surrounded by corrals and sheds. Sammy pulled up with a flourish. There were horses at Sullivan's hitch rail and a little knot of men on the store porch. Mike Sullivan himself, grizzle-bearded and broad-shouldered, walked out to the cart.

"Right on time, Sammy," Sullivan commented, reaching for the mail sacks.

"Always on time," Sammy replied, and drove on into the wagon yard. He had the tugs unhooked and the pole down when Bert Chaffner came to help him.

Bert was big enough to be a man, but he wasn't. His face was blank and his vacuous stare told of the mind behind it. He spoke to Sammy, who returned the greeting. Then, taking a horse by the bridle, Bert led it to the harness shed. Sammy followed with the other horse.

"You feelin' all right, Bert?" Sammy asked. He was afraid of Bert, and sorry for him, too.

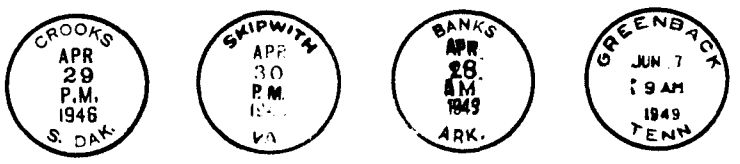
"Uh-huh," Bert answered. "You bring me a letter, Sammy?"

"I don't know," Sammy said, bending to unbuckle the bellyband. "If I didn't, I'll buy you some jelly beans." In his

Picture Postmarks

HOWARD SPARBER

FROM JOHN M. UPDEGRAPH
ELIZABETH, N. J.



FROM NOEL KRAGNESS
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

FROM HARRY BURKE
CHESTER, PA.

"I didn't think I played piano well enough

When I think about all the enjoyment I've missed by not adding a Solovox to my piano sooner, I could kick myself!

I didn't think I played the piano well enough to make a Solovox worthwhile. But one day I went into our music store.

The manager urged me to try the Solovox. I just took a piece of music, played the left hand part on the piano and the right hand solo on the Solovox.

I was amazed! Playing the Solovox was easy. It really sounded as if I were playing a violin solo right along with the piano. Cello, clarinet, flute, even organ, too. In fact, everything I played sounded better!

but you should hear me now"

Yes, I bought a Solovox! Guess a lot of folks would do the same if they realized even dubs like me get a whale of a lot more enjoyment from their pianos when they add the Solovox.

I also play the piano more than I ever used to—piano alone, I mean. I keep the Solovox right on the piano. Doesn't affect regular piano playing at all.

But why wait like I did? Get acquainted with the Solovox right away! Go to your dealer. Tell him you want to play the Solovox yourself. Buy it on convenient terms, if you like. And mail the coupon to get all the details about the Solovox.* Better do it today!

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Hammond Instrument Company, 4244 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois
Without obligation, please send me full information about the Solovox.

Name and Address

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☐ Check, if you also wish full details about the Hammond Organ.

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two weeks on the job, Sammy had learned Bert's fondness for candy and also that he could always sidetrack Bert by mentioning sweets.

"Red ones?" Bert demanded, his face lighting. "I like red ones."

"Sure," Sammy agreed, and carried his set of harness into the shed, Bert shambling after him.

The mail had been distributed when Sammy entered the store. Men lounged against the counter, reading newspapers or letters, and a murmur of voices came from the bar. Sammy waited until Mike Sullivan came through the connecting door between store and saloon, then put a nickel on the counter.

"Give Bert a bag of jelly beans, will you, Mr. Sullivan?" he asked. "I promised him red ones."

Sullivan dropped the nickel in the till and bent over the candy case. Bert took the bag of jelly beans, his big face creased with pleasure, and Lon Goforth, standing by, held out his hand.

"How about passin' 'em around, Bert?" Lon asked. "You ain't goin' to be chinchy, are you?"

Bert held the sack behind him and backed away. "They're mine," he defended. "Sammy gave 'em to me."

BEHIND Bert, Cal McQuade winked at Lon, took one smooth step and snatched the sack.

"Of course Bert's goin' to pass 'em," Cal said. "You ain't a cheap skate, are you, Bert? Here, I'll pass 'em for you." He fended Bert off and held out the sack. Lon Goforth took it and stuffed a handful of candy into his mouth, making a great display of relish. Bert wheeled to Lon who tossed the sack to Cal.

"Damned if it ain't all gone," Cal said, chewing vigorously. "What do you think of that, Bert? Lon's ate all your candy."

Bert Chaffner stamped his feet in helpless rage. There were tears in Bert's eyes and Sammy felt sick.

"Bert was goin' to take that candy to his girl," Cal said. "Now ain't that a shame. What's your girl goin' to think when you don't bring her candy, Bert? I'll bet she won't let you kiss her."

"Damn you!" Bert Chaffner brushed away his tears. "I ain't got a girl. I ain't! I ain't. You stole my candy! Sammy give it to me."

Sammy turned away. If only he was bigger! If only he could hit Lon Goforth, or Cal McQuade. His fists clenched by his sides.

"Ain't you ashamed, Lon?" McQuade demanded solemnly. "Eatin' all that candy so Bert won't have none for his girl. You'll have to buy him a drink for that. Come on, Bert. Lon's goin' to buy a drink."

That was part of the pattern: first the men baited Bert and then they got him drunk, finding amusement in his maudlin babble, in his boasting and bragging as the liquor talked. Lon Goforth took Bert's arm and Cal McQuade came up on the other side. Mike Sullivan had gone into the saloon, and Sammy hurried to the connecting door. He was almost physically sick with the anger and the shame that flared in him.

Sullivan was behind the bar. "Will you lend me a horse, Mr. Sullivan?" Sammy called. "I promised Tom I'd look after his place tonight." Ordinarily Sammy ate supper with Mike Sullivan but now he wanted to get out of the store, away from Lon and Cal and Bert and all the rest.

"Sure, Sammy," Sullivan agreed. "I was worried about that. I promised Tom I'd send someone—but there's no one to send. Take my mare. She's in the barn."

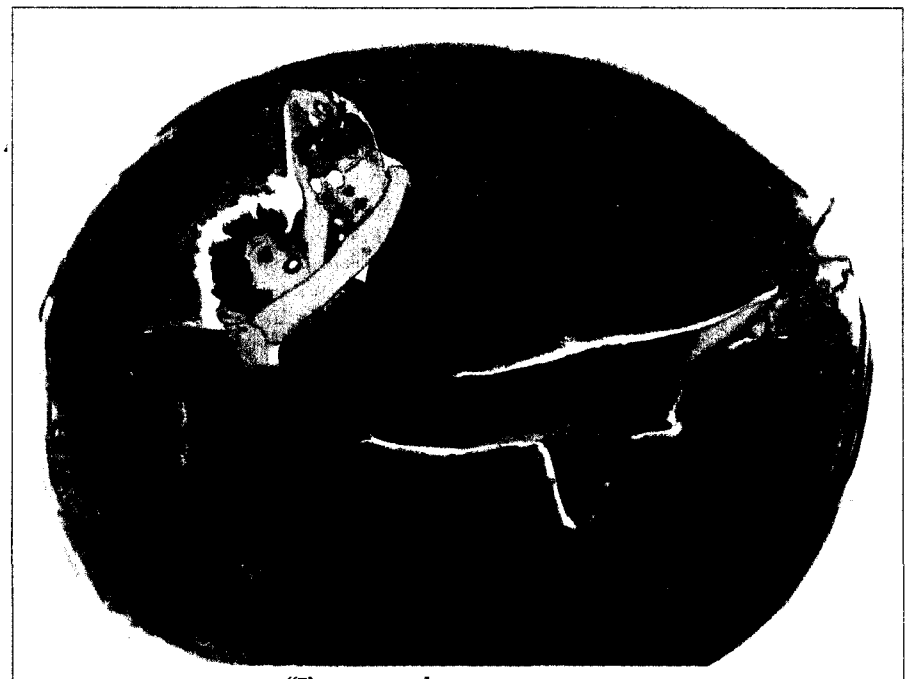
Bert, with Lon and Cal on either side, came through the door as Sammy turned away. Bert pulled back against the men who held him.

"I don't want a drink," he whined. "Lemme go, Lon. I don't want to get drunk." Sammy could still hear his protestations as he left the store and hurried to the barn. . . .

The sun was down but twilight still lingered when Sammy reached Ashley's house. Stars were beginning to appear. The boy slipped down from the bare back of Sullivan's mare, put her in the pen and pulled off her bridle. He took Tom's rifle to the house, picked up the milk bucket and went out.

Not many chores to do: close the chicken-house door, feed the cow and milk her, strain the milk and put it away. As he worked, Sammy lost the sick feeling he had brought from Sullivan's; the quiet and the solitude soothed him. Back in the kitchen he ate half of Mrs. Ashley's pie and drank some milk; then he washed the dishes.

With the rifle loaded with shells from the box on the window ledge, Sammy went out and sat down on the stoop. Twilight had given way to starlight and Tom had said he might get a shot at a coyote slipping in to steal a chicken. The rifle rested on Sammy's legs and he leaned against the house wall and relaxed. It had been a long, long day.



"I've never known a man as easy to entertain as you"

COLLIER'S — GARRETT PRICE

AT NINE o'clock the boy gave up his vigil. He had dozed twice and could fight off sleep no longer. He got up, stretched, and had opened the screen door when he heard a horse coming. When he turned from the door he saw the horse, running through the starlight. It came into the yard, stopped short, and Bert Chaffner tumbled from the saddle.

Running, stumbling as he came, crying and babbling incoherently, Bert reached the stoop. The horse shook itself, turned its head and moved off, the reins dragging; but Sammy did not notice. He caught Bert's arm and stopped him.

"What's the matter, Bert?" Sammy demanded. "What is it?"

"I killed him!" Bert wailed.

Alarm filled Sammy Tipton. He shook Bert's arm. "Killed who?" he demanded. "Tell me what happened."

"I killed Lon. I shot him." Bert pulled away and tried to enter the house but Sammy blocked him. "Hide me," Bert pleaded. "You got to hide me!"

"Sure I'll hide you," Sammy said. He was frightened but he kept his voice level. Bert trembled under the hand Sammy placed on his arm and surely something bad had happened back there at the store. "I'll hide you safe as anything, Bert. Come on with me."

They moved toward the corral. Bert followed willingly enough and for the moment Sammy felt that he was safe; but he was scared. Bert was crazy. He was insane. If only Tom Ashley was at home, or if Mike Sullivan was here, or Sammy's father. They'd know what to do. Maybe Bert *had* killed Lon Goforth, and there was no telling what he would do next. Sammy opened the corral gate, led Bert through and swung open the door of the saddle shed.

"Hide in there, Bert," he said. "That's a good place to hide."

Bert went into the dark shed. Sammy followed him, snatched a bridle from a peg and stepped out. He slammed the door shut, put the hasp over the staple and thrust the peg through.

The gate in the pasture fence by the house was open and Sammy left it so. The second gate also was down, as Bert had left it. Sammy pulled the mare to a stop. This was the outside fence and if the gate stayed down, cattle might stray out. Dismounting, Sammy leaned the rifle against the fence and picked up the gate stick. He had brought the rifle in case Bert should try to break out of the saddle shed. Sammy held the mare's reins and struggled with the gate stick and the loop. The gate was tight but Sammy almost had it fastened when he heard a yell.

It came from the creek bottom and there was a savagery in it that made Sammy drop the gate stick and climb up on the fence. Holding to the gatepost, he peered across the mesquite and saw a clump of riders at the crossing. He couldn't tell who they were, but they rode close together and moved furtively. Sammy dropped down from the wire.

In that moment the boy grew a little older. He was young and he was scared but he remembered Bert Chaffner's tormentors at the store and he recalled Bert's feeble grin and how grateful Bert was for candy, or for a smile and a civil word. Maybe Bert Chaffner had killed Lon Goforth, but even if he had—Sammy bent for the gate stick.

A hard jerk loosened the wire enough so that the loop went on. A dry mesquite bough through the loop twisted it tight, wiring the gate shut. A steady sound of voices and of horses traveling came from below the fence. Sammy caught up the rifle and led the mare off, stopping to hide behind a mesquite clump not fifty yards away. The riders pulled up outside the gate, and now Sammy could see their faces.

Cal McQuade got down. "That damned Bert!" Cal swore. "He's wired it. I told you he ain't crazy."

"Don't fool with the gate." Another man swung down to help Cal. "Kick the fence down. We'll get him! He ain't gone too far."

A wire twanged as a staple gave, and Sammy Tipton wrapped the reins around his hand and raised the rifle to his shoulder. He didn't aim—he pointed the gun off to the right and his finger trembled on the trigger. The gun kicked sharply and the bullet, striking stone, whined in a ricochet. At the gate the mounted men wheeled their horses, and wild yells went up. Cal McQuade and the other dismounted man left the fence. McQuade's horse pulled loose. Cal ran after the horse, shouting, "Whoa, whoa!" Then the whole lot of them went pounding down the road.

Sammy didn't see them go. The mare jumped with the shot, almost jerking loose, and Sammy fought her silently. When finally she stood, hauled back and trembling, the men were gone. Sammy tried to mount—but the mare wanted none of the rifle, and the boy made three tries before the horse let him get on. Then she ran, as though trying to burst the reins.

When Sammy reached Tom Ashley's, the door of the saddle shed was still closed. Sammy opened it. "Come on, Bert," he said, and tried to make his voice casual. "Come on, we're going away from here."

Bert made no answer and Sammy went into the shed to get him. Bert had crawled under a pile of old grain sacks, and he shivered and whimpered when Sammy touched him.

"Come on, Bert," Sammy coaxed. "Come with me. We'll go to Mr. Bucknell's. You always liked Mr. Bucknell, Bert."

Finally Bert was out of the shed and on the mare. Sammy mounted behind him. He held the rifle between himself and Bert and reached around with his free arm to take the reins. It was twelve miles to the Turnbuckle headquarters. Sammy headed the mare east.

THE moon was well down when Sammy and Bert Chaffner arrived at the Turnbuckle. The buildings and the sheds cast long shadows and the house was dark. Sammy beat a tattoo on the door and had raised his hand to knock again when a lamp was lighted. The door opened and Dan Bucknell, nightshirt tucked into his trousers, filled the opening.

"*Now* what the hell?" Bucknell said. Then, recognizing Sammy: "Say, you're Pierce Tipton's kid, ain't you? What are you doing here?"

"I got Bert Chaffner," Sammy said. "Bert killed Lon Goforth an' there's a bunch after him an'—"

"Come in where I can see you," Bucknell interrupted. "Get down off that horse, Bert. Come on in!"

Sammy blinked against the light when he was in the room. Mrs. Bucknell, clad in a kimono, took charge of Bert and led him to a chair. Gwen peered around the edge of a door. Dan Bucknell glared at Sammy and demanded details.

"Tell it an' tell it slow," he ordered, so Sammy collected his wits and told it—told it slow.

"An' you brought him here," Bucknell said when Sammy was done. He stroked his mustache with one big hand and his eyes were narrow as he looked at the boy. "I don't have a man at headquarters; they're all at my north camp, but I guess we can look after it." He walked over and picked up his boots; while he put them on Gwen came out of the bedroom. She was bigger than Sammy remembered; better looking, too.

"Kate," Bucknell said, stamping his feet into his boots, "you put Bert in the back bedroom. He can stay there. You an' me"—he looked at Sammy—"will step outside. I don't think that bunch will show up, but if they do—"

"You're not going out of this house, Dan Bucknell," Mrs. Bucknell inter-

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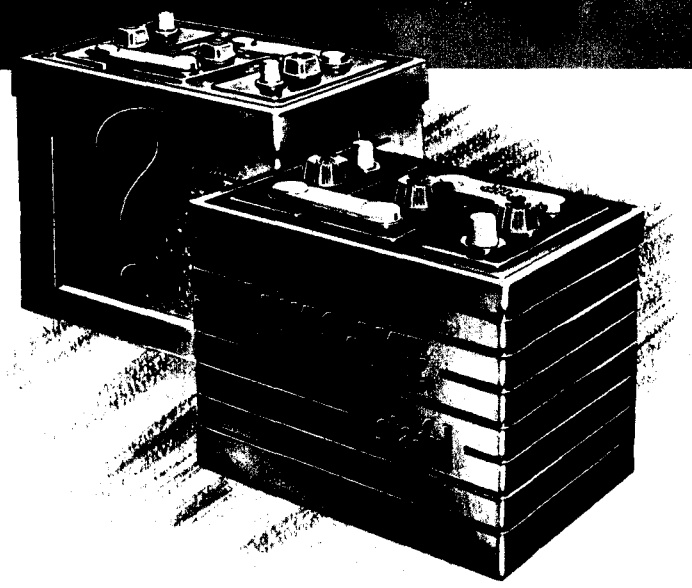

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TUNE IN "SUSPENSE!"...CBS RADIO NETWORK THURSDAYS...CBS TELEVISION TUESDAYS

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rupted firmly. "You'll stay right here with Gwen and me."

"I'll go," Sammy offered. "I can watch all right." With the telling of his story, responsibility had slipped away. It was no longer Sammy's problem; it was Dan Bucknell's, and Sammy wasn't scared at all.

Bucknell looked at him questioningly, and then his hand stroked his mustache again. "I'll get you located," he said, holding the door open for Sammy.

They put the mare in the corral and Dan Bucknell posted Sammy in darkness, under a shed. He told Sammy to lie down and keep looking at the sky line.

"That way you'll skylight 'em if they come," Bucknell explained, "not that I think they will. I know that bunch. Still, if they do, you fire a shot, but don't shoot *at* 'em. Not to begin with, anyhow."

SAMMY promised and Dan Bucknell returned to the house. The silver rim of the moon went out of sight and Sammy lay on the ground, Tom Ashley's rifle out in front of him. The sky was still light and he was sure that he could see anyone who rode against it.

But no one came. A little wind was blowing and the windmill clanked. The mare and a wrangling horse nickered softly in the pen, and what seemed a long time went by. Then the house door opened, and for just an instant before it closed, Sammy saw Gwen Bucknell silhouetted against the light. She came toward him, calling softly, and Sammy answered.

"Over here," he said, getting to his feet. Chinaware rattled as the girl approached.

"I can't see," Gwen complained. "Mama made coffee and I brought you some. There's a piece of cake, too. You'd better sit down. You'll spill the coffee."

They sat side by side in the darkness under the shed. The coffee was hot and strong and Sammy drank thirstily. "Weren't you scared?" Gwen asked.

"Naw," Sammy said. "I wasn't scared." He was silent a moment and then corrected himself. "Yes, I was, too. I was awful scared. I didn't know what to do."

"Mama says you're brave," Gwen said. "She says you did just right. She's got Bert in the back bedroom and he's asleep."

"Wish I was," Sammy said.

"I can watch a while," Gwen offered.

"No. I'll do it."

Silence for a moment while the windmill creaked. Sammy finished the cake and the coffee. Then Gwen said, "I used to see you in school. You graduated, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh." Sammy nodded in the darkness. "I used to see you, too. You were in the seventh grade. I used to see you when I went past your house."

"I'm in the eighth grade this year," Gwen said. "We're going to move back to town; just Mother and me. Papa can't leave the ranch, but he comes in Saturdays."

From the house Mrs. Bucknell called, "Gwen, come in now."

"I've got to go in," Gwen said. She took the dishes and stood up. "Maybe I'll see you in town."

"Sure you will," Sammy agreed. "Say—"

Gwen halted.

"Say," Sammy Tipton said, "there's a party in town Saturday an' I got to take a girl. Would you like to go?"

There was a moment's hesitation. "I'd like to," Gwen said, "if we're in town. I don't know when we're coming in. You'll have to ask Papa."

"Well, if you're in town, will you?"

"If we're in town."

"Gwen," Mrs. Bucknell called again.

When Gwen was gone Sammy lay down beside the rifle and watched the sky. He yawned and yawned again. His head drooped and the rifle stock was cold against his cheek. He had done a day's work and he was tired. . . .

Dan Bucknell awakened Sammy when the east was light. "You're a fine guard, you are," he said, but he was grinning. "You went to sleep on the job. Come on, breakfast's ready."

Mrs. Bucknell had steak and eggs and hot biscuits for breakfast. Gwen was not yet at the table; but Bert was there, his face troubled, as if he didn't know where he was. Mrs. Bucknell was very gentle with Bert. After breakfast Dan Bucknell ran in the horses and harnessed a team and hooked it to his buggy. He put Tom Ashley's rifle and another gun under the seat and tied Sammy's mare to the hames of the off horse.

"I don't know when I'll be back," he told his wife. "I might have to go all the way to Lake City. If Shorty comes in, tell him to get those cattle out of the *ciénaga* and put 'em in the trap. He knows which ones." All three of them, Dan Bucknell and Bert and Sammy, loaded into the buggy. When they drove off, Gwen appeared at the door and waved. They went through the boundary fence to Tom Ashley's pasture and when they reached the Ashley house Bucknell pulled up.

"Nobody's been here," he said. "There's no tracks."

Ashley's outside gate delayed them. They had to cut the loop with fence pliers and make a new one. All the way to town Dan Bucknell frowned and when he spoke his voice was sharp and hard. He was troubled, and Sammy, sitting next to him, could feel his tenseness. Bert, too, was troubled and kept asking where they were going and why he was not at Sullivan's store.

THE sun was well up and it was seven o'clock before they reached Trampa. Mike Sullivan came out of the store and stared at them, and the notions salesman joined Mike.

"Get out and come in," Sullivan ordered.

Bert was first out. He came around the buggy, started up the steps and paused. Mike spoke to him. "Better get busy in the barn," he said casually. "You're late this mornin', Bert."

The troubled expression left Bert's face and he grinned. He was foolish Bert once more; he was at home. "Sure, sure," Bert said, and shambled off toward the wagon yard.

"Where'd you get him?" Mike Sullivan asked when they were in the store. "I was getting ready to go out and look for him."

"Sammy here"—Dan Bucknell jerked his head toward the boy—"brought him to my house around two o'clock this morning. What happened, Mike?"

"I put Cal McQuade to tending bar while I ate supper," Sullivan answered. "The bunch was devilin' Bert, like they always do, an' I didn't think anything of it. I had supper ready when I heard a shot, an' when I got to the saloon Lon was on the floor, bleedin' like a stuck hog and the whole outfit went boilin' out after Bert. Bert had grabbed my gun from behind the bar an' taken a shot at Lon."

"Kill him?"

"No." Sullivan's voice was scornful. "He hardly touched him. Lon started bein' sick all over the saloon and I started after the bunch. I met 'em at the creek, comin' back. They'd been at Ashley's fence, but the gate was wired shut an' somebody took a shot at 'em. They was scared to death."

"That was Sammy," Dan Bucknell said, and there was a gleam in his eyes. "How bad was Lon hurt?"

"He's powder-burnt an' he's lost most of an ear," Mike Sullivan answered, and in his eyes, too, was a little glowing spark. "All them warriors was glad enough to call the whole thing off when I told 'em Lon wasn't dead. They come back to the saloon an' they'd of talked all night if I hadn't chased 'em out. How'd Sammy get mixed up in it?"

"Sammy wired the gate shut," Dan Bucknell said, "an' pulled off a shot. He says he's wasn't tryin' to hit anybody."

"I wisht he had been." Sullivan's voice was suddenly savage. "Damn that bunch! I wisht he'd dropped one of 'em."

There was a pause. Sammy rubbed his toe against the floor and did not look at the men because this wasn't finished yet.

"I've told you, Mike," Dan Bucknell said, his voice stern. "Bert might of killed Lon. An' if it hadn't been for Sammy . . ." He let the words trail off and stop.

"I know you have," Sullivan answered, and Sammy, after a glance, turned his eyes away. Old Mike Sullivan was ashamed. "But damn it, Dan," Sullivan said, "I never thought Bert would blow up. He's always seemed to kind of like bein' teased. It won't happen no more."

There was an instant's silence, then Bucknell asked, "You going to keep Bert here?"

"I'll keep him," Mike Sullivan answered. "Hell, Dan, this is the only place Bert's got."

The drummer, who had been fidgeting and looking at his watch, now broke in. "I don't want to hurry you," the drummer said, "but I've got a train to catch." The words recalled Sammy to duty. He forgot Bert Chaffner and Mike Sullivan and Dan Bucknell.

"Gosh!" said Sammy, and started for the door. "I'll hitch right up."

When the mail cart was ready, Sammy brought it around in front of the store. Bert was eating candy—red jelly beans—on the step, and Sammy asked him to hold the team. He got Tom Ashley's rifle from the Bucknell buggy and carried it inside, interrupting something Dan Bucknell was telling Sullivan. He asked Mike to give Tom the rifle and Mike said that he would. Mike and Dan Bucknell and the drummer all looked gravely at Sammy. The drummer carried out his sample cases and Mike went for the mail sacks. Sammy put the rifle on the counter. There was something on Sammy's mind.

"Mr. Bucknell," he said, "do you go to town much these days?"

"Some." There was a query in Dan Bucknell's eyes. "Why?"

"Because—" Sammy devoted his attention to the rifle, not looking at Dan Bucknell. "I thought maybe you'd be in Saturday, and if you were I thought maybe I could take Gwen to a party I've got to go to."

Dan Bucknell's lips twitched under his mustache. He'd heard about the party. He cleared his throat and he had trouble with his voice.

"Seems to me Mrs. Bucknell did mention havin' some business in town," Dan said. "Yes, Sammy. We'll be in."

Mike Sullivan came out of the post office with the mail sacks.

IT WAS almost dark when Sammy reached Lake City. He left the mail at the post office and dropped the drummer at the saloon before he drove the cart into the livery barn and turned it over to the hostler. The blacksmith shop was closed and Sammy headed home. There was a light in the kitchen, where Pierce and Martha were just finishing with supper.

"You're late," Pierce said when Sammy entered. "Just get in?"

"Yes, sir." Sammy hung his hat on its peg and headed for the wash bench. "I got a late start."

Martha dished up hash and put green beans on Sammy's plate. Pierce stood up and said, "I'll go along to lodge, Martha. I won't be late." The screen door slammed behind him. Sammy used the towel and ran the comb through his hair. He sat down at the table.

There was a crust on the hash, just the way he liked it, and there were green onions to go with the beans. Sammy buttered his bread, the whole slice at once, and took a drink of milk. Martha Tipton dipped water from the stove reservoir into the dishpan.

"I worry about you when you're late," she said. "Sometimes I'm sorry I ever let you take that job."

"Aw, Mama," Sammy said in a long-suffering voice, "you're always saying that. The job's all right. All I do is drive a team."

"Well, maybe." Martha Tipton was plainly not convinced. "But sometimes I think—" She did not finish saying what she thought. She carried the dishes to the sink while Sammy mopped his plate with his last bite of bread. There was pie on the table. He helped himself to pie while dishes clattered in the dishpan.

"Say, Mama," Sammy said. "I got a girl for Saturday. I'm goin' to take Gwen Bucknell. Is that all right?" THE END

"Junior's sitter can't come tonight. She's on a diet!"

COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

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Slide, Fujimura, Slide!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

uniforms, right down to the heavy woolen socks! How they were able to endure it I shall never know.

In Hiroshima, as in any city in Japan, the pregame ceremonies for every contest are as elaborate as those marking the annual big-league opening at Griffith Stadium in Washington, D.C. And, as in America, these ceremonies culminate, in Japan, with the throwing out of the first ball by a dignitary.

In this situation the ball was presented to Mayor Hamai who carefully placed himself in position for the initial heave. Then, to my great surprise, he threw an erratic blooper that went far wide of the mark.

I found it difficult to square this awkward toss with the mayor's sharpshooting when he was pitching to me the day before.

"Harry," I said, turning to the mayor's American-born aide, Harry Uneda, "is something wrong with Mayor Hamai's arm?"

"Oh, no," Harry said. "That's the way the mayor always throws out the first ball."

Mystified, I pressed Harry for an explanation. It turned out that two years earlier, when the mayor officiated at his first game after taking office, he threw a perfect strike for the opening pitch.

This displeased the fans. They had seen American newsreel shots of opening-day ceremonies and were convinced that a blooper toss by a dignitary was a real part of baseball tradition. When you combine the Japanese reverence for tradition with their love of baseball, you've got something to conjure with. Mayor Hamai has since been careful not to repeat the sacrilege.

At least one baseball tradition in Japan, however, has been discarded. Before the war, the teams would line up facing each other at the start of each game and bow very properly to the umpires out of respect for constituted authority. But General Douglas MacArthur's democratization program discourages fawning before authority, so now the pregame bowing is out. Japanese umpires today are treated like umpires anywhere, as I discovered shortly after the game between the Hawks and the Tigers got under way.

The second man up for the Tigers poled one through the outfield and tried to stretch the hit into a triple. He was cut down on a close play at third base. Immediately, the entire Tiger bench stormed out onto the field, the manager jawing about two inches from the umpire's face in the best Leo Durocher manner. After about two minutes of lipping, the umpire drew a line with his right foot and informed the manager that one step over that line would give him a pass to the showers.

That quelled the uprising, but the rhubarb was good while it lasted.

They Talk Good Baseballese

All baseball terms and decisions—strikes, balls, yer-outs, single, double, triple, homer, stolen base, double play, etc.—are in standard American baseballese. An announcer keeps up a running commentary over the public address system in Japanese peppered with such English phrases as "nice catch" or "safe slide." When the players got into an argument with the umpire over a decision, I could pick out of the hubbub such cries as "Robber!" and "Safe! Safe!" This, plus the fact that the names of teams are spelled in English letters across the players' uniforms, made the Pacific Ocean seem smaller than a frog pond.

What kind of baseball do the Japanese big-leaguers play? On this particular afternoon in Hiroshima, the teams were on a scoring spree reminiscent of one of those Dodger-Philly adding-machine specials. The final score, as I remember it, was Tigers 13, Hawks 10.

Each side came up with two or three bobbles, but there were several fancy infield plays and a running outfield catch that would have drawn applause in any major-league park back home. One of the slickest maneuvers of the afternoon was a double play—from first to second and then back to first again—that began with a running backhand gloved catch of a hard grounder drilled about 10 feet in back of first base. The first baseman got a perfect throw off to second base while off balance, and the shortstop fired the ball back to first on the dead run.

As for the errors, the wonder was not that there were so many but that, considering the condition of the infield, there were so few. Grass is out of the question because of the intense heat; the infield, while thoroughly cleared of all stones, is almost as hard and fast as a board floor. Most balls hit along the ground travel like cannon shots.

Despite the high score, there were only three or four long hits that were good for two bases or better. One of these drives, the only home run in the game, was a towering shot that took off like a golf ball and cleared the 370-foot barrier in left field.

It came off the bat of Fumiyo Fujimura, one of the big baseball names in Japan, who up to that moment had hit 31 four-baggers in 98 games.

Handshakes at Home Plate

Fujimura's round-tripper came in the second inning with the bases loaded with Tigers—all of whom, upon arriving at home plate, waited with outstretched arms to shake the hand of the cleanup hero in one of the most familiar of all baseball rituals. It was duly recorded by the newspaper photographers present.

As Fujimura walked to the bench, I realized that his blast had won him nothing like the thunderous ovation I had naturally assumed would be the crowd's automatic response to a home run with the bases loaded. Once again I turned to the mayor's aide for the answer—and found it entirely plausible.

The Japanese expect baseball to provide them with high competitive drama, and they love a close game fought right down to the wire.

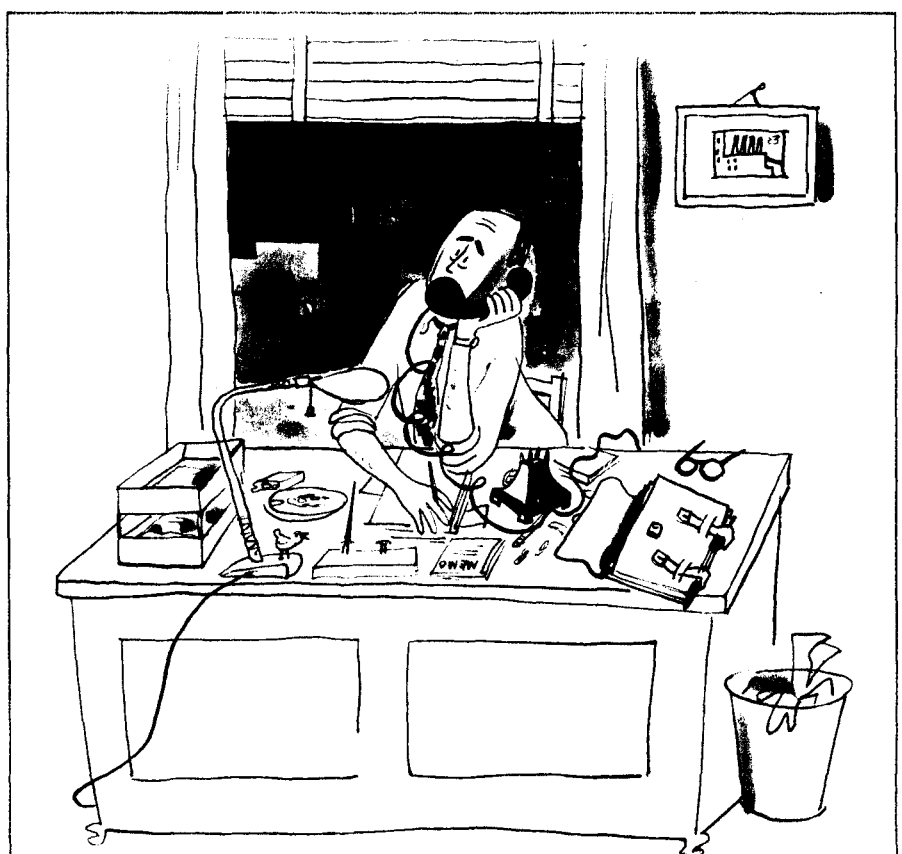
Since the Tigers were three runs to the good before Fujimura cleared the bases, the customers felt that a 7-0 score going into the third inning meant that the game had been salted away too early.

Tiger Fireman to the Rescue

As the Hawks began to fight back, however, picking up two runs in the fourth and another pair in the fifth, the crowd began to perk up. Both teams broke out with a rash of runs in the seventh: the Tigers scoring five to bring their total up to twelve, and the Hawks coming back with four in the bottom half of the inning. For a while, it looked as though the Hawks might draw even, for all their runs were scored with none out. But the Tiger pitcher, who had wilted badly in the intense heat, was lifted and the relief hurler, who could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, had what it took to put out the fire.

My total impression of the game was that the playing was on a level somewhere between Double A and Triple A ball in the American minor leagues, although some of the players looked like potential major-league material. Except for Fujimura, they didn't show too much in the way of long-ball hitting. As for fielding, it may have been the sun, but most of the outfielders seemed about a half step too slow in getting started after a ball was hit.

The infielders did extremely well under the circumstances. They had good, sure hands, but on difficult chances they generally didn't get enough steam behind their long throws from deep shortstop or third base in time to nab a really fast runner. Base stealing was conservative,



COLLIER'S

"I have to work all night, dear—the doctor ordered me to take tomorrow off"

KATE OSANN

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COLLIER'S "He wants me to be engaged to only him" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

but there was no reluctance to try for an extra base on hits to the outfield.

I could not help but wonder how much of the playing skill I saw was due to Lefty O'Doul, manager of the San Francisco Seals, a team which is now in Japan on a good-will tour.

Next to Babe Ruth, O'Doul is the most celebrated American baseball name in Japan. He wasn't far behind the Babe in capturing the fancy of the Japanese on the 1934 tour. At that time, the toughest opposition that could be mustered against the Americans came from college teams. Professional baseball was nonexistent.

Before O'Doul returned to the States, however, he helped the Japanese in setting up a play-for-pay league which began operating the very next year. The Tokyo Giants, in fact, were largely O'Doul's creation and he still holds stock in the enterprise.

This is O'Doul's first visit to Japan since '34. The Jap players he is meeting on this trip are taller, heavier, faster than the college boys of 15 years ago. So far as the added height is concerned, O'Doul deserves some of the credit, at least. Whenever he was asked for advice as to how they might improve as baseball players, O'Doul told them to stop sitting on their legs, as is the Japanese fashion, and to start using chairs. He warned them that squatting would give them short bowlegs, and that bowlegs were no asset on the diamond.

O'Doul and his men are in Japan as guests of General MacArthur and the National Baseball Congress of America for Japan, an organization of which General William F. Marquat is commissioner. General Marquat's job corresponds to Happy Chandler's in many respects, except that the general is concerned more with developing the game on all levels than with disciplining liphappy managers or making sure that club owners follow the book in buying or selling players.

Each day to Commissioner Marquat's office in the Forestry Building in Tokyo come Japanese of all ages, seeking information and help in their baseball problems. The headmaster or principal of a high school would like to enter his team in an interscholastic tournament and needs help in getting equipment and time on a regular diamond for practice sessions. A group of former college players have decided they might like to organize a professional team and want to know how to get started. A ten-year-old boy wanders in and asks to see some photographs of American big-league ballplayers in action.

When Arguments Wax Hot

And there's an endless stream of questions to settle arguments about baseball, on and off the diamond. It's not unusual in the middle of a game, especially during a heated dispute over an umpire's decision, to have the players threaten to carry the issue right up to General Marquat. And some of them actually do.

General Marquat's office, which operates under the American occupation, has worked out a schedule of 14 games on the Seals' tour. It calls for the O'Doul troupe to be in Osaka—not more than an overnight trip from Hiroshima—just about now. If Lefty ever gets to Hiroshima itself, I hope he manages to pay a visit to the Yamashita Orphanage for children whose parents were killed in the atomic explosion. And I hope Mrs. Yamashita asks him the same question she asked me.

"There is a sixteen-year-old boy here," she told me. "He plays baseball. He is a pitcher. He pitches with his left arm. What it is you call him, a southboy? He plays on the orphanage team and he is the best player his age we have ever seen. He is a strong boy. Ask the mayor. The mayor played against him at the outing the other day and was not able to hit the ball.

"We think the boy will make a great pitcher. We think someday, maybe, he will be good enough to play in America. When you go back to America, perhaps you can arrange for him to have a chance."

I told Mrs. Yamashita that I would do my best. THE END

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YEAR ?

Leon Hart, Notre Dame's giant end, is the fastest big man in football and the most irresistible gridiron force since fabled Bronko Nagurski

ACME

NOTRE DAME held a comfortable three-touchdown lead over Illinois in the opening game of the 1946 season when Coach Frank Leahy decided to exercise his third-string linemen.

"Hart!" Leahy called down the bench, "where's Leon Hart?"

A big eager kid with a crew haircut reached for his headguard, dropped it, kicked it, picked it up and finally came trotting up to Leahy. "You want me, Coach?"

"Leon," Leahy patted the big kid on the back, "you're only a freshman—a seventeen-year-old freshman. This is your first game and I expect you to be nervous. You're up against older, more experienced opponents, but remember this: if I didn't have confidence in you, Leon, I wouldn't send you into the game.

"Now," Leahy's hand cracked down hard across the seat of the big kid's pants, "get in there at right end for Zilly."

Supercharged with high-octane oratory, Hart spun away from Leahy—and crashed into halfback Bob Livingstone, who was returning to the bench for a breather. Down went Livingstone flat on his back and Hart ran right over him, from north to south, planting a cleated, size-13 shoe on Bob's face in transit.

When Livingstone regained consciousness and learned the identity of his assailant, he turned in a highly flattering report on the accident to trainer Hugh Burns.

"You know," Bob enthused, "that Hart's going to be all right. Nobody ever hit me that hard before."

"Yes," Burns agreed, applying an adhesive bandage to Livingstone's chin, "but first he's got to learn that he's on our side."

Hart was a comparatively callow youth of six feet, 3 inches and 225 pounds when the Livingstone knockout transpired. In the intervening three years—thanks to regular hours, a balanced diet, plenty of fresh Indiana air, and a course of scientific football exercises devised and administered by Coach Leahy—Leon has grown to sturdy manhood. Current dimensions: six feet, 4 inches; 245 pounds—and nobody has any doubts any more about whose side he's on.

Not quite coincidentally, Hart and the Notre Dame postwar success streak (26 victories and two ties at the start of the '49 campaign) grew up together. On the South Bend campus, where large athletes are something less than a novelty, Leon has his own private nickname—the Monster. Scouts for 17 pro teams, who have observed the Monster this fall, are unanimously convinced that No. 82 at right end for Notre Dame is the most irresistible football force since Minnesota's Bronko Nagurski.

The Bronk was smaller than the Monster (six feet; 204 pounds), but what power! In one of his more irresistible moments during the 1929 season, the Bronk was at fullback for Minnesota against Northwestern—Minnesota's ball, fourth down and goal to go, on Northwestern's 12-yard line. It was a scoring situation which usually called for trickery and high strategy, but this time the prescien Minnesota quarterback ordered a fundamental maneuver based on a minimum of deception and a maximum of Nagurski. "The Bronk," he directed, "right down the middle."

W-H-A-M! The Bronk cannonballed off right guard, pistoned over the goal line, caromed through the end zone and rammed a low wall of 100-pound sandbags in front of the bleachers. Three bags toppled. Touchdown!

That bag-busting touchdown by the Bronk was

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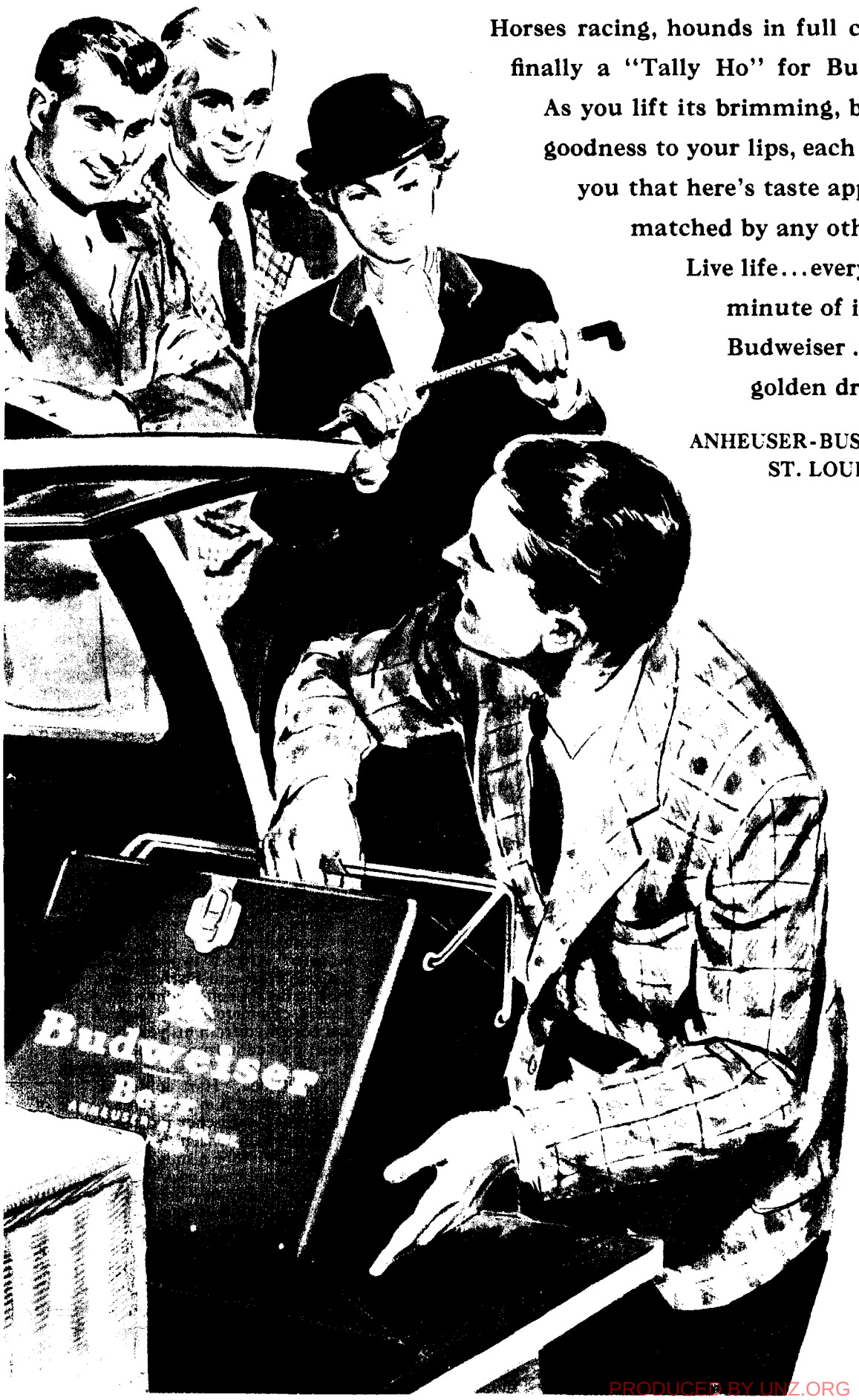

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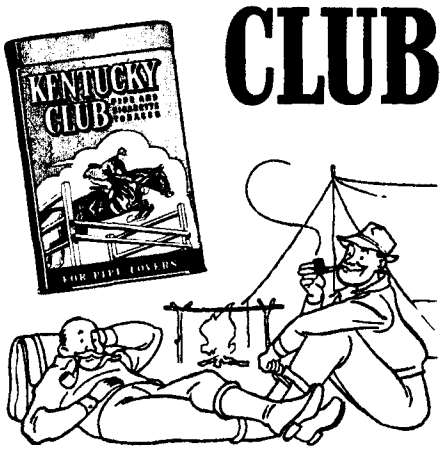

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the accepted yardstick of football power until Notre Dame's Hart rumbled 25 yards through Southern Cal in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum last December. Leahy, who has reviewed the movies of the Monster's touchdown at least 20 times since, testifies: "Eight Southern California lads had their arms around Leon at various times after he caught that short pass from Frank Tripucka, but Leon just ran over them and left them for dead. It was the most destructive run I've ever seen."

Hunk Anderson, line coach of the Chicago Bears, always has had an eye for a well-turned muscle. "When Hart was a sophomore," says Hunk, "I thought he was the finest end in college football, but he was growing so fast I was sure he'd lose speed and be forced to shift to tackle or guard. But he hasn't slowed a bit. He's the niftiest, fastest big man in football, pro or college."

Twenty years ago Hart, like Nagurski, would have been stationed at fullback to make maximum offensive use of his weight and power. Nagurski rumbled from a single-wing formation, which provided him with five to seven yards of runway to pick up speed before smashing the line. But in this high-geared T-formation era, fullbacks (starting only three to four yards behind center) rely more on quick acceleration and breakthrough speed than crunching power.

"If we ran Hart from fullback," Leahy points out, "Leon would not start fast enough to reach maximum speed at the scrimmage line and he would be a relatively slow-moving target for tacklers. However, by working from right end, Leon has plenty of running space in which to gain momentum before he receives the ball, either on a forward pass or end-around plays on which he runs 15 to 20 yards laterally before striking downfield."

Last season Hart was used sparingly but effectively on surprise end-around thrusts and averaged 9.8 yards—the highest mark among Irish ball carriers. He was Leahy's most successful pass receiver—grabbing 16 for 231 yards. He also blocked, tackled and maintained an 83.5 average in mechanical engineering, one of the toughest opponents on Notre Dame's academic schedule.

The Perfect Roommate

On campus the Monster lives in room number 325 Walsh Hall with Bill Wightkin, another M.E. student who plays varsity left end. Wightkin weighs all of 200 pounds and carries an honor academic rating: 83.6. Never before, avers Charles Callahan, the Irish publicist, has there been quite so much brain and brawn crammed into one room on the Notre Dame campus, or probably any other campus.

Wightkin often remarks fondly that the Monster has grown up to be a perfect roommate. "What I really mean," Bill amends, "is that he's outgrown my shirts but I can wear his. The turning point came on the Southern Cal trip last year. He stretched my new sport shirt around his 18½ neck, went into the diner, sneezed—and popped the top button across the aisle onto a lady's plate. The Monster was terribly embarrassed, as he should have been, and he's kept his neck out of my shirts ever since."

At this point it might be pertinent to mention the Monster's full measurements, as recorded and sworn to by trainer Hugh Burns on the first day of fall practice: ankles, 10½ inches; calves, 17½; thighs, 25; waist, 35½; chest, 46; neck, 18½; wrists, 8½; biceps, 14½. His hands are not much larger than a 10-pound ham.

Fortunately, number 325 is a bay-window room sufficiently spacious to accommodate 445 pounds of prime football muscle and furnished with one armchair, two desks, one portable radio and two single beds (neither of which fits the Monster).

"I don't see how he ever gets to sleep," Wightkin says, "because he has to stick his feet through the iron grillwork at the foot of the bed. And once he gets them in the correct dangling position, he can't roll or turn over. Not that I'm complaining. It keeps him from snoring. And he looks like he'd be a very loud snorer."

Sound sleep is essential during the football season, because the Monster puts in a busy, 16½-hour day. He's up at six thirty every morning for Mass. Breakfast is at seven. Classes start at eight. There is a squad meeting with the coaches at noon, then lunch. Classes resume at one fifteen. Football practice runs from three thirty to five thirty. Dinner at six fifteen. From seven thirty until 11:00 P.M. (when the hall rector turns off the lights) is study time.

Theoretically Monday is the easiest day of the week. "There's no practice for the first and second teams," Hart explains, "providing Leahy is satisfied with our game performance the previous Saturday afternoon.

"However, if he thinks we showed some definite weakness, we turn out and correct it. Iowa completed a lot of passes on us last year, so we practiced pass defense for two hours on Monday afternoon . . . although I didn't think our defense was so weak. Iowa just did some mighty fine pitching and catching."

Tuesday there is light scrimmage ("The coaches give us special plays which should work against our next opponent"). Wednesday, heavy scrimmage ("We really bump heads"). Thursday, dummy scrimmage ("Mostly work on our defenses for Saturday"). Friday, easy work ("Enough running to make us sweat a little").

Notre Dame football players are excused from Saturday classes on the mornings of home games. So Hart sleeps until eight thirty, then at nine attends Mass with the team. A combined breakfast-lunch of oatmeal, steak and baked potato is served at ten. The players go to the stadium dressing room for taping at eleven thirty.

"Once you're taped," Hart says, "you put on pants and a T-shirt and lie around on the floor on big mats. Leahy calls it the 'period of contemplation.' You're supposed to think through your individual assignments—get them firmly in mind—then go to sleep. But I've never been able to sleep. We have 25 defensive variations. By the time I review my assignments, it's ten minutes to one—and Leahy's sending us out on the field to warm up."

Pregame warmups last 20 minutes. Then Leahy takes the squad back to the dressing room for an inspirational message which varies in length in inverse proportion to the strength of the opposition. Before the 1948 Pitt game (Notre Dame, 40; Pitt, 0) Leahy orated for ten minutes to dispel complacency. Before the cherished 1947 victory which terminated the Army series, Leahy said only three words: "Army is waiting."

Hart, a quiet, thorough workman, frequently does not expend three words in an entire game. "The only time you hear him," says Line Coach Johnny Druze, "is when he blocks somebody."

Actually there is no reason for Hart to talk during working hours, even though he is co-captain of the '49 squad with Jim Martin, an equally taciturn tackle. In the Leahy system, the center orders defensive formations and the quarterback calls the offensive plays. Other combatants—including co-captains—speak when they're spoken to.

Inspiration to His Team

When veteran quarterback Frank Tripucka was injured in the '48 Southern Cal game, Notre Dame's attack sagged temporarily under rookie replacement Bob Williams. "Never mind," Captain Moose Fischer encouraged Williams in the huddle, "run a couple of plays over me. We'll get rolling."

"Sure," Hart spoke up, "I can handle my man."

Williams gave the Moose and the Monster a look. "Pipe down," he ordered. "I'm running this team—and I'll call the plays."

Hart grins when he recalls the incident. "Williams was right too. We had a lot of respect for him after that."

In his own quiet way Hart is a tremendous inspiration to his teammates, especially the third- and fourth-stringers who scrimmage the varsity at least twice a week. "Sure, I want to make the traveling squad and play in the games and earn a monogram," a fourth-team halfback admitted recently. "But there's another big reason why I keep digging to get up on that first team. I want to be on Hart's side instead of against him. Maybe I should have gone to Michigan State or Iowa—then I'd only have to play him once a year."

Leahy believes there is nothing like a long, hard scrimmage to separate the men from the boys. When the varsity is unavailable for head-bumping sessions, the third and fourth teams scrimmage each other. The fittest survive and move into varsity vacancies.

Example: when Art Murakowski scurried 93 yards last November to put Northwestern ahead of the Irish 7 to 6 in the third quarter, Notre Dame's outlook was bleak. Leahy's best ball carriers—Terry Brennan, Pep Panelli, Mike Swistowicz and Emil Sitko—were benched with injuries. In this emergency, Leahy called on a third-string fullback named Jack Landry, who battered Northwestern's robust line (which later outcharged California in the Rose Bowl) and set up the winning touchdown.

"Pretty tough, going in there cold against Sarkisian and those other big guys in the Northwestern line," a reporter suggested in the dressing room.

"They were tough," Landry agreed, "but so were Martin and Hart and Fischer—last Wednesday afternoon."

There is no evidence that any amount of football exercise ever fatigues the Monster. After a two-hour scrimmage last fall, Hart and Fischer were trotting back to the dressing room when they noticed a commercial jeep (which Leahy had borrowed from his younger brother, Tom) parked in front of the stadium.

"Let's move it," Fischer suggested.

"Good idea," Hart approved.

"If we move it in between a couple of those poles"—Fischer indicated the line of posts which fenced the stadium parking area—"it'll be a snug fit."

"Take the front end," Hart ordered.

It *was* a snug fit—only two inches of clearance—but they shouldered the jeep between the posts.

"I understand Leahy had quite a time getting out," Hart recalls. "He couldn't jockey it—there wasn't room to turn

The Edgewise Word

I listen to monologues, hold and desist,
Awaiting my chance for a counterattack.
The trouble with most conversations is this:
Everyone wants to get into the yak.

—LEONARD A. PARIS

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the front wheels—and the jeep was a little too heavy for him to lift. He finally got a shovel and dug up one of the posts."

Ever since Hart's clumsy debut against Illinois four autumns ago, the lachrymose Leahy has been predicting defeat upon disaster for Notre Dame. Despite the continuous and often ludicrous disparity between Leahy's Friday-afternoon forecasts and the Saturday results, Hart and his muscular associates believe every weeping word Leahy utters. A psychologist might have difficulty understanding this mass credulity, but Hart has an explanation.

"If Leahy wasn't pessimistic," Hart asks, "who would be? He doesn't really convince us that we *will* lose, but he does make us realize that we *can* lose.

"That's a much better mental approach to a ball game, believe me, than dreaming about your own strong points and the opponent's weak spots."

Hails from Turtle Creek

The Monster was not always a monster. Indeed, little Leon was so scrawny in his ninth year that his mother took him to a doctor who performed a tonsillectomy. Undoubtedly it was the correct diagnosis because little Leon started to grow up in a hurry. He was five eleven, 194 pounds and fourteen years old in 1943, when he departed Wilkins Junior High School to enroll in the sophomore class at near-by Turtle Creek High School.

Pin-pointing the geographical location of Turtle Creek is the Monster's pet peeve. "Everybody knows," he informs constantly curious teammates, "that Turtle Creek is a heavy-industry city on the outskirts of Pittsburgh."

By spring of 1946, Hart was six two, 225 pounds, an honor-roll senior, the most widely coveted football end and basketball center in the Pittsburgh area —and any number of college football scouts knew the exact geographical location of Turtle Creek. Leon began to receive numerous queries from contact men for benevolent alumni associations who were intensely interested in helping deserving young men get ahead in life (with a football under one arm, naturally). Invariably these queries were followed up by invitations to spend a quiet week end on the campus, inspecting ivy-covered walls, meeting coaches, etc.

Leon was not adverse to travel. He saw the sights of Old Broadway with affable Columbia alumni. In Philadelphia he inspected the crack in the Liberty Bell with genial Penn grads. Finally, at ten o'clock on a rainy May evening, the telephone rang in the South Bend home of Edward (Moose) Krause, then Notre Dame's coach of football linemen.

Mrs. Elise Krause answered and a voice said, "This is Leon Hart. Will you please tell Mr. Krause I'm at the railroad station?"

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Krause replied, "my husband has been in bed all day. He has a very bad cold but I'll tell him you called, Mr. Hart, and—"

T-H-U-M-P! From the bedroom there came a ceiling-shaking crash, as though a 250-pound Notre Dame line coach named Krause had jumped out of bed, which he had. Then a hoarse voice shouted, "Hart? Tell him to wait. I'll be right down to get him."

"—and, Mr. Hart," Mrs. Krause concluded, "if you'll just wait where you are for a few minutes, my husband will pick you up in his car."

Two hours later Coach Krause was back home, sneezing contentedly and sipping a hot, buttered punch. "Couldn't get a hotel room this late," he reported, "but I planted him in Sorin Hall for the night. I think he liked the campus."

"Pneumonia," sniffed Mrs. Krause, "that's what you'll get—running around in pouring rain with a fever."

Krause sneezed again. "But this young man is only seventeen—and he weighs 225."

"No football player," Mrs. Krause insisted, "is worth pneumonia."

"You only say that," Coach Krause objected, "because you've never seen Hart."

Hart liked Krause. He liked the campus. He decided to settle down.

Man and boy, as a star tackle, All-America basketball center, line coach, and now director of athletics, Krause has performed some valuable services for Notre Dame. But it may well be, in future years, that his pneumonia-defying dash to the railroad station will come to be regarded as his finest night's work for his alma mater.

In campus vernacular, Hart is a "ride man." That is, he receives a full scholarship ride (room, board and tuition) for his services (exclusive of football) to the university. Specifically, Leon assists the priest-prefect in charge of the third floor of Walsh Hall.

Acting as Assistant Prefect

Nightly at ten o'clock Hart takes bed check, making certain that the 63 students on his floor are present or accounted for (a few may have permission to visit South Bend until midnight). Every morning at six thirty Hart makes the rounds again to rouse heavy sleepers for Mass in the hall chapel.

Part of the work of an assistant prefect is maintaining a reasonable amount of quiet during study hours. Several evenings after Hart reported for duty at the dorm, he was summoned by the floor prefect, Father De Baggis.

"Leon," the priest said, "there seems to be a rather loud bridge game at the end of the corridor. See what you can do about it."

Hart dropped in on the game. "Fellows," he said, "I'm trying to study. Mind keeping things a little quieter?"

The players looked at Leon and didn't mind one bit. Walsh's third floor has been a haven for scholars ever since. As one resident remarked recently, "It's so quiet around here nights, you can hear Hart grow."

Three years of snowballing prominence has not altered Hart's taste for the simple things in life. Recently a newspaperman was interviewing Leon in the coffeeshop of a South Bend hotel. It was an afternoon following a somewhat alcoholic night for the newsman, who was feeling the need of a stimulus stronger than caffein.

After learning that Hart intended to play pro ball next fall for the team which offered him the most money *and* a substantial engineering opportunity, the reporter groaned, "What I need is a long, cold drink. Know where I can get one?"

"Well"—Leon thought a moment—"if you don't mind walking a few blocks, I know where you can get the best drink of root beer in town."

Hart was never more than 40 miles from Pittsburgh prior to the spring of 1946, when the B.A.A.A. (Benevolent Alumni Association of America) sponsored his educational survey of Eastern and Middle Western universities. Since then Leon has been getting around plenty.

"Road trips are a lot of fun," Leon declares. "There is only one squad meeting a day and the rest of the time is your own. You get a chance to study—although, to be honest about it, I never study much on trips—and you meet a lot of nice people."

Somewhere in Arizona, en route to Los Angeles last December, Hart was late for dinner. Roommate Wightkin found him in a day coach—bottle-feeding a baby.

"You're going to miss dinner," Wightkin warned.

"I know"—the Monster was juggling the baby in his left hand—"but this fellow looked so little and his mother looked so tired"—the Monster waved the bottle at a slender woman dozing across the aisle—"I had to help out."

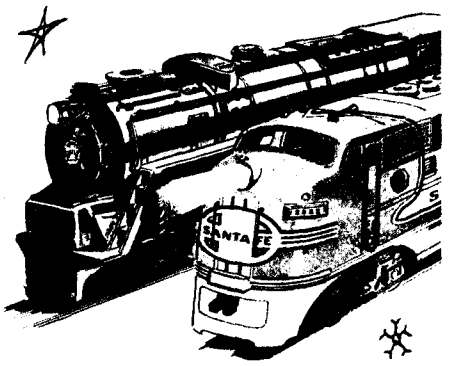
"Ever feed a baby before?"

"No."

"Aren't you afraid you might hurt it?"

"Hurt it?" There was surprise in the Monster's voice. "How in the world could I hurt a baby?" THE END

Lionel trains this Christmas



Here is, undoubtedly, the greatest Father-Son Christmas gift in the world! —LIONEL TRAINS!—With reasonable care they will last a lifetime — therefore, a most economical purchase. They are real trains in everything but size. They puff clean white smoke — and have built-in remote-control whistles. Here, indeed, is fun, and excitement, and immeasurable happiness. Lionel train sets priced as low as $15.95. See them at your favorite store. Lionel Accessories priced as *low* as 85c. Ask to see the new Lionel Construction Kits —priced from $4.95.

- New 1949 Lionel Train Catalog in full color.
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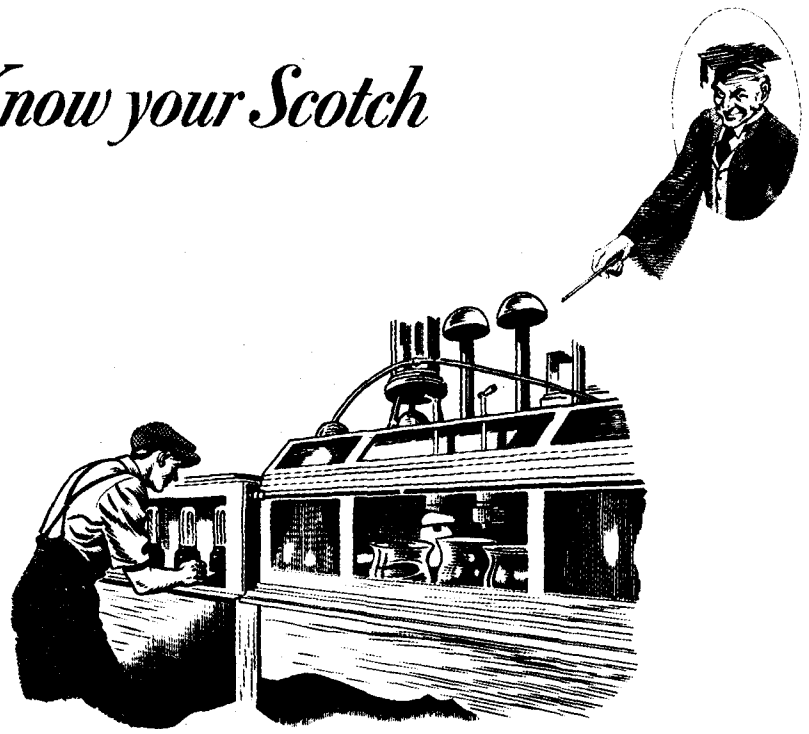
Know your Scotch



It is the still-master who, in the last analysis, determines the character of the whisky produced at the Teacher's Distillery. Once the still is in operation, he sits in front of the spirits safe—a big, transparent valve—checking his instruments and watching the flow of newborn whisky from the spirit still. His judgment, born of years of experience, determines the precise moment when the whisky is at its best.

No. 8 in a series of informative advertisements.

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The Girl Who Didn't Go Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Jean carries on the rest of her life as if Hughes had never been born. She goes her own way, with her usual independence. Most of the time her revolts are limited to such inoffensive actions as wearing blue jeans on the lot—but in the summer of 1948 she took a stand that shook her studio to its foundations. She refused to act in two pictures, Sand and Yellow Sky.

For a twenty-one-year-old contract player, who had been in Hollywood a scant two years, her refusal was heresy. It is customary only for big-time stars to reject scripts. Friends winced for her future—but Jean considered her attitude extremely reasonable.

Role Was Too Sexy for Her

"I frankly thought Sand was a very poor script," she says, "and I didn't want to do Yellow Sky for another reason. The girl in it was too sexy. I'd already played a low-necked role in Captain from Castile, and I didn't want to establish myself as that type. I just said I wouldn't act in it."

The outraged executives at her studio removed the independent Miss Peters from the pay roll. For a month she was in disgrace and on suspension—and then she was invited back on the lot for the lead in It Happens Every Spring. All the Hollywoodites who had automatically ceased bowing to her, hastily resumed friendly relations, and Jean was permanently labeled as a rugged individual.

Typical of her independent spirit was her reaction when she was offered her first Hollywood contract. Jean had won the contest for Miss Ohio State during her sophomore year at Ohio State University, and part of the award was a trip to Hollywood. While there, in January, 1946, she was given a screen test. She was on the train headed back for the spring term at Ohio State when a telegram was delivered to the train in the middle of the night. Jean's chaperon shook her awake. Jean had been given a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox.

"Well, I still have to finish the school year," she said sleepily, and went back to sleep. And over the studio's repeated protests, she did finish the year. In June she was driven West by her mother and sister, who then returned to Ohio. She made her first Hollywood home with a transplanted Ohio farm couple, living in a bungalow unhampered by a phone.

The Peters story is deep-rooted in the young star's Ohio childhood. She was born Elizabeth Jean Peters 22 years ago in East Canton, Ohio, of Welsh ancestry on both sides. Her sister Shirley was two years old, and Jean ten, when their father, an engineer, died. With the insurance money, their widowed mother built a row of tourist cabins a few miles out of town and started to build a home for herself and her two daughters. But shortly after the foundations and rough framework of the house were up, America braced herself for war. Carpenters and masons became almost nonexistent. From then on, the job was up to Mrs. Peters and thirteen-year-old Jean.

"We moved into rooms over the completed garage," Jean says, "and Mother bought a buzz saw and a cement mixer. Then she and I built most of the nine-room house together. Of course we didn't do the heavy work, like putting in the beams. But we laid flooring, built the huge stone fireplace, and I nailed on the basic roof—later on, carpenters shingled it. Also, Mother and I cemented all the stonework on the outside of the house. All of this time I was going to school. It took us four years to finish it—but we finally moved in."

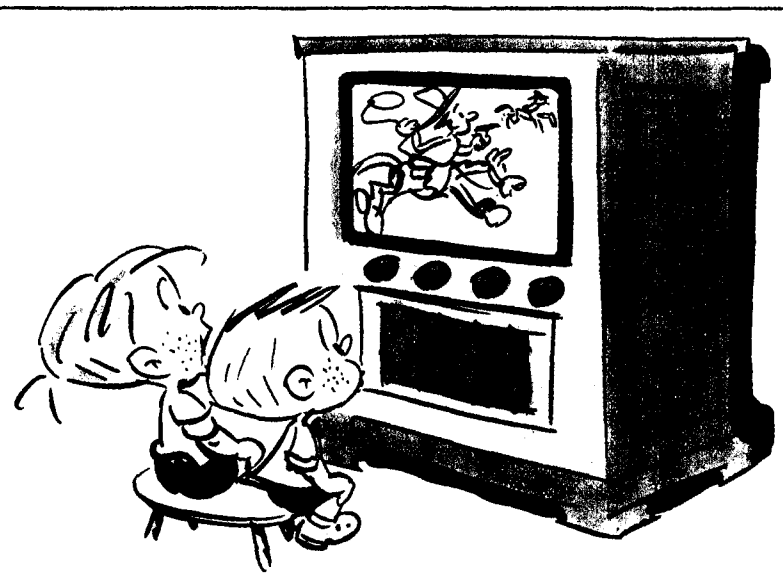
When, at seventeen, a girl has built a house, life can hold few further problems. Long before Jean had graduated from East Canton High—where she was a high-strutting drum majorette—she knew her life plans: she would be an English teacher.

She went to the University of Michigan for her first year of college. When money ran short she got a job as a salesgirl in a department store, and for the rest of the year worked there four hours every afternoon and all day Saturday.

For her sophomore year she transferred to Ohio State, nearer her home. She was a quiet, studious girl dressed in sweaters and skirts, with her hair strained back into pigtails. Because she didn't approve of sororities, she lived in a dormitory with 500 other girls. Her roommate was her direct opposite. Brunette and breezy Arlen Hurwitz, from Cleveland, was one of the college's leading actresses.

Like most roommates, the two girls exchanged pictures. The portrait of Jean, taken by the campus photographer, showed her smiling, with her hair parted in the middle and curled around her face. Arlen framed it and hung it over her desk.

One day the frame was empty and



"Television will never replace the movies. They only show it once"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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COLLIER'S

"I just fired Taubert. Give him his pay—and deduct sixty-five cents!"

TOM ZIB

Arlen announced that she had sent the picture to the Miss Ohio State Contest. Jean insisted it was a waste of the four-dollar entry fee. She was unimpressed even when Arlen told her that winning the contest would mean a trip to Hollywood and a screen test.

"Those Hollywood screen-test offers are all a publicity gag," she said flatly. "Besides, I can't act—and anyway, I want to be a teacher."

But the picture was on its way to New York, along with thousands of others entered in the Miss Ohio State Contest. There John Powers, the model king, picked the 40 best. When word of the top 40 got back to Ohio, Jean was among them.

There followed an elimination contest on the stage of a local theater, during which the 40 contestants were whittled down to six, with Jean still in the running. After that came three weeks in which the six finalists were publicized in newspapers, over the radio and at dinners, teas, and press parties. At each of these many appearances, the girls were required to wear a different costume—sport clothes, street suits, evening gowns.

Clothes Worries Get Her Down

Soon Jean had worn all of her own clothes, all of Arlen's and many outfits collected around the dormitory at random. Her temper was wearing thin. "How can I go to all these publicity parties and keep up with my studies?" she kept complaining to her roommate.

Her attitude was still skeptical toward the rewards of Hollywood when she went to the final contest at a local theater. She won it while attired in a black velvet evening gown borrowed from Ginny Hitchcock on the fourth floor.

On the eve of her departure for the West Coast, Jean's parting statement was, "Don't sell my bed—I'll soon be back in it."

Later, when Jean began really clicking in Hollywood, she got Arlen to join her. They roomed together again in Mexico, where most of Captain from Castile was filmed.

The activities of the two ex-college girls amazed the rest of the company. "They were either painting the cream-colored walls of their hotel patio with mermaids, or they were reading books whose titles I can't even pronounce," says one member of the crew. "They sent for the complete works of Aristotle and Plato while they were down there. Then they actually read them! Can you beat it?"

The books in Jean's Hollywood living room show her catholic taste in reading: "The Philosophy of Nietzsche" and "Genius and the Mobocracy" stand beside "The Motion Picture Almanac" and "Major League Baseball."

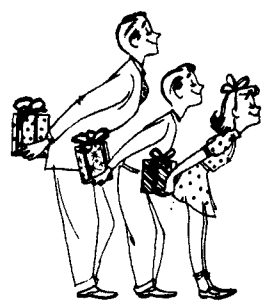
In this house she is seldom alone. For four months of every year her family visits from Ohio, usually staying from Thanksgiving into spring. There is Jean's house-building mother, her eighty-year-old grandmother and her fourteen-year-old sister Shirley. In Hollywood they lead vigorous lives, rising with Jean in time for a 6:00 A.M. breakfast. During the day Shirley goes to high school, visiting her sister on a movie set in the afternoon. Mrs. Peters, now in the real-estate business in Ohio, has developed a keen curiosity about California real estate. Posing under false names as a prospective buyer, she spends her time racing through houses for sale or rent, with the eighty-year-old grandmother tagging her briskly.

"Someday Mother will start buying some houses—but so far she's just looking," says Jean. "Meanwhile, we all have a great time together."

During the eight months of the year when her family is back in Ohio, Jean is still not exactly alone. She spends a good deal of time with Arlen Hurwitz, whose father has gone into business in Hollywood. Under the name of Arlen Allen, Jean's ex-roommate has appeared in a number of local stage presentations. Meanwhile, the two girls carry on the closest thing to rooming together that can be accomplished by people living in different houses.

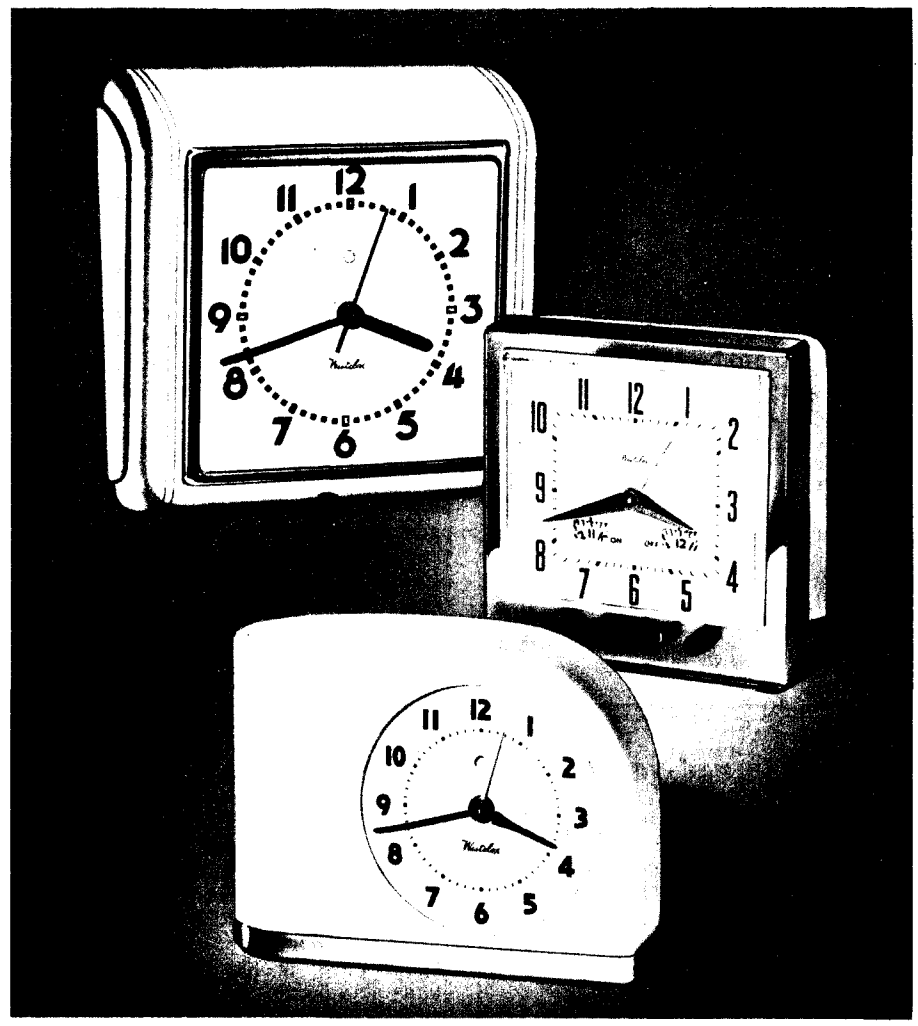
As in college days, they share a combined wardrobe, Jean wearing Arlen's watermelon satin to a fashion sitting, and then Arlen retrieving it in time to wear it to a fraternity dance. On free days they swim nearly every morning at a public beach. Afternoons and evenings they make clothes together, attend bargain sales, and sit at movies, plays, symphonies—and baseball games.

"Whenever fans stop Jean on our wanderings," says Arlen, "she has her own patented way of handling them. They say, 'Are you Jean Peters?' and she frowns and asks in a puzzled voice, 'Who's Jean Peters?' It always works. They go off looking bewildered, and we go on about our business." THE END



3 WONDERFUL WAYS TO SAY

"Merry Christmas, Mother"



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World's Most Robbed Bank

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

was so rigged that he could leave it on a counter and walk to safety in plenty of time before the place was blown to bits.

● The two women robbers, one of whom wore a raccoon coat and threatened girl tellers with a hypodermic syringe; the other who gave herself away by having her picture made at a carnival wearing a gaily fringed sombrero, a camel's-hair coat, and sitting in a silver sickle moon.

● The "King of the Bank Robbers," who was an authority on federal legislation relating to bank robbery. He knew by heart the telephone numbers of all field division offices of the F.B.I. in the territory in which he operated. He made a quick exit when he saw anyone dial the first three digits of any F.B.I. number.

● The intellectual bank robber who made considerable money by writing about his experiences during a 20-to-life stretch in prison.

● Finally, the bandit who, when asked by a sales clerk what he was going to do with an acetylene burning outfit he'd just purchased, replied, "I'm going to open a bank, you damned fool!" He did, too—and got $65,000.

The repeated robbery of the Rangeville Bank, staged with variations, stimulates a defter use of F.B.I. facilities by new special agents in training and special agents brought from the field every two years for refresher courses. With this purpose in mind a number of seemingly trivial events are carefully incorporated in each "robbery."

The smaller bandit, it will be recalled, sat doodling until his pal actually announced the stick-up. At that point the doodler, with elaborate care, stripped the top sheet from the pad. There, you might think, goes a nice set of clues—sample handwriting, a meaningful name or address. But for the alert F.B.I. agent the clues are still on the pad—indented writing on the remaining sheets. Agents have "broken" a good many actual cases in this way.

Next, you recall, the taller bandit vaulted over the counter, told the cashier, "This is a tea party, sonny," and called his pal Deadeye. Three meaningful clues lurk in these seemingly innocuous details. An instructor explains:

"When a bank bandit pulls a successful job he's usually stupid enough to think he knows all the answers. The fact that he got away with it—temporarily—means to him that he's found the 'perfect' technique. Thus most professionals follow a set pattern in robbery after robbery.

"Because of this the particular *modus operandi* of a bank robber may, over a period of time, serve as a clue to his identity. When the taller bandit in our robbery vaults over the counter he may narrow our problem of identification considerably. Of course, any bandit *may* vault over the counter but we know that some bandits *always* do so.

"Arnold Thomas Kyle—a member of the famous Paul Cretzer gang of 'Shotgun Bandits'—always vaulted the counter. He did it when he robbed the Security First National Bank of Los Angeles; again when he robbed the American Trust Company of Oakland; and a third time when he robbed the Seaboard National Bank of Los Angeles.

"In conjunction with other factors, the vaulting over the counter and any other idiosyncrasy displayed by the bandits may become important leads.

"Next, one of the bandits told the Rangeville cashier, 'This is a tea party, sonny.' A remark of that sort is significant to an agent. He immediately searches the Nomenclature File. Here is a case in point:

"Not long ago three men stuck up the State Bank of Battle Ground, Washington, and escaped with better than $20,000. While one of the men held a sub-machine gun he called to another robber, 'Go over the top, buddy!'

"Later this lad invited a bewildered customer, who had walked in, to 'join the tea party,' and at the getaway he observed: 'Don't anybody try any funny stuff. I'm sure you've seen too many movies to do that!'

"The habitual employment of slang of that sort, or any other identifiable phrase is noted by investigating agents. In the Washington case it helped us capture the three robbers.

"One of the bandits in the Rangeville robbery called the other 'Deadeye.' That is a point which some of our trainees sometimes miss, but I doubt that an experienced agent would.

"Bank bandits are often a curious mixture of dynamic imagination and unbelievable stupidity. We've picked them up with strings of aliases as long as your arm, usually variations on their lawful names or variations on one basic alias. But the thing they can't seem to change, even if they try to, is their nickname. We have a nickname file called the Monicker File, and it is often useful.

"Most criminals have nicknames which reflect their juvenile thinking—'Nitro Joe,' 'Bad News Benny,' and the like: childish stuff calculated to enhance their reputations in the underworld, or the result of some comic happening. However, any mention of one of these identifying nicknames during the progress of a bank robbery can be most embarrassing to the crook later, and we train our men to be alert for clues of this sort.

"A criminal with a nickname finds it difficult to shed when he returns to his old haunts. After making a haul from a bank he and his woman may adopt a plush alias and pass as respectable citizens so long as their money holds out. When they start running low on funds, though, and look up their old pals, the word is likely to get around that 'Big Foot Joe' or 'Henna Haired Helen' has been seen in this or that dive. Their pals forget, or simply don't know, the aliases—and we have ears as well as eyes in the right places.

"One pair that almost got by with a name change were Estelle and Bennie Dickson. There have not been many women bank robbers, as they're too easily identified, but 'Stella' was one of them. She started just before her sixteenth birthday. Bennie would stick up the bank; Stella would stand just inside the main entrance with a brick or something heavy wrapped in newspaper. If any customers were unlucky enough to enter the bank while Bennie was scooping up the cash, Stella would step up behind them and let them have it over the head. She was a fast, quiet worker, and

COLLIER'S

"I thought I'd bring a little sunshine into your life. I'm perfectly satisfied with my purchase!"

BANDEL LINN

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COLLIER'S "Stop psychoanalyzing me!" WILLIAM STEIG

had plenty of nerve. While Bennie drove the getaway car, Stella would scatter handfuls of large upholstery tacks behind to slow up pursuit.

"A few years ago Stella and Bennie, both young, were hiding out in Detroit after a successful South Dakota bank job. They decided to go to school to try to get some of the education they'd missed. But first they needed good, *clean* names. So they placed a newspaper ad for a chauffeur with a high-school education. They also interviewed stenographers at an employment agency.

"From these sources they selected their new names: Stella became 'Miss Elva Clayton'; Bennie, 'Mr. James Duncan.' Under those names, they were married at Crown Point, Indiana, and they assumed the identities and backgrounds of these two perfectly innocent people. But our boys caught up with Bennie at a hamburger joint in St. Louis; he died of bullet wounds on the sidewalk outside. Stella got ten years.

"Incidentally, Bennie's *modus operandi* proved very helpful to us. He often tried to play Robin Hood, notably while robbing the Corn Exchange Bank of Elkton, South Dakota. As customers entered the bank Bennie examined their passbooks. If the book showed a series of small deposits, Bennie let the customer keep his money; if the deposits had been heavy, however, he demanded all the cash. A nice, whimsical pair!"

Clue of the Caught Fibers

While many robberies are more bizarre than that staged at Rangeville, it is unlikely that any single case has more "built-in" angles to test an agent's mettle. The scuffle between the bandit and the bookkeeper beside the vault left almost invisible cloth fibers caught in a crack in the molding around the vault. The trainee who overlooks these and fails to send them to the F.B.I. Laboratory in Washington for processing hears about it caustically.

The agents who played the cashier and bookkeeper were as carefully briefed as Hollywood actors about to go before the cameras. One was to portray an excitable type who changes his story in minor details from time to time and is never too sure about anything; the other was to be phlegmatic and stick to his story but be persistently wrong on a single point of identification. This chap insisted that one of the bandits wore a patch over his *right* eye, whereas he really wore it over his left eye. These character parts, well acted, train agents to deal with real-life witnesses, who are seldom infallible.

The exchange of shots with the Rangeville chief of police meant that there was a spent bullet and possibly an empty "hull" to be found—and the trainees have to find them. Actually the bullet was embedded in a length of two-by-four representing the railing in front of the Rangeville Diner. If it is found, the method by which it is dug out and prepared for shipment to the Ballistics Section of the F.B.I. Laboratory in Washington becomes a matter for critical class discussion. Trainees who play the parts of special agents assigned to "solve" the robbery perform before the most critical audience possible—a score or more of their fellow trainees, whose one preoccupation is to pick flaws in anything and everything!

The Rangeville robbery is loaded with technical booby traps. The question of F.B.I. jurisdiction can be very tricky. The very first thing an agent-in-training must establish is that the F.B.I. *does* have jurisdiction. This is done through one of the "props"—certificate number 12345-678, dated first August, 1935, showing that the Rangeville Bank is insured by the FDIC, which brings it under F.B.I. cognizance. If an agent does not call for and examine this certificate at the outset, he gets a black mark.

Two other points would be apt to surprise the layman: in one variation of the plot there is a murder. Is it a proper F.B.I. concern? In all probability, no. The F.B.I. is directly concerned only with those murders which occur on federal property. The Bureau has no authority per se to concern itself with a murder not committed on government property unless the criminal has first been identified by local authorities and then flees to another state. He is then subject to F.B.I. search as a fugitive.

The conduct of agents in apprehending a suspect is another point carefully developed at Rangeville. The agent is *never* considered justified in drawing his gun except in self-defense—and the question of what constitutes self-defense is hashed over from a dozen different angles.

When an agent fires he must shoot to kill, and he is taught how to do just that on an elaborate shooting range at Quantico.

Among the special facilities available to the Rangeville agents are the Fraudulent Check File and the regular F.B.I. fingerprint identification file. Fingerprints are carefully planted at the scene—but are they really helpful? As any F.B.I. man knows, the fiction sleuth who finds a couple of prints and yelps, "Go find Timothy Stanislaus Cavendish—he done it!" is handing out the old phonus-balonus.

Even the F.B.I. needs a full set of ten prints, or nearly that, to identify. It takes all ten prints to "search" the general fingerprint files.

The value of an incomplete set of prints is to establish that a given person at one time visited the scene. But this can be done only after the suspect is caught. Generally an incomplete set of prints will not identify. The exception is the Single Print File which can be searched on the basis of one print, but which includes only the country's standout criminals—about 15,000 of them.

One Thief Opened an Account

As the Rangeville case unfolds it develops that one of the robbers "cased" the bank a week or so before, and at that time opened an account with a $5 deposit. His signature brings the F.B.I. Fraudulent Check File into play. Through this file better than 70 per cent of the nation's professional bogus check passers are identified each year.

The finding of a pair of eyeglasses—the F.B.I. hasn't forgotten that eyeglasses led to the arrest of Leopold and Loeb—helps the trainee agent who looks in the right direction.

A receipt for a purchase of clothing found in a Virginia boardinghouse takes the case into the realm of impersonation of a federal officer.

A medical prescription and a road map lead to Hagerstown, Maryland, and Newark, New Jersey.

Finally, a heelprint on one of many deposit slips carelessly spilled behind the teller's window plays an important part in solving the Rangeville case. In real life, Thomas Gabriel McGuire, alias Robert E. Grady, Bob Hale, R. E. Haley, Robert Edward Haley, Robert Edward Healy, Ned Hill, and plain Tom Smith, was trapped by a footprint *inside* his shoe after robbing the City National Bank of Duluth, Minnesota, late last year. The F.B.I. was so intrigued by this that a modified version of it has been incorporated into the training case.

Is there any such thing as the *perfect* bank robbery? A week spent amid the widgets and gimmicks of the seemingly endless F.B.I. laboratories, watching the pursuit of the perpetrators of the Rangeville robbery, and studying outstanding past cases had left me feeling that it was highly improbable.

"We're realists about that," a special agent told me. "There are 'perfect' bank robberies in so far as there are unsolved bank robberies. But bank robbery doesn't pay. The average bandit probably gets no more than $250 per job. For that he works hard, risks his life, and usually gets caught.

"Take Eddie Bentz, for instance. He was the king of them all. He pulled scores of jobs, and in one of them—the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company, of Lincoln, Nebraska—he and his gang got a cool million. They forced the bank to close its doors.

"Bentz got so good he retired from active bank banditry for a time and made good money planning jobs for other bandits. One of his techniques was to cut the telephone wires leading out of a small town just before he staged a robbery. And he originated the system of 'running the roads'—he'd spend weeks actually going over the roads he planned to use in a getaway and mapping them in the greatest detail. Yet Bentz ended up broke and in Alcatraz." THE END

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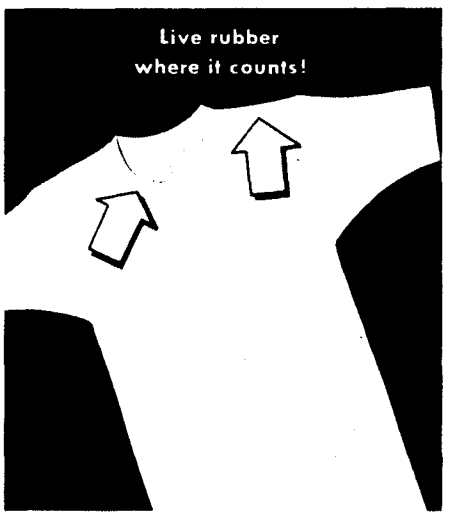

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My 4-Year War With the Reds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

mimeograph machine, and we practiced with rifles and pistols until every officer in the detachment was a qualified sharpshooter.

We got out bomb-damage pictures of Berlin and studied the battered city from those. We had maps and charts showing how much coal would be needed to pump out Berlin's sewers and where the water lay in the 1,300 deep wells around the city. We tried to determine from the bomb-damage pictures how many of the 14 pumping plants were still working. We even tried to locate, from aerial photographs, a building where we could set up joint headquarters with the Russians.

Planning Airborne Invasion

Military government officers came down from Aachen, the only German city which had then been captured, and briefed us on the trials of occupation. Unaware that the storming of Berlin was to be strictly a Russian show, we drew up plans for 20 officers and 20 men to drop into the city by parachute or glider in the event that Berlin was taken by our own airborne troops.

I conceived a plan for bringing in emergency food supplies for the civil population and was reprimanded almost immediately by SHAEF, which said that "feeding Berlin is a Russian responsibility." Someone, in the rarefied atmosphere of Supreme Headquarters, had assumed in his innocence that all food for Berlin would be brought in by the Russians from the overrun provinces of Brandenburg and northeast Pomerania, traditional suppliers of the city. My plan was based on the rather obvious assumption that the Russian army itself would be living off Brandenburg and Pomerania and did not intend to go hungry while Berliners ate.

This later proved to be the case. But meanwhile, my plan was thrown out.

If I was frustrated occasionally by higher headquarters, I found solace in the forests near Barbizon. Deer were plentiful and we had several excellent wild pig hunts until someone shot a sow one winter afternoon and discovered it was the season for little pigs. The unfortunate sow's two little ones, striped like watermelons, came tumbling along through the woods after she was hit. In our compassion we adopted them as mascots, naming them—a little prematurely in view of the fact that one turned out to be a female—the Smith Brothers.

The Western armies had driven deep into Germany in the early spring of 1945 when we finally finished our staff work for Berlin. We still had no contact with the Russians, but when we bade farewell to Barbizon I optimistically raised my glass and expressed complete confidence that we were going to be great and fast friends with our allies. It never occurred to me that it would be any other way.

As the war rushed toward its climax, we pulled out of Barbizon, stopped briefly at Namur in Belgium (which I remember chiefly for its church bells and trains in the streets), and began wandering rather aimlessly from town to town in Germany.

Suddenly word came down that we were not to move any closer to Berlin. The Russians would take Berlin.

Then the war was over. Things started to happen fast.

Major General Floyd Parks, who had been named American commander in Berlin, sent a messenger to Bielefeld, where I was temporarily located, to tell me I would lead the preliminary reconnaissance group into Berlin. We were to move up to Halle and be ready to leave for the German capital within 24 hours. At the top it had been generally understood already that the Russians would occupy the eastern part of Berlin, the British the northwest, and the Americans the southwest.

Various high-ranking officers, including General Eisenhower, had flown into Berlin to confer with Zhukov and the other Russians, but no one had yet driven through the Russian zone. The Iron Curtain had already been lowered and Berlin was 100 miles inside it.

At daybreak on the 17th of June, in keeping with our agreement with the Russians, I started for the German capital. In the column were some 500 officers and men, and perhaps 120 vehicles. The American flag flapped from the right fender of my lead car, and American machine guns bristled from the half-tracks bringing up the rear. The machine guns were for obstreperous Germans. We had nothing but good wishes for the Russians, whom we were to meet at the Elbe River.

At Dessau we dipped down under a great arch which the Russians had erected over a small bridge. Plastered upon it were pictures of Lenin and Stalin and a banner with the curious inscription, "Welcome to the Fatherland," as though this were no longer Germany but had already been annexed as part of Russia. A Russian Wac, directing traffic on what appeared to be a deserted road, pointed a red flag at us as we crossed the bridge, whipped it past her body, stuck out a yellow flag, whipped both of them under her arm, and saluted. A waiting Russian officer, in a battered German car, took over the column and guided us forward.

The column moved forward for perhaps a mile without incident. Suddenly we were confronted by a road block in the form of a red and white pole leaning out across the road. The Russian jumped from his car, strode back to mine, and said, "We will stop here. You are expected at headquarters."

With Brigadier General Stuart Cutler, who had come along mostly for the ride, and an interpreter, I went back to a rickety German house which served as the Russian headquarters, climbed the creaking stairs to the second floor, and met the local Russian commander, a colonel. He was typically husky and round-faced. It later developed he was also typically hard to get along with.

A Typical Russian Commander

The colonel invited us to have a drink. We replied that we were in a hurry to get to Berlin, that we still had 100 miles to drive, but that we would be pleased to join him in a glass of wine. Champagne was brought out and the toasts were drunk. We thanked the colonel and prepared to leave.

"Ah, but you can't go just yet," the Russian said. "There is a formality."

He did not elaborate.

While we sat there, wondering, a Russian sergeant came in and started for no apparent reason to bang away at a piano while the Russian colonel paced nervously up and down the room, pausing frequently to peer out the window. After 45 minutes of this, the champagne was gone, the music was increasingly awful, and we still didn't have permission to go on. I was just starting to clear my throat politely to inquire why, when the Russian colonel suddenly walked to the window again, looked out and said, "How many vehicles, officers and men do you have?"

"Roughly 500 officers and men and 120 vehicles," I said.

"The agreement," he said coldly, "is for 37 officers, 50 vehicles and 175 men."

"What agreement?" I asked blankly.

"The Berlin agreement," he said.

"Perhaps," I ventured, "you are confusing some offhand estimate made by one of our officers as to what we would need with an actual agreement."

"There is an actual agreement," he said flatly.

I felt the hairs rising on the back of my neck. I also began to suspect that someone at the top had crossed me up by casually mentioning to the Russians that my spearhead would *probably* consist of about 37 officers, 50 vehicles and 175 men.

"Well," I said, "I haven't heard of any agreement. All I know is that I have orders to go to Berlin. Besides, hundreds more of us will be coming in within a few days."

"Oh?" the Russian colonel said. "Then I will have to check headquarters."

Delay Becomes Unbearable

We didn't know at the time that Russian communications were so bad that the colonel had to send a car 20 miles every time he wanted to ask his superiors a question. Consequently we waited for two hours more while he checked headquarters. The piano-playing sergeant fortunately had worn himself out, but the champagne was gone now and we were down to beer. More Russian officers drifted in. General Cutler and I fidgeted as the time wore on. Finally we both got mad.

"Look," we said, "we have orders to go to Berlin and those orders don't say, 'If the Russians are willing.' Now let's be frank. You are keeping us from going to Berlin and we want to know who is responsible for it."

The Russian glared at us. "My superior," he said.

"Well, get him," we said.

In something like another 45 minutes a Russian one-star general appeared. We went over the same dreary routine and he said, "The agreement is for 37 officers, 50 vehicles and 175 men. We must make sure that you don't take in more than General Parks wants you to take in."

Another long conversation ensued. We asked for another general, and in due time a two-star general joined the one-star general and the colonel. The two-star general said, "My orders are that you stay."

"We demand the privilege of talking to the person who issued orders to keep us out of Berlin," we said heatedly.

There was another delay. Finally a three-star Russian general, a corps commander, joined the other two. He differed from them only in that his right eye twitched distractingly. He did, however, get right to the point.

"My colleagues have patiently explained to you," he said, "that you are to take to Berlin only 37 officers, 50 vehicles and 175 men. You can either conform to that agreement or you can go back to Halle."

Cutler and I looked at each other, and the Russian three-star general said, "Gentlemen, what is your decision?"

Point of Returning Memory

When we've driven so far—
Just too far to turn back—
We recall what we didn't
Remember to pack.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

"We understand you play the piano! Please, you must play for us, Mr. Kindell! Please!"

COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

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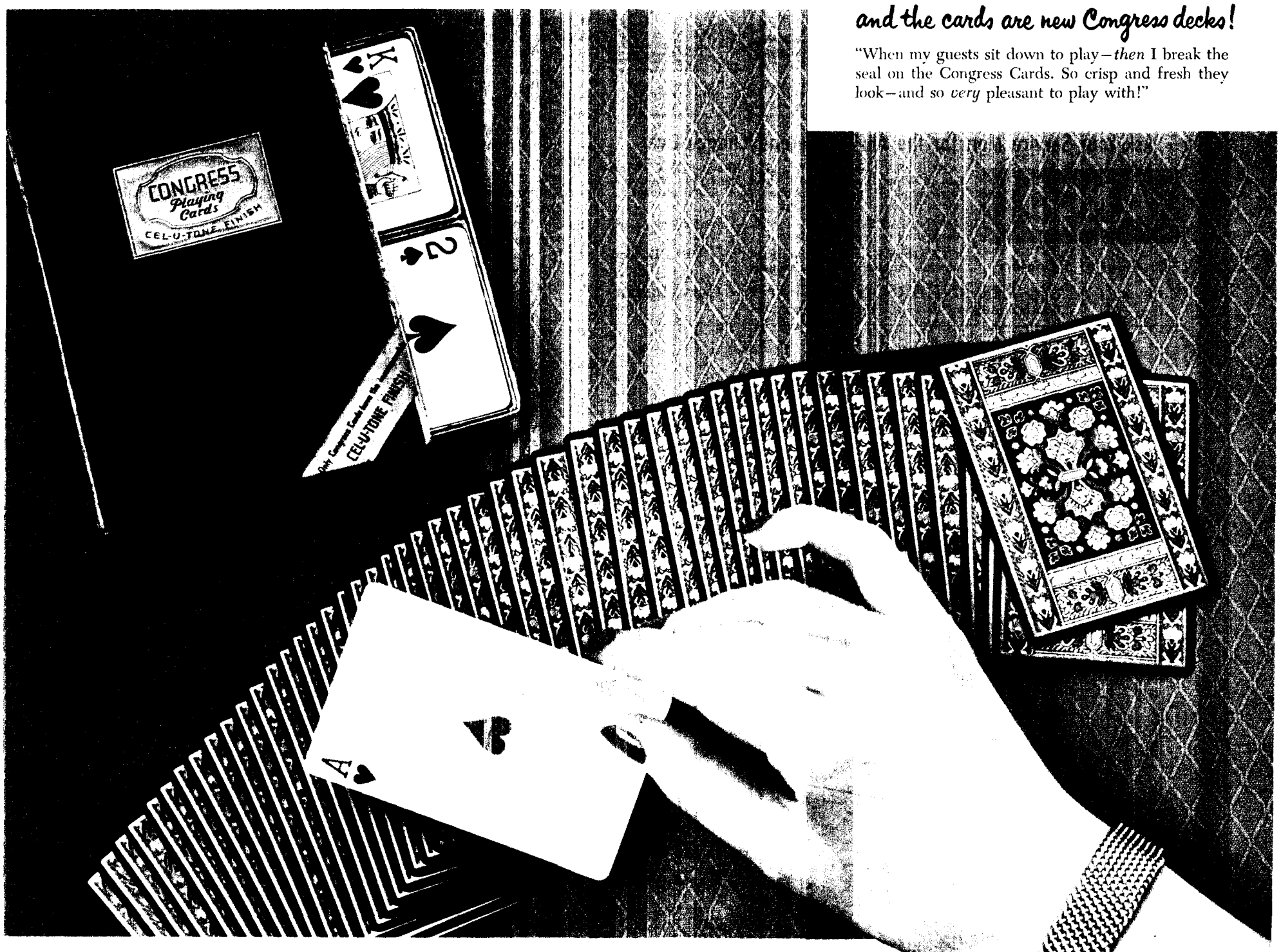

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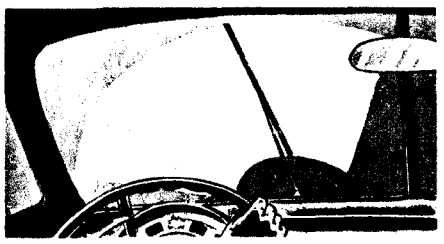
"WINDSHIELD WIPERS ARE VERY IMPORTANT"

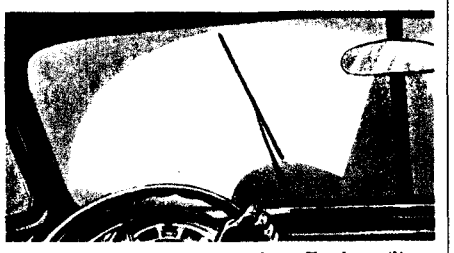
"National Safety Council records show that in one out of five of all fatal accidents the car driver's vision is obscured. Muck-smeared and rain-blurred windshields are often a factor. But this is a hazard you can eliminate. Just make sure you have wiper blades that wipe clean," says Chief Harry Curtis of the Illinois State Highway Patrol.

Your Windshield Wiper Blades Can't Escape RUBBEROSIS *

* Natural rubber rot . . . hastened by exposure of Wiper Blades to wind burn, hot sun and corrosive windshield film. Dulls wiping edges . . . even of best blades . . . and causes dangerous windshield smear, often in less than six months.



THIS USED BLADE still looks new . . . but it won't . . . can't . . . wipe clean. It has Rubberosis. It blurs rain . . . smears muck . . . leaves glass streaked . . . dangerous.



THIS ANCO BLADE wipes clean. Fresh, resilient natural rubber . . . clears rain . . . clears road muck . . . eliminates hazards . . . lets you see. Protects you and your loved ones from smash-ups.

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ANCO

ANCO RAIN-MASTER and CLEAR-FLEX Windshield Wiper Blades fit ALL wiper arms. Can't fall off . . . can't blow off. Ten keen rubber edges. Clean quicker . . . clean cleaner . . . last longer.

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We said we would wait for further orders from General Parks.

A total of seven hours elapsed before orders finally came from Parks in Berlin. General Cutler was to take the excess men and vehicles back to Halle. I was to shift the baggage and go on to Berlin with 37 officers, 50 vehicles and 175 men.

Finally we were ready. Now we had only jeeps and command cars. The Russian in the ramshackle German car resumed his place at the head of the column. The colonel came out and saluted. "I won't count," he said.

"I can assure you," I said as coldly as possible, "that there are 37 officers, 50 vehicles and 175 men," and we moved off down the road to Berlin.

Scenes in a Conquered Land

Our original orders said we were to follow the four-lane *Autobahn*. But we were led instead down a rough cobblestone secondary road. There was nothing but eerie silence. The land was desolate, the crops unattended. There were no Germans abroad except in the villages, where white flags still fluttered in token of surrender. The people hurried along the streets with their eyes fastened on their shoes, or peeked furtively out from behind curtained windows. In the fields Russian soldiers stood guard over the cattle. Occasionally we passed a Russian convoy of horse-drawn Asiatic-type boat wagons, but that was the only traffic.

It was after dark and we should have been approaching Berlin, when suddenly the Russian car leading us turned off the road and guided us into a place we later learned was Babelsberg, near Potsdam, about 10 miles from Berlin.

To my astonishment we were taken directly to a compound in which a number of American officers who had been flown into Berlin on special missions were being held virtual prisoners. The idea, I found later, was that we were supposed to refurbish Babelsberg, a little colony of better-than-average homes, for the Potsdam Conference. Apparently I had arrived just in time to help with the housework.

In each street leading out of the compound there was a barricade guarded by a Russian soldier. I couldn't believe that the Russians were actually treating us as enemies, and I walked down to one of the barricades with my interpreter.

"Is this the boundary of the American sector?" I asked.

"I don't know," the Russian guard said.

"Is this compound being set up for the conference?"

"I don't know."

"Can I go out?"

"Nyet."

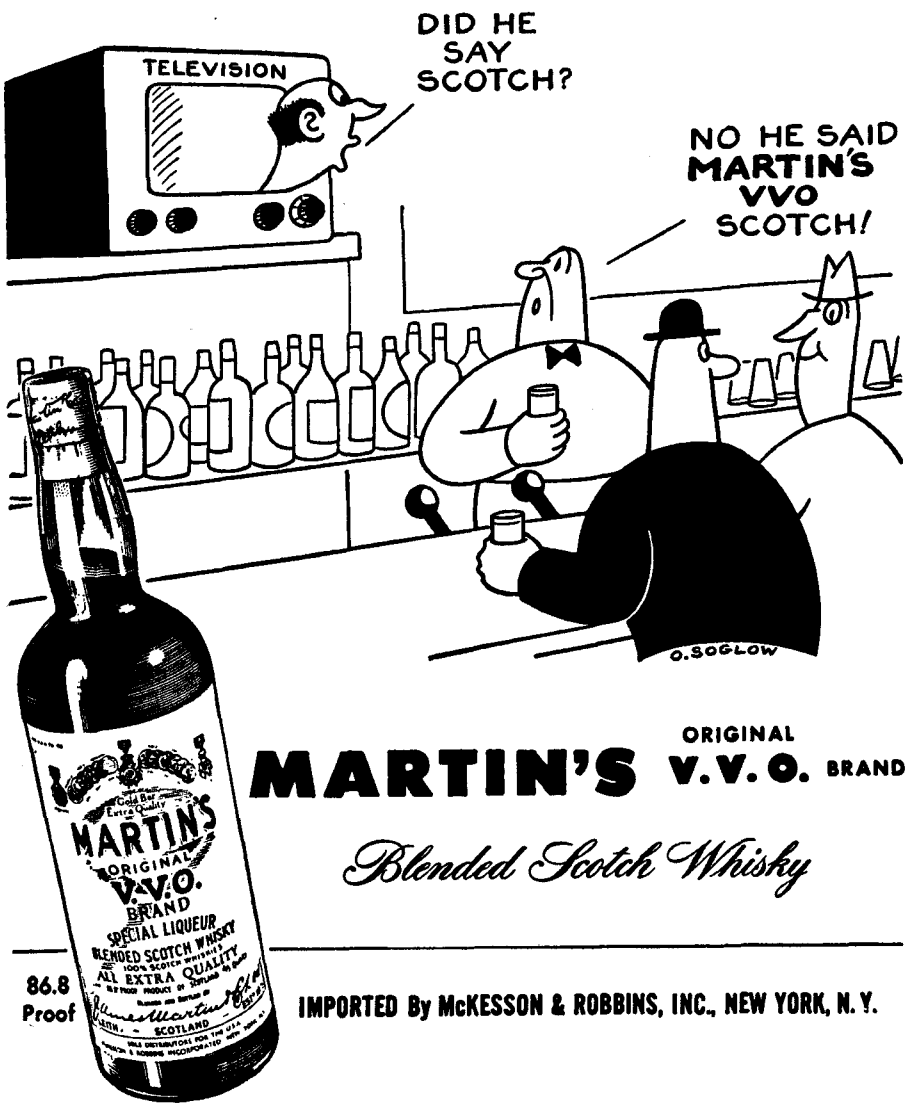
I began agitating the next morning to get out of the compound and into Berlin. But I couldn't seem to get in touch with a senior Russian officer. They were like mercury; I would think I had one trapped and when I looked around, he would be gone. The junior officers obviously were under orders not to fraternize with us and so were of no help, either.

I did manage to get into Berlin once by asking permission to go to Tempelhof to meet a plane carrying some American officers. These were the only circumstances under which any of us were allowed to go into the city.

An American driver piloted the car with a Russian hawkshaw sitting next to him to be sure we didn't go anyplace we weren't supposed to go. Unfortunately, one of my aides, who was accompanying me, turned up with an armful of maps, and the Russian reacted as though he had been shot. I finally explained to him that my aide was a connoisseur of maps and carried them around with him just for the fun of it. While this explanation didn't convince the Russian, at least it confused him sufficiently so that he let us go into the city with the maps, and in view of the fact that he didn't know Berlin any better than we did, we were able to get at least a glimpse of what was to be the American sector.

We were still "prisoners" at the compound, however, and finally there was nothing else to do but send most of our officers and men back to Halle in the hope of replacing them with more useful personnel. If we were stuck in Babelsberg and couldn't go on to Berlin, we might just as well make the best of it.

The Russians finally granted me permission to go back to the Elbe. It was understood that we could make any exchanges we desired so long as we never had more than the magic number of 37 officers, 50 vehicles and 175 men on the Russian side of the river. When I reached Dessau, I paid another visit to the Rus-



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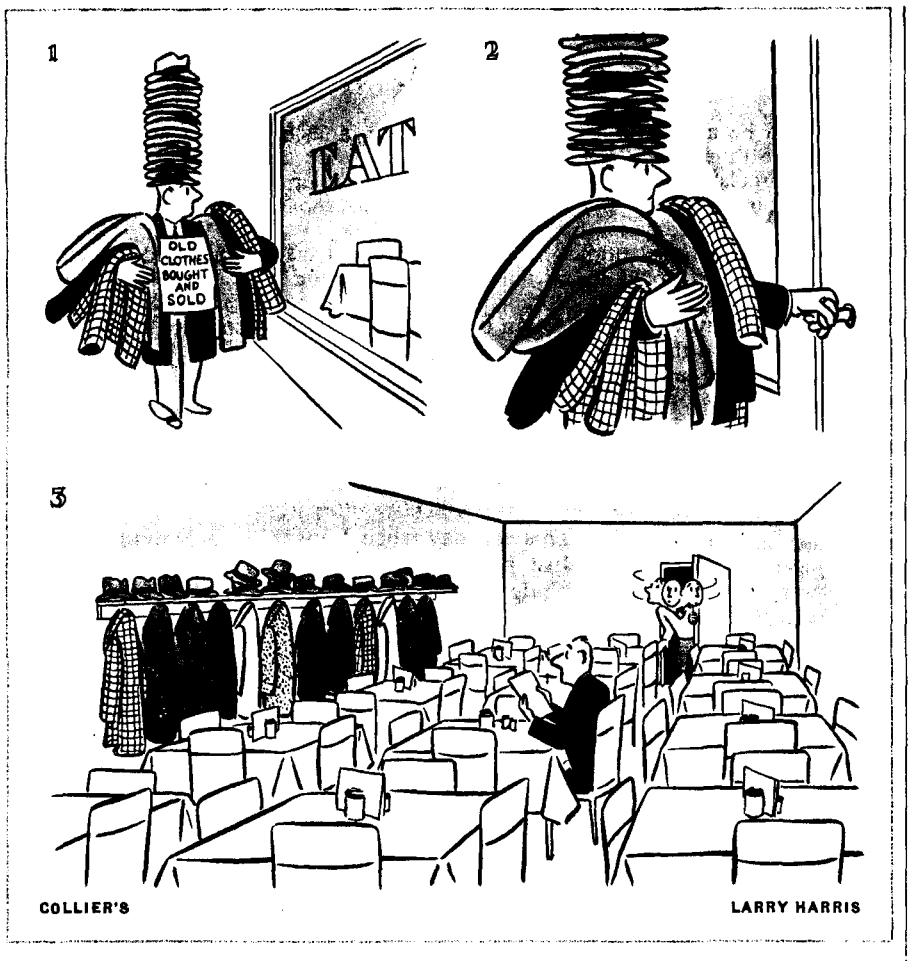

sian colonel. I explained carefully to him what I was doing.

"My orders are to let out you fellows who came in," he said.

"How about coming back?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That isn't the agreement at all," I said. "This is the way it's supposed to be." I drew a chart for him, with several columns representing the interchange of vehicles and men from one side to the other, and at the end of two hours, during which I had prudently presented him with a bottle of schnapps, he understood.

I was back several hours later with my new convoy from Halle, which included a number of 10-ton trucks in place of the jeeps I had brought out. The colonel looked out the window again.

"You can't do that," he said. "You took little trucks out and now you are bringing big trucks in."

"The hell with that!" I yelled at him. "That isn't the agreement. It can't work out and it won't work out and it's a truck for a truck, whether it's a big truck or a little truck!"

The colonel quieted down immediately. "All right," he said, and off we went again to Babelsberg.

Rehearsal for Potsdam

Babelsberg was a weird place. At first there had been a great number of Mongolian troops, but suddenly the ragged Mongolians disappeared, and young, hand-picked Russians replaced them. The Soviets were obviously putting their best foot forward for the Potsdam Conference. The new troops marched and drilled like parade-ground troops, and in the mornings and evenings they sang moving Russian songs with such effect that Babelsberg at times resembled a musical-comedy stage.

They were still Russians with Russian minds, however. During our stay at Babelsberg, several American officers got permission to go under Russian escort to a near-by dump to examine some burned-out German tanks. When they arrived, the Russian officer accompanying them changed the guard. When they left, he restored the original guard.

"Why did you change the guard just for us?" someone asked him.

"Oh, the first guard has orders to let no one through," the Russian officer said. "The spare guard has orders just to let you people through." Very simple.

At the end of three days of commuting between Babelsberg and the Elbe, switching men and vehicles, I was finally given permission to rejoin my unit at Halle. On arrival I assembled the officers.

"Gentlemen," I said, with absolute confidence, "we are never going to Berlin. The Russians are enemies who have simply granted us an armistice. They are impossible to deal with and I think it is deliberate. I can't imagine a nation as smart as ours giving the Russians Saxony and Thuringia, with thousands of cattle in the fields, crops standing waist-high, and houses undestroyed, in return for a rubble pile in a corner of Berlin. The diplomats will be talking soon, and if they know anything they will start changing that agreement with the Russians."

I was so convinced we would never go to Berlin that I added: "So let's look around and find a place to sit down and relax. We've got just the right-sized detachment to take over military government in Saxony and Thuringia. Meanwhile, let's find a place to rest."

We found the spot, all right—a big castle atop a wooded hill in Thuringia. My room had a bathtub with marble steps leading down to it, and when I looked out my window I could see, through a clearing in the woods, a pond with wild ducks on it. There was a lake with sailboats, and there were deer in the forests, and there were 136 cows in the barn. Life was going to be beautiful.

I issued orders to move to our hilltop paradise on July 1st. On June 30th, I was ordered instead to move to Berlin. The Russians were going to take over our territory—crops, castle, marble bathtub, wild ducks and all.

We were getting the rubble we had bargained for.

In Berlin, General Howley was soon to see how Russian duplicity could twist the terms of Allied control over the fallen city. Don't miss his revelations of our stunning defeat in Germany—in next week's Collier's

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All of these jackets in a wide choice of colors: Taupe, Gray, Sage, Maroon, Scarlet. Super quality, serviceable, combed cotton gabardine, water-repellent.

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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CAT'S PAW
Rubber HEELS & Soles
"FINEST MADE"

Lustron—the House That Lots of Jack Built

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

the basic ingredient of porcelain enamel. Anything to increase the sale of frit was obviously good business for the Hogensons, and they had set up a subsidiary to manufacture porcelain enamel panels for store fronts, filling stations and similar structures. This subsidiary, the Porcelain Products Company, was stopped dead by the war, and it was in an effort to revive it that Mr. Strandlund had gone to Washington.

Where was the logical place in Washington for a stranger to go when he wanted to talk about a house?

To the National Housing Agency, of course. Mr. Strandlund went there and was received most cordially.

Selling Uncle Sam the Idea

The welcome mat was out at N.H.A. for *anybody* who thought he could build houses of *anything*. And Mr. Strandlund, as he warmed up to the idea, talked not only of building houses but of turning them out in scads. The venture, as it shaped up in his mind, would require "100 per cent government financing, as a thing that would contribute to the welfare of the country."

Why not? Congress was so concerned about the housing shortage that it had already authorized a government-guaranteed market for prefabricated houses completed before the end of 1947. A number of manufacturers were already building prefabs, or getting ready to build them, under this guarantee. To Mr. Strandlund, it was a ready-made chance. All he had to do was satisfy N.H.A. that he could make satisfactory houses at an agreed fair price, and N.H.A. would arrange to pay for an agreed number of all those manufactured and unsold before the end of 1947. The agreed number, it was made quite clear, would be a whopping big figure.

Now Mr. Strandlund had never built a house of porcelain enamel—or of anything else. So he went back to Chicago to see how it might be done. He laid the whole plan before his employers, the Hogensons. They agreed to go along. They revived the dormant Porcelain Products Company with an injection of $36,000. They did this, as Mr. Strandlund later on told a Congressional committee, "to do the thing, and not get it mixed up with the operations of Chicago Vit."

Mr. Strandlund then set about building the prototype of his dream house pretty much by hand. As he went along, he built up stacks of engineering data to show how it could be done by mass production, given the proper plant and machinery.

Finished in the fall, the pilot house was set up on a lot in Hinsdale, Illinois, a Chicago suburb. It was something new in houses, all right. Virtually all steel, with a tinted porcelain enamel finish inside and out, built on a concrete slab topped with asphalt tile, it had no basement, and was heated from the ceiling.

It was compact and well arranged. Most people who saw it agreed that it was a lovely house.

Engineers at first raised a number of technical problems. But, after all, perfection was not to be expected on the first try. And Mr. Strandlund declared he could mass-produce this house—living room, dining room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom—at an F.O.B. factory price of $4,341.47. He said he could put it up anywhere in the country, ready to move in, for approximately $6,500.

It would take selling and promotion, naturally; and to that end, the name of the Porcelain Products Company was changed to the Lustron Corporation.

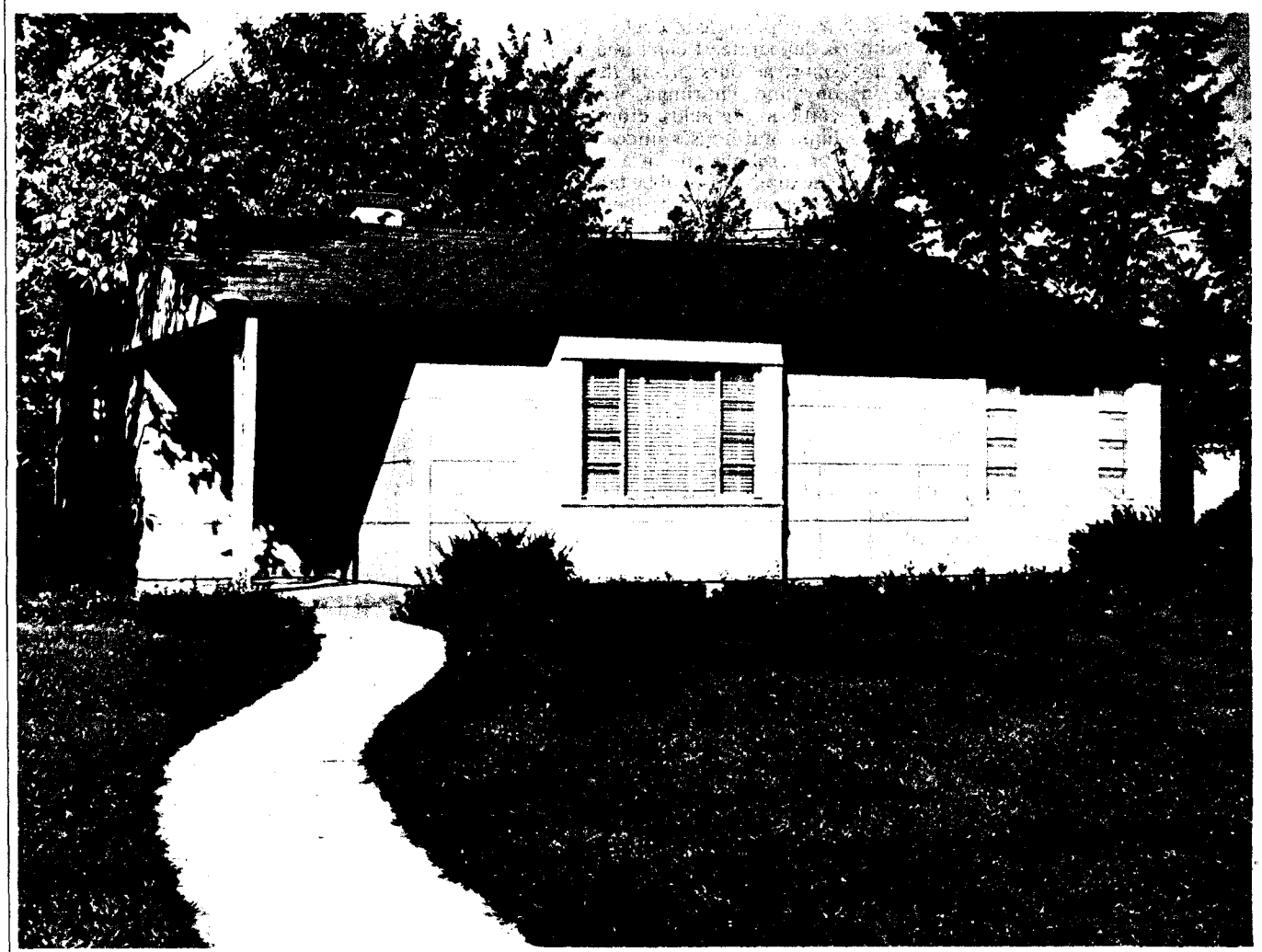
Busy Day at the Office

This is a day when I covered no ground.
Just pushed and shuffled my papers around,
Nudged at letters and winced at bills,
Sorting them out into different hills,
Hunted fretfully for a ruler,
Worried the overworked water cooler,
Sharpened pencils and filled my pen,
Then shuffled my papers around again.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

This would be the Lustron house. And as the years passed, Strandlund predicted, new-model Lustron houses would come out like new automobile designs, each more glamorous than the ones before.

Back in Washington with all his blueprints, drawings, flow charts, cost figures and estimated production schedules, Mr. Strandlund went to the top man in housing, National Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt. A hard-driving young executive who was out to lick the housing shortage come hell or high water, Wyatt listened to Strandlund, looked at his data, and was impressed. He went out to Hins-



GENE BADGER

Lustron officials claim that bottlenecks in mass-producing the home are just about eliminated. But the problem of distributing the prefabricated units still remains

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dale, went over the pilot house, and was more impressed.

"How big can you go?" he asked.

The answer was gratifying. Strandlund was thinking then of starting with 85 houses a day in July, 1947, and reaching 450 a day in December of that year. This would add up to 28,610 houses before the end of 1947. So Strandlund asked for a market guarantee, in round figures, for 30,000 houses.

N.H.A. was not willing to go quite that far. Taking into account "the relative lack of experience which the organization has had in the field of domestic real estate on this scale and the novelty of exterior and interior vitreous enamel finish in this market," it offered to guarantee 14,500 houses—or $54,843,024 worth, according to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which was to put up the money.

A Guarantee with a Catch

The market guarantee was all very well, but it provided no cash until the houses actually had been built, and then only if they couldn't be sold. And private sources, Mr. Strandlund had discovered, were not interested in putting up the money to try to manufacture them. To make his houses, he figured he needed $52,000,000.

"I told Strandlund that such an operation was immense, even by our large-scale thinking . . ." one of Wyatt's subordinates noted in an office memo in September, 1946. Nevertheless, Wyatt recommended that RFC make the loan.

RFC, to Wyatt's expressed "great surprise and disappointment," declined to oblige. Charles B. Henderson, then chairman of the big government bank, pointed out that the Lustron Corporation showed on its books a total cash investment of $36,000, or 7/100ths of one per cent of the amount it wanted to borrow. If it should prove unsuccessful in its attempt to manufacture houses, he therefore reasoned, substantially all the loss would fall on the government. If, on the other hand, the venture was successful and its earnings came up to the firm's own estimates, Lustron would receive a return of 14,000 per cent on its $36,000 investment.

Wyatt disagreed. Accepting Strandlund's valuation of "patents and privileges" at $5,000,000, and adding the cost (to Chicago Vit, though it didn't show in the Lustron books) of development and tools and dies, he arrived at $5,700,000 as the company's real investment. But regardless of that, he declared, "We do not feel that the failure of any company to meet any particular ratio of equity capital should be the basis for declining a loan application for a sound house or a new-type material that is needed as part of the Veterans Emergency Housing Program . . ."

If the RFC persisted in being balky, Wyatt threatened, he would issue a directive requiring that the loan be made: a power he claimed under the Emergency Housing Act. Up on Capitol Hill, in a much-publicized hearing before a Congressional committee, he stormed at the RFC for "banking-as-usual" during the housing emergency, and argued the Lustron case at length with RFC Director George E. Allen, a close friend of the President. Here was a house, declared Wyatt, "the like of which this country has not seen before," and it could be mass-produced and sold for "approximately $6,500."

It was, he said further, "one of the sensationally good products that the government could be very proud of having a hand in helping to develop." And he was sure that the risk to the government would be "very small." He saw "every reasonable probability" that the loan would be repaid, and, "what is more important, it is awfully good business for this country because it will get houses.

"We feel it is an emergency," he concluded; "we feel the time should be telescoped. We feel the houses should be obtained this year and next year, and not in 1952 or 1960."

Allen, a man famed for his air of placid good nature, was all sweet reasonableness. The RFC would be glad to engage the engineering firm of Stone & Webster on a consulting basis to look into the project. But even if the engineers should report favorably, he confessed, he didn't see how they could "tell us that, with a $36,000 investment, we should put up $52,000,000."

It was shortly after this that Wyatt resigned in protest against the delay.

Willing to Take Smaller Loan

Mr. Strandlund went back to RFC with a modified proposal. Instead of $52,000,000, he suggested he might make do with $16,000,000. This would mean a smaller operation, of course, but Mr. Strandlund declared he could still produce 30,000 houses a year. From his suite in the Mayflower, he issued a press release.

"We are not seeking subsidy," he declared, "but a loan to be repaid with interest, resulting in a profit to the taxpayer."

At this point, Mr. Strandlund withdrew his earlier objection to having Stone & Webster make a survey. As those engineers went to work, it was hardly a secret around RFC that an unfavorable report—and hence an end to the whole matter—was generally anticipated. But Stone & Webster okayed the program.

Consequently, in January, 1947, RFC announced that it would lend Lustron $12,500,000 provided the additional $3,500,000 that Mr. Strandlund said he needed was raised privately, and provided the loan was guaranteed by Chicago Vit and by the two Hogensons and Mr. Strandlund personally.

Mr. Strandlund agreed to this, and back in Chicago, enlisted the brokerage house of Hornblower & Weeks to help him raise the $3,500,000.

"By the third quarter of 1947," he confidently told a group of housing officials in March, "Lustron will be shipping 100 houses a day, 2,500 a month, 30,000 a year."

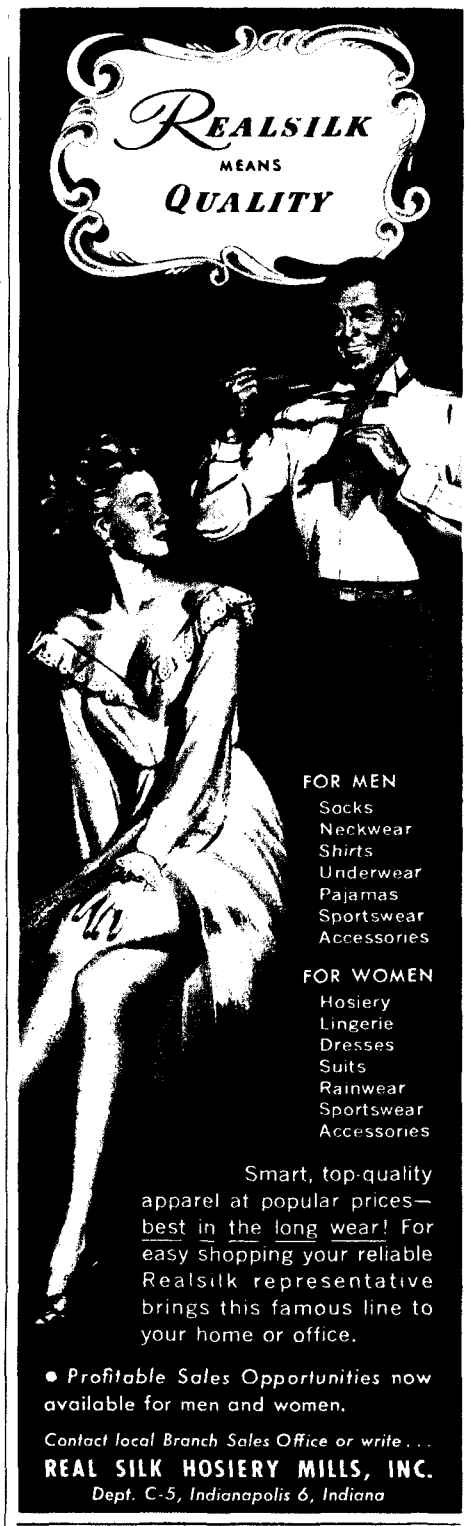
But the $3,500,000 wouldn't come to light. Private investors didn't want to take the risk.

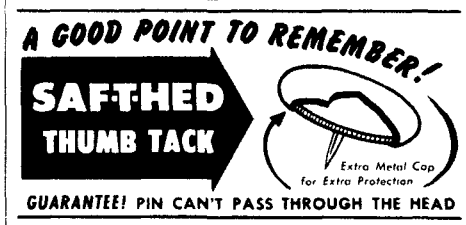
So Mr. Strandlund went back to Washington. He was confident, he told the RFC, that he could raise half a million. How about making the loan $15,500,000 instead of $12,500,000?

In other words, instead of a 75 per cent participation loan, how about one of 97 per cent?

Except for a few deals involving highly critical materials during the war, RFC had never in its existence granted any such loan and the only circumstances under which they would even consider it, the directors advised Mr. Strandlund, would be unmistakable evidence that both the White House and Congress wanted it to.

Mr. Strandlund got an appointment with no less a down-to-earth senator than Flanders of Vermont, a Republican, an engineer, an ex-banker, and a Yankee to boot. The senator, if he didn't figuratively toss his hat in the air about this great chance to beat the housing shortage, was sufficiently convinced of its possibilities to sponsor Mr. Strandlund before a joint gathering of Senate and House banking committee members. Telephone calls to the RFC soon thereafter indicated that the more influential

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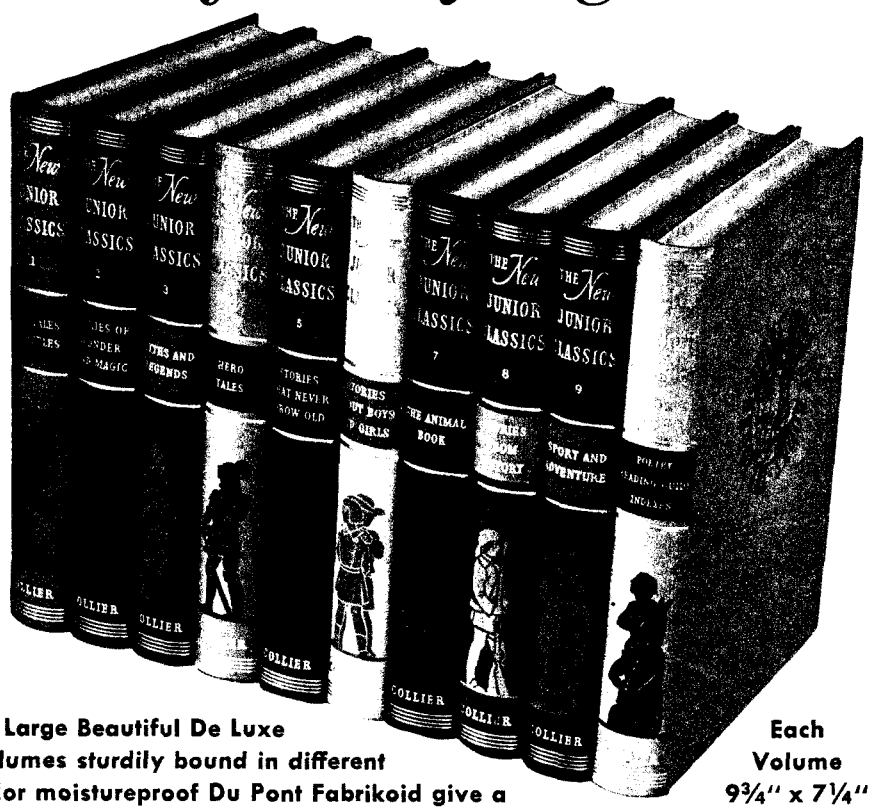

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members of this watchdog group would look with favor on the Lustron loan.

At the White House, Mr. Strandlund went to see an aide of Dr. John Steelman, Presidential assistant who had taken over Wyatt's responsibilities. Presently a letter arrived at the RFC on White House stationery, signed by Steelman.

". . . I am greatly impressed by the fact that, according to expert advice, production by Lustron would make a real contribution toward meeting the housing deficit during the coming two years . . ." he wrote. "I have discussed this matter with the President and he has authorized me to state that the views expressed herein meet with his approval. I believe, therefore, under all the circumstances, that this loan should be made."

On June 30, 1947, the date borne by that letter—and the last day, significantly, on which such an extraordinary loan could be made under the powers of the Veterans Emergency Housing Act—the loan was officially authorized.

One of the remarkable things about the loan agreement was that the Hogensons were no longer required to guarantee it personally, though Mr. Strandlund was; and the Chicago Vit guarantee was limited to the amount of profits the company might make by selling frit to Lustron.

Words of High Praise

In the earlier phases of the negotiations, Mr. Strandlund had laid great stress on the fact that Chicago Vit was behind Lustron, supporting it with prestige and know-how. Wyatt had argued to a Congressional committee: "They are experts in the business, they are industrialists with a solid background, they are people of good credit . . ."

Under the actual loan agreement, Lustron no longer had this support legally. But the dream had become too firmly planted to be uprooted.

Mr. Strandlund, shuttling between Chicago and Washington, soon had a new basis for his operation. He was simply to resign from Chicago Vit and take Lustron with him. The Hogensons were to get $340,000 for the equipment Chicago Vit had developed for Lustron, and were to cede the patent rights—except those pertaining to filling stations and commercial buildings. Chicago Vit was to supply Lustron with at least half of its frit.

Now Mr. Strandlund had to scurry around and raise $840,000: the $500,000 specified as equity in the loan agreement, plus $340,000 to pay off the Hogensons. He raised it.

For their $840,000, the investors got 84,000 shares of Class A stock in the Lustron Corporation. Mr. Strandlund and his wife put in $500 each and received a total of 86,000 shares of Class B stock. Class A stockholders get paid off first in case of liquidation, but otherwise Class B stock is just as good.

So Much for So Little

So Mr. Strandlund, for his $1,000, got voting control of the company. "I contributed the knowledge of the development," he explained. "I contributed quite a bit of the engineering. I put the thing together."

Anyway, Lustron was all set to go again—except for one detail. The RFC loan had been authorized not to the *new* Lustron Corporation, but to the *old* Lustron Corporation. And the authority under which it had been granted had expired that same day. But RFC was now swept up by the dream, too. It amended the agreement to fit.

Lustron needed a plant in which to make its porcelain enamel panels. The War Assets Administration had numerous surplus defense plants on its hands, and Wyatt had been authorized to require WAA to reserve for companies concerned with housing any property not already disposed of. Mr. Strandlund unhesitatingly asked for the biggest of them all—the vast Dodge-Chrysler plant in Chicago. Built by the government at a cost of $70,000,000 for the manufacture of airplane engines during the war, this factory covered nearly 6,500,000 square feet. But WAA had already promised it to another man with big ideas, Preston Tucker (for an account of whose adventures see Collier's for June 25, 1949). Mr. Strandlund's second choice was the Curtiss-Wright wartime plant in Columbus, Ohio. A comedown compared to the Dodge plant, it was still huge: about a million and a quarter square feet, or, as Mr. Strandlund inter-

COLLIER'S

"I still don't think the lawyer did it. That woman looked much guiltier!"

BOB PAPLOW

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COLLIER'S "Of course I don't think of men all of the time, but when I do think, I think of men" GEORGE RECKAS

preted this to a congressman who had trouble visualizing it, about eight by ten city blocks.

There, at last, on November 1, 1947, Lustron was in business.

The year ended, terminating the contract under which the N.H.A. had guaranteed to pay for 14,500 of Mr. Strandlund's houses, and not a single house had been manufactured for sale.

Mr. Strandlund, however, remained optimistic. In January, 1948, he told a Congressional committee, "We anticipate the production of 1,000 houses in June." After that, production would rise steadily, he said, "to closer to 4,000." Altogether, he said, he expected to turn out 17,000 houses in 1948.

This figure was quite a bit smaller than the 120,000 houses Mr. Strandlund had originally predicted for 1948. Nevertheless, it was 17,000 more than had yet appeared.

On August 31, 1948, the first piece of enamelware came out of the ovens of the Lustron plant. Mr. Strandlund celebrated by converting it into souvenir ash trays decorated with his signature.

Not until mid-August, 1949, did Mr. Strandlund's dream factory make a completely mass-produced house of the type his dream specified.

Quite a Boost in Price

Since his great idea first caught him up, the housing shortage in the United States has been reduced by some 2,500,000 houses and apartments. But Mr. Strandlund has accounted for less than 3,000 of them. And, instead of the price of $6,500 which he had originally estimated, most of them have sold for approximately $10,500, not counting the cost of the building lot and other extras.

The vast plant in Columbus is an awe-inspiring sight. Massive, monsterlike machines biting and twisting steel; fiery furnaces fusing the enamel to the metal; seemingly endless overhead conveyers hauling the units from one section to another; hundreds of mammoth truck trailers waiting to haul away the 3,300 parts that make a Lustron house. Yet it is a big day even now when 30 houses leave the plant.

"There is nothing particularly wrong with the thing except the timetable," Mr. Strandlund assured a Congressional committee early last August. "We are right on the eve."

When I went to Columbus to see him in late September, Mr. Strandlund told me that all the "bugs" were at last ironed out of the production line. Bigger nozzles on the enamel sprays would make it possible, he said, to turn out between 100 and 120 houses a day.

But now there is a new complication. There is no point in turning out houses at that rate if no one will put them up. And dealers are balking at Mr. Strandlund's requirement that they pay cash at the factory door and take all the risk of transporting the houses and buying the lots on which to build.

The way out? Mr. Strandlund hopes that Congress will pass a bill to guarantee the dealers' risk.

The House already has passed a $75,000,000 proposition to do just that, and, in early October, the Senate was considering whether to cut this down to $25,000,000.

And neither of those sums will do any good unless the RFC grants Mr. Strandlund another loan of $12,500,000 to keep the housing factory going.

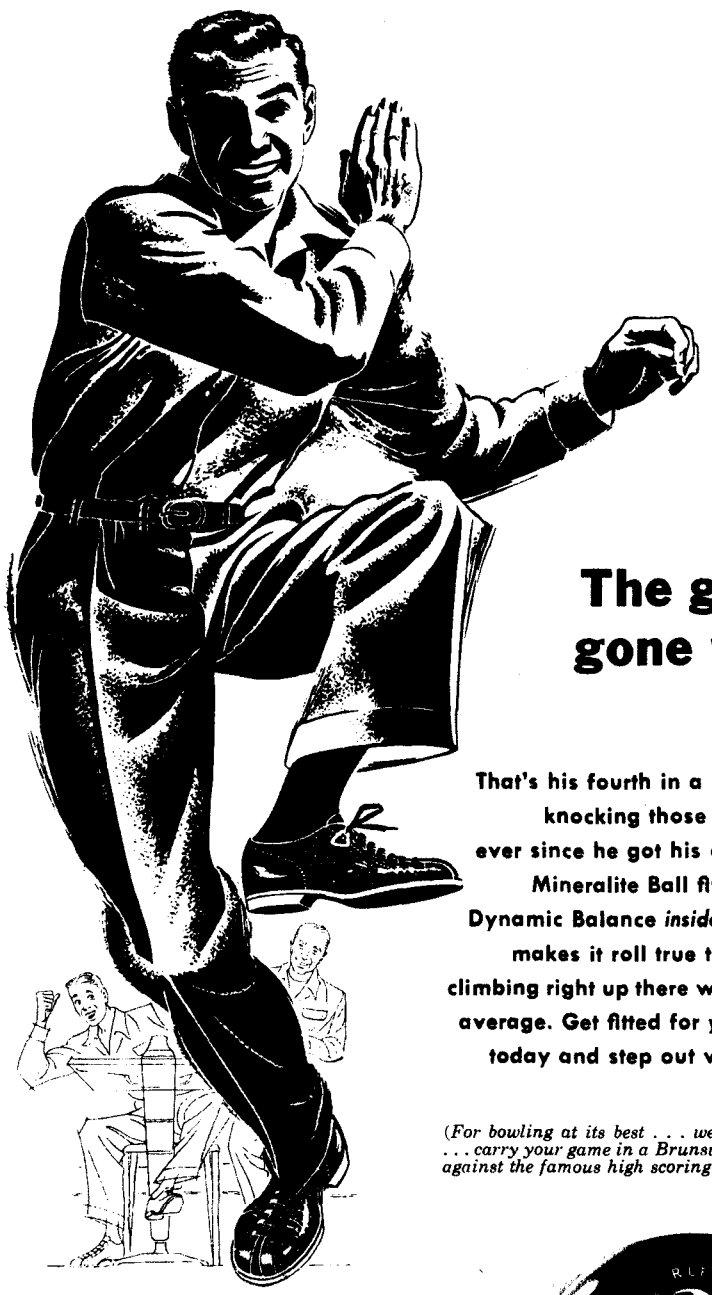
He is fully confident that the money will come through. He has every reason to be cheerful. For his idea and $1,000 in cash, he thus far has obtained $840,000 from other private investors, government-owned machinery worth $14,500,000, and RFC loans totaling $37,500,000—all to finance a project which is losing about $1,000,000 a month.

It has been a truly wonderful dream.

THE END

Next Week

INGRID'S ROSSELLINI



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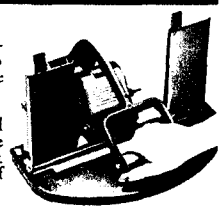

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Those Explosive Nobel Prizes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

up Buddhism, and Johannes V. Jensen, another Dane, who once tried to prove Columbus was Danish. Fascinating characters both, but internationally unread and unknown. Such selections afford a sad commentary on the tastes of the Swedish Academy, in view of its failure to recognize officially such non-Scandinavian literary lights as Marcel Proust, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, John Masefield, George Meredith, Rainer Maria Rilke and Joseph Conrad.

Among Russian writers, Anton Chekhov was completely boycotted, and Count Leo Tolstoy was ignored. Only one writer of Russian nationality has ever won the Nobel prize. He was Ivan Bunin, an expatriate living in Paris, an anti-Communist novelist who had translated Longfellow's Hiawatha into Russian.

Bunin went to Stockholm to pick up his $37,980 check, took the money straight back to Paris, and within a year was broke again. He gave the money to his exiled countrymen—White Russians, refugees, expatriates. When I asked Dr. Anders Österling, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, why Bunin had been given any prize at all, he replied quite candidly, "To pay off our consciences on Chekhov and Tolstoy."

The Nobel committeemen never emphasized their anti-Russianism more aggressively than in 1939, when Russia invaded next-door Finland. The Swedish Academy met to vote amid an atmosphere of intense feeling—pro-Finn and anti-Russian.

Salty, eighty-one-year-old Selma Lagerlöf, one of the most influential of the 18 voters, had turned over her own Nobel prize gold medal to the Finns to be melted down. At this electric meeting neutrality was forgotten and so was the idea of giving the prize to the most deserving. The academy awarded the literature prize to Frans Eemil Sillanpää, a Finn who was, according to Herta E. Pauli, a Nobel biographer, "the most widely unknown author on earth."

Sillanpää, a giant, bulletheaded widower, ordered his seven children into the streets of embattled Helsinki to spread the good news, and they ran yelling, "Father's rich!" He has not, since, been heard from outside Finland.

American Authors By-Passed

The anti-Americanism among the prize-voters springs more from contempt than from hatred. For 29 years the Nobel juries couldn't find a single American author worth honoring. They bypassed, among others, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Willa Cather and Theodore Dreiser. Then, realizing that to ignore the United States further might be scandalous, they awarded the 1930 prize in literature to Sinclair Lewis; in 1936 to Eugene O'Neill; and in 1938 to Pearl Buck.

The general prejudice against American writers was revealed best in a remark made to me by Dr. Österling: "American authors do not need the Nobel prize, because our checks amount to no more than the ones they can get so easily from Hollywood on picture rights to their books."

Until very recently the Swedes have had small respect for American medical men and scientists, and conversely they have been in awe of the Germans. Up to 1939 the largest number of Nobel winners in all categories was German. Of the 203 winners to that date, 43 came from Germany, 30 from England, 27 from France and 25 from the U.S.

The awards kept going to the Germans even after 1937, the year Hitler banned the prizes because the peace prize committee had courageously singled out Carl von Ossietzky, a noted pacifist who then lay in a concentration camp.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer-author and by far the most dominant figure among the Nobel prize committeemen—the only one to wield a vote for three separate prizes—flew to Berlin to discuss the situation with Der Fuehrer personally.

"I admitted to him," Dr. Hedin told me, "that Norway had done wrong, but I reminded him that four out of five of the prizes were still given by Sweden. I told Hitler that if he wanted to ban the Norwegian peace prize, that was all right, but that he should continue to accept our Swedish prizes."

Hitler remained adamant and substituted his own ersatz awards.

In his Stockholm apartment overlooking the canal waters and white ferryboats of the Mälaren, Dr. Hedin, a shrewd-looking gnome with thick glasses, still cherishes a huge velvet box. Inside, embedded in solid silver and etched around with swastikas, is a full-length portrait of Hitler, lengthily autographed. Dr. Hedin reminded me that he and Selma Lagerlöf had been responsible for swinging the literature prize to Pearl Buck.

"You know, Pearl Buck and her husband published my last book, a biography of Chiang Kai-shek," he said. "They gave me too little money for it. And to think how I got her the Nobel prize!"

In 1944 the Royal Academy of Science unanimously voted the $34,000 chemistry award to Dr. Otto Hahn, who led Hitler's seven-year hunt for the atom bomb. When Dr. Hahn was named, he was a prisoner of war in American hands. To get his cash, he was required by Nobel rules to pick it up in Stockholm within a year. At expiration of the time limit, Hahn was still in custody; so the Swedish scientists appealed to King Gustav for an extraordinary extension. This was granted, and a year later Dr. Hahn claimed his check "for his discovery of the disintegration of heavy atomic nuclei."

One Nobel science committeeman explained to me that while American scientists had plenty of time, money and equipment, Dr. Hahn had been constantly hampered by Nazi politics and lack of funds. When the war ended, he was still far from any practical bomb.

"Nevertheless," I was told, "Dr. Hahn is the true father of the atomic bomb. He discovered it long before the Americans, and he alone deserves the recognition and the prize."

Not all the men who vote the awards are, of course, prejudice-ridden. Many are experienced experts on their subjects. In the Royal Academy of Science are committeemen of genuine ability who command world respect. One of the most famous is Professor The (pronounced *Tay*) Svedberg. An expert in nuclear physics, he is building Sweden's largest cyclotron. Often his students at the University of Uppsala can guess the next Nobel science winners by what Svedberg is reading or discussing.

Learned Men Vote on Awards

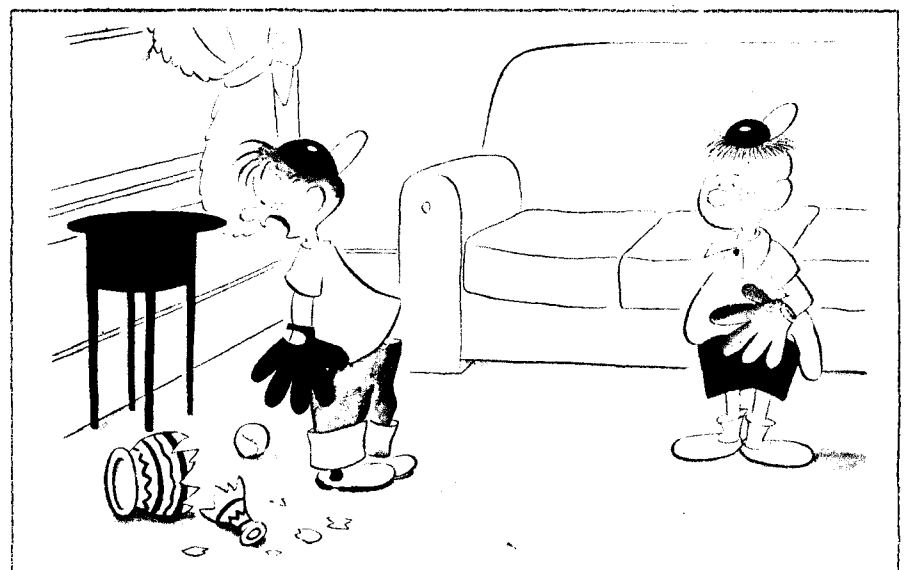
Among those responsible for voting the prize in medicine is fifty-eight-year-old Dr. Herbert Olivecrona, head of the Caroline Institute and considered by many to be the world's leading brain specialist. Among selectors of the literature prize is Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, former Prime Minister and a man of profound learning, who once was incredulous because a friend could not read medieval Spanish. On the peace prize committee is Carl Hambro, a League of Nations and United Nations veteran, who was the last man to preside over Norway's Parliament before the Nazi invasion.

Of the four prizes awarded in Stockholm, the one in literature has consistently proved the most spectacular. For years the prizes in chemistry, physics and medicine were just so much double-talk to the general public, until the war dramatized them for the average citizen.

Recently the awards have gone to men whose discoveries have become household words. In 1945, Sir Alexander Fleming, a University of London professor, shared the medicine prize with two colleagues for the discovery of penicillin. Last year the same prize went to a Swiss named Paul Mueller, for DDT. In 1939, Dr. Ernest Lawrence of the University of California won the physics award for inventing the cyclotron.

Headquarters for the Nobel people is a six-story, tomblike, marble building at Sturegatan 14, Stockholm. This is the Nobel Foundation, run by a board of six whose chairman and vice-chairman are appointed by the government. The foundation is primarily occupied, with administering Nobel's fortune, which it keeps invested in solid Swedish real estate, bonds and railroad securities. The awards themselves are not so much the foundation's concern as that of four institutions named in Nobel's will.

Nominations for the awards are submitted in writing before February 1st of the year for which the awards are to be made. Anyone can suggest a candidate



COLLIER'S

"Well, anyway, that's the end of Mom yelling to watch out for the vase"

MORT WALKER

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"Don't take down any more of his confessions! I recognize it now. It's all from a movie Humphrey Bogart played in"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

—and anyone often does, including a citizen of India who named himself for the peace prize because he had found that certain music made men friendly to one another.

But only formal nominations are considered, and those who may nominate are designated by strict rule. Members of the four award-voting bodies are allowed to submit their choices, as are all former Nobel winners. In physics, science and medicine, those who are permitted to name candidates include professors in the respective fields at Swedish and foreign universities; in literature, members of the French and Spanish Academies, as well as teachers of aesthetics, literature and history; in peace, members of national legislatures, government officials, peace organizations and instructors in political science, history, law and philosophy.

Often nominations for the peace prize come from heads of state, who among themselves have managed to snag the award only three times—for Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and the Social Democrat Prime Minister of Sweden, Karl Branting.

Hull Shared Prize with Wife

President Franklin D. Roosevelt toiled hard and long to get a Nobel prize for Cordell Hull. In 1938, two weeks before the deadline, F.D.R. personally wrote the Nobel Committee in Oslo suggesting Hull because of his efforts in lowering trade barriers. In 1939, F.D.R. again wrote the Nobel people, nominating Hull for his work on the Good Neighbor policy. Roosevelt's persistence was not paid off until 1945. When notified, Hull lay seriously ill. His first thought, he recalls, was that he must split the money with his wife.

"I promptly said to my wife that she had been so helpful to me in innumerable ways indispensable to the success of my work that she was richly entitled to one half of the award. . . . When the award arrived, I divided it between us."

Hull himself nominated F.D.R. twice. In 1937, after the Foreign Minister of Cuba had nominated Roosevelt, Hull found that his own name was being submitted formally by 10 nations. Upset, he wrote Oslo withdrawing his own name and seconding F.D.R.'s nomination. But that year, Roosevelt lost an election. The final peace prize vote went to Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, a big man in the League of Nations, whose name was being pushed by "influential Britons." In 1940, Hull again nominated Roosevelt, but the Nazis were in Norway and the Nobel prize was suspended.

The hundreds of nominations which pour in are culled in behalf of all prize-awarding groups—except the five-man peace prize committee—by special boards of experts who investigate the candidates, study their works, and turn over a narrowed-down list to the awarding institutions.

The preliminaries by the Swedish Academy's screeners are fairly typical. Four literary experts, working with a staff of consultants who read every language except Hindi, study and sift the 30 to 50 nominees for the literature prize. Usually they choose the six they favor most. Excerpts from each foreign author's major works are then translated into Swedish and these, together with a synopsis of his writings, are sent around to the award committees in time for the balloting late in October or early in November. The voting itself is cloaked in strict secrecy. But the big moment is described this way by one of the Swedish Academy's members:

"The chairman of the recommending board of experts stands and reads the finds and suggestions. 'We recommend T. S. Eliot for the award,' he will say, 'with Benedetto Croce as an alternate choice.' The chairman will read biographies of the recommended names, as well as criticisms of their writings. Then, often as not, hell breaks loose. A four- or five-hour debate gets under way. Most times the first name recommended wins. But sometimes someone will prefer a lesser name and sway his colleagues. The name gaining the majority of votes wins."

I heard some inside stories of the secret balloting from other committeemen. Upton Sinclair was short of a Nobel majority at least twice. Theodore Dreiser was extremely close once, but failed. H. G. Wells was voted down as "too minor and journalistic." Somerset Maugham was rejected as "too popular and undistinguished."

Many deserving authors were voted down year after year because prudish members of the Swedish Academy objected to their private affairs.

Towering, mustachioed August Strindberg, one of Sweden's few authentic geniuses, never received the prize because his private life was considered scandalous and because he had insulted the Nobel committee. Married and divorced three times, Strindberg was prosecuted for blasphemy and acquitted, took up mysticism and anti-Semitism, and hovered on the brink of insanity.

Morals Figure in a Decision

Just two years ago André Gide, then seventy-eight years old, who had been second more times in the Nobel voting than any other recent candidate, finally won the prize—but only after a battle. Gide had turned pro-Russian in 1932 and became disenchanted after a trip to Russia in 1936, but when his name came up in 1947, one committeeman whom Gide supporters had counted on suddenly refused to approve him on moral grounds involving the writer's personal life. However, another member unexpectedly backed him and Gide, too old and ill to pick up his $40,693, got the French Ambassador to collect it for him.

Who, this year, will win the Nobel passport to immortality?

Some predictions can be made. The Norwegian Nobel committee has released a list of nominees to this writer. There are 22 men and women, and six organizations up for this year's peace prize. Among them are Eleanor Roosevelt, Juan and Eva Perón, Drew Pearson, Major General Frank McCoy, President Karl Renner of Austria, Rabbi Marcus Wald of South Africa, Raphael Armattoe, the Irish pacifist, and Raoul Wallenberg, of Sweden. The organizations include the International Red Cross, which won previously in 1917 and 1944, and CARE, which handles packages for Europe's needy.

While the Swedish committees will not reveal the names of nominees for their four awards, some guesses may be safely made. It is likely that J. Robert Oppenheimer and Lise Meitner, both overdue for their atomic work, will be seriously considered in the science categories. In literature, there may be a surprise winner like Ernest Hemingway, Carl Sandburg, Jules Romains, or Thomas Mann again.

The secretary of the Swedish Academy said to me, "Possibly Thomas Mann will be the first man in literature to get the prize twice. After all, Marie Curie got it twice."

Or the literature winner may be none of these, but either sixty-four-year-old François Mauriac or eighty-three-year-old Benedetto Croce. Bordeaux-born Mauriac, one of France's most famous novelists and playwrights, lost by a nose in the last two ballotings to André Gide and T. S. Eliot. Benedetto Croce, the Italian philosopher-historian, has been nominated regularly since he lost out to Luigi Pirandello in 1934.

No matter who wins in 1949, the Nobel prize announcements will most likely detonate an uproar louder than any ever made by Alfred Nobel's other, lesser invention—dynamite.

The unusual conditions imposed upon the Nobel Prize committees have complicated their responsibilities. But that isn't anything to the troubles experienced by the winners after *they have copped the awards. Read the concluding installment next week*

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HARRY DEVLIN

SHAKEDOWN?

IN TWO OR THREE YEARS it may be possible for a motorist to travel from Toledo to New York entirely on toll roads. This news may strike you as being about as pleasant as a hole in the gas tank. But the fact remains that the pay-as-you-go idea in auto travel is growing.

So far there aren't many miles of turnstile turnpikes. Only four states have them now. But three more have authority to build them, and eight others are considering following suit. If this fiscal fad really catches on, drivers may one day find themselves shelling out clear across the country.

Toll roads are an old American institution. They once provided about the only source of money for road improvement—if improvement is the right word. But a hundred years and more ago the states didn't collect a tax on every gallon of oats, and it wasn't necessary to buy license plates for a buckboard wagon.

Today, of course, about 44,000,000 automobile owners pay registration fees, and the gasoline taxes come in assorted degrees of stiffness, according to the state you're in. This, a lot of us believe, ought to be enough, especially since the country's automobile population is almost a third bigger than it was in 1941 and still growing. But the pro-toll people in state governments say that they can't build any new roads because all their current revenue from gasoline and registration goes to keep present roads in repair.

This may be so. But we have the slightly cynical suspicion that some states might latch onto the toll idea simply because it looks like an easy way to harvest some extra dollars, or because they think it might be nice to hook up with a neighbor's toll road at the state line. So we hope that the people in states where such highways are being considered will try to get facts and figures, through automobile clubs or similar organizations, which will show whether toll roads are really needed.

And even where monetary anemia is found, the states might well stop to consider whether a big interstate network of toll roads is the right prescription. For there could be more at stake than the money and the principle of the thing.

Most motorists just plain hate to be stopped once they get going, especially on long trips. Halts for gasoline and traffic lights are bad enough, but at least they're in the interest of progress and safety. But having to make a lot of additional stops to pay money for no immediate reason or benefit could get to be a most annoying pain in the neck. And knowing how the resourceful American people sometimes get around unpopular laws, we think there's a fair chance that they might take to back roads to avoid the toll gates and thus put an unsafe burden of traffic on these byways.

We don't mean to be unrealistic about tolls and taxes. But we think that the state governments which favor more toll roads should give their citizens airtight assurance that the tolls are the best possible means of raising badly needed funds, and not a legalized shakedown that only takes the joy out of motoring.

Don't Go Near the Water

NOW THAT SHIRLEY MAY FRANCE is back home in Somerset, Massachusetts, going to school and helping with the housework, we will venture our first comment on her well-press-agented failure to swim the English Channel. It will not be an unprejudiced comment, however, for we have developed a slight allergy to this form of athletic endeavor.

Somehow, a swimmer's conquest of the Channel doesn't seem quite as heroically newsworthy as it did before several million men crossed that body of water to Normandy in the summer of 1944. As for the press coverage of Shirley May's diet, training and philosophy of life, it struck us as being a little on the extravagant side, to say the least.

Our only reason for adding this belated bit to Miss France's copious publicity was the announcement that she is going to have another go at the Channel next summer. And at the risk of sounding like a particularly presumptuous Dutch uncle, we suggest that she may be happier in the long run if she forgets the whole thing.

The life expectancy of public interest in Shirley May is short, even if she should succeed on the second try. The odds are long against a limited talent cashing in on a one-shot bid for fame. And the prize, in our gratuitous opinion, wouldn't be worth the hazards involved.

They are the hazards which threaten any exploited youngster who has been briefly exposed to the spotlight. The kid gets a lot of attention and flattery, then suddenly nobody cares. Such an experience can turn her, or him, into a thwarted celebrity—a confused, resentful, discontented creature who is not only unhappy but pretty difficult to live with.

Judging from her pictures, Shirley May is pretty as well as healthy. She looks well in a bathing suit, which means that she doesn't have to swim the Channel to attract attention. We'd guess that her chances of meeting the right man and living happily ever after will be just as good if she never gets another line of publicity.

It Shouldn't Happen to a Man

MAN, A REBEL AGAINST nature and a deserter from the animal kingdom, is the only unhappy being. So says José Ortega y Gasset, the eminent Spanish intellectual.

Maybe so. But we wish Dr. Ortega would come out some time when the next-door neighbors have gone away for the day and left the family dog locked up in the house.

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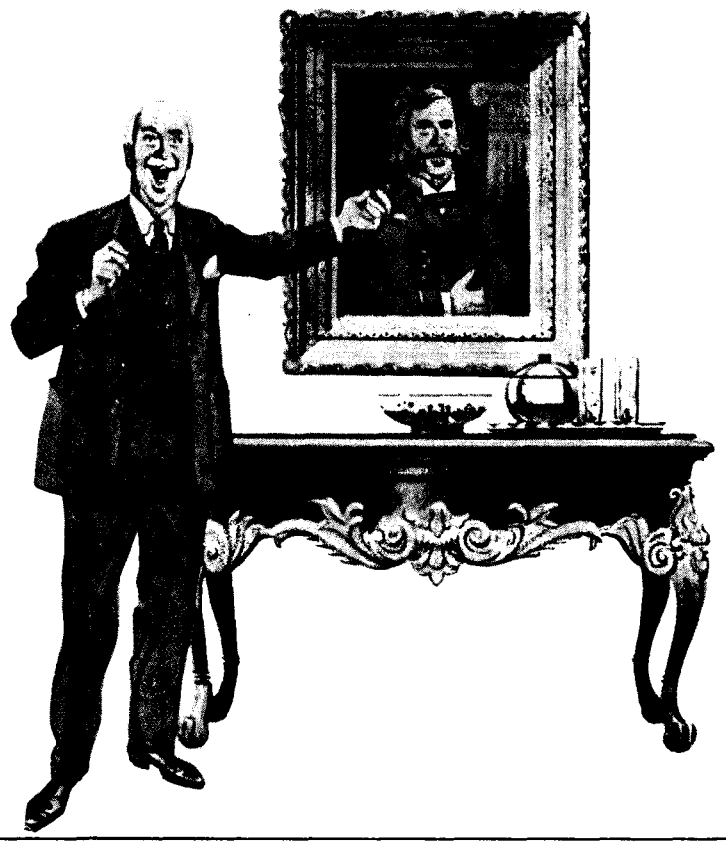

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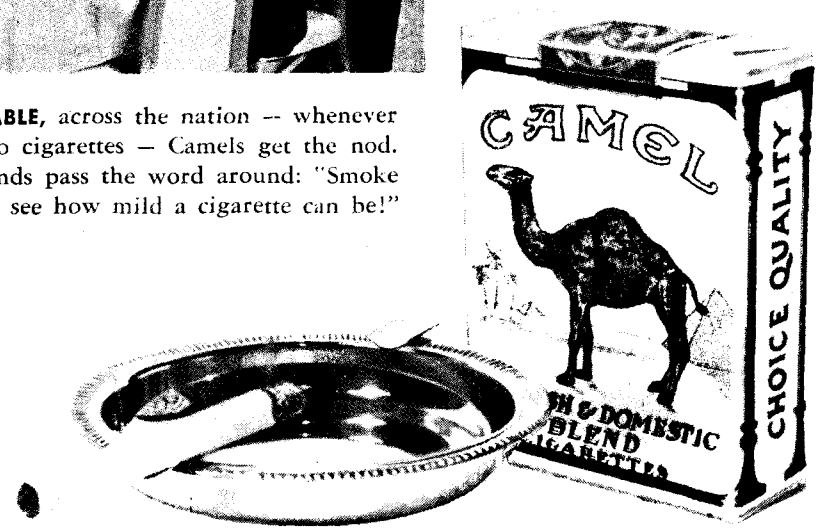

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